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October 19, 1931 to July 21, 1932.

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October 19 - Anniquam

Book VIII

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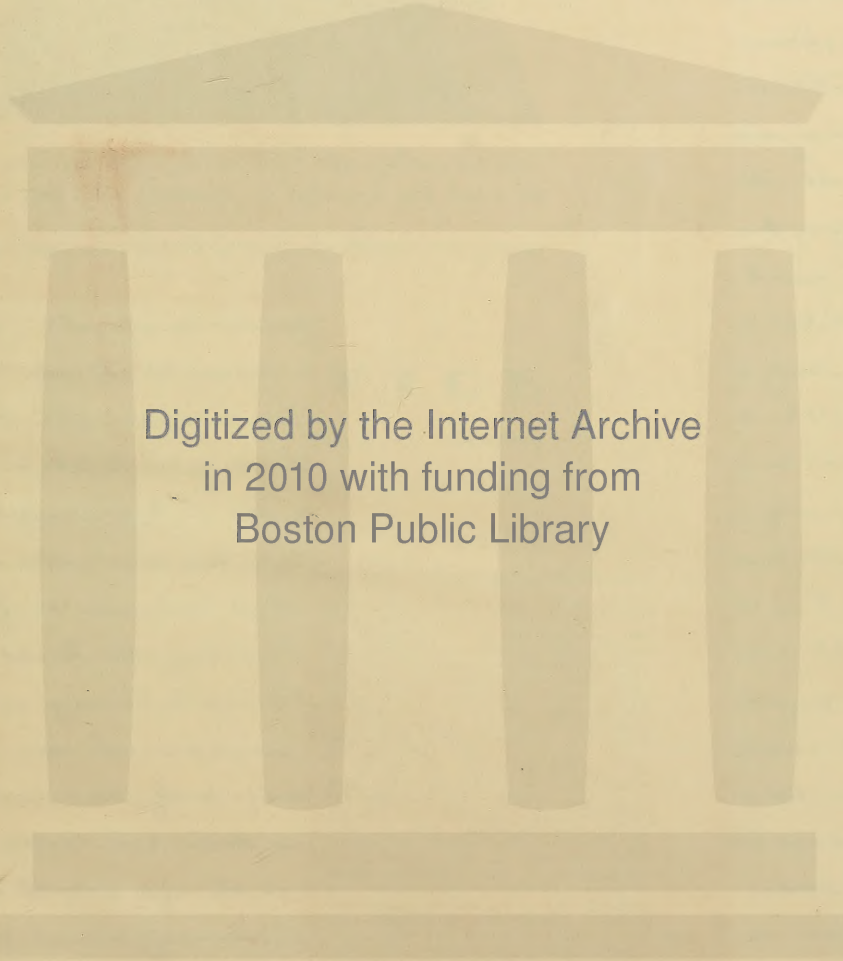
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# Services at Trinity for Dr. Stratton

Continued from Page One

tee, the undergraduate governing body, were present at the services as the special representatives of the students of Technology. The services followed an impressive memorial meeting held at the Institute at noon, at which President Karl T. Compton delivered a eulogy of the former Technology president before the entire faculty and staff.

The Institute was closed for the day at 11 A. M.

A wreath from President Hoover and Mrs. Hoover lay on the casket. Delegations from practically every college and university in the East, including presidents of many institutions, were present at the service. Also there were delegations from dozens of scientific, educational and engineering societies, and business and industries. Almost the entire faculty and staff of M. I. T. were present, as well as a large number of undergraduates. Among those present were: Elihu Thompson of Lynn; Mayor Richard M. Russell and Mrs. Russell of Cambridge; Edwin S. Webster, Frank L. Locke, Brigadier General Alston Hamilton, official representative of the United States War Department; Senator Gaspar E. Bacon, Representative Leverett Saltonstall; De Witt C. DeWolf, who represented Governor Ely; former Governor Fuller, Mrs. Richard L. MacLaurin, widow of a Technology president; and Arthur Bemis.

Robert H. Richardson of Brookline, Technology '68, and oldest living graduate of the institution, was among early arrivals at the church.

Just before the services at 2.30, Francis W. Snow, organist, played Bach's choral prelude, "Adorn Thyself, O Dear Soul," after which the choir sang, "The Strife Is O'er." The 121st Psalm was read at the services, and the hymn, "Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand," was sung. The recessional was the hymn, "For All the Saints Who From Their Labor Rest," after which Mr. Snow played Mulet's "In Paradisum."

At the close of the services, the body lay in state in Trinity Church, and at 6 P. M. it will be placed aboard a train for Pasadena, Calif., for burial in the Stratton family lot in that city. Members of the family were to accompany it.

## Memorial Meeting at Institute

Speaking at the memorial meeting, President Compton praised the "greatness and fundamental kindness of character" of Dr. Stratton. "He had only two objectives," said President Compton; "to get the results and to give the younger men every possible opportunity and encouragement."

"Early in his career as a physicist he had collaborated (and done most of the work) on an experiment that attracted world-wide attention. The work was announced and published under the senior collaborator's name, without mention of the younger man. Though Dr. Stratton continued to love and admire that senior collaborator, this circumstance hurt him so deeply that he vowed to himself that he would never, in all his life, allow himself even to come under a suspicion of claiming credit for anything which might in any way be attributable to another."

## Three Unusual Traits of Character

Next to the unassuming and generous spirit, which, said President Compton, was Dr. Stratton's first characteristic, was his complete absorption in his work and plans.

"All his interests were closely tied together in his main objective," said President Compton, "which was the better development and utilization of science in the service of man, particularly in industry. For example, he was a connoisseur and collector of rare china, but this was but one aspect of his interest and activity in improving the ceramic art. He was

similarly fond of rare and exquisite tapes-tries, but this again was associated with his work in bringing science to the aid of the textile industry. He was an enthusiast over tools of precision and frequently found his recreation in his workshop. But this was because he saw in tools an important agency for making scientific discoveries.

Above all other qualities, said President Compton, Dr. Stratton possessed consistency in his life and thought. "He had a definite ideal and objective. Everything in his life was valued as good or bad according as it led toward or away from this ideal. He was perhaps unsympathetic and certainly impatient, with things or people whose influence ran contrary to his ideal. Anything which blocked the path toward the ideal irritated him, just as anything which led toward it received his full support. All this was essentially impersonal. It was the only consistent reaction of a mind so devoted and absorbed in working for the great ideal in which he wholeheartedly believed that no conflicting or ambiguous attitude seemed possible or worthy of defense.

"In all this we have a picture of a remarkable character. I doubt if any of us has ever known a man whose whole life has been so consistent, straightforward and unswerving in its devotion to a particular form of public service and which has been carried on with such a complete elimination of self-interest. We mark today the passing of a great man. At the same time we recognize the lasting importance of those things which were the mainspring of his life, and we are happy that our position as his colleagues gives us the opportunity to 'carry on.'"

Boston Evening Transcript - Wed. Oct. 21, 1931



Amisquam

Monday, October 19, 1931.

Dennis' men was coming to pack pictures so I went down to Love House right after breakfast and was there all the morning overseeing that and packing my things, the radio etc. about 10.30 E. stopped in on her way over to play golf and I knew by her face as she drove up and got out that something had happened and when she asked me of Gladness the paper this morning I thought it was Edison's death as he has been expected to die any minute for days. He has been in a coma, unable to take nourishment and the end has been expected momentarily. He was dead, had died quietly early Sunday morning but what had happened E. was that Dr. Thallon had died suddenly Sunday afternoon as he was dictating a statement to a Post reporter about Edison. I couldn't believe it. He was here very Saturday afternoon and looked and seemed perfectly well. It is terrible and for the longest time I haven't been able to grasp it. My first thought was that I was so glad I had done the portrait for the Bureau of Standards and the rest was good Morris Parris! The shock to him and the loss are terrible. It was a sudden constriction of the blood vessels of the heart and he just dropped forward in the middle of a sentence and was gone. We went up to the store and got some newspapers to read about it and there was quite a full account by the Post reporter who was there, a Times graduate as Dr. S. was giving him a special interview about Edison. It was in his apartment at 370 Beacon Street and his dog, quite blind by now was beside him on the sofa. I just can't believe it. I didn't realize how really fond of him I was and good Morris, what will he do! His companion and work and interest of the past twenty years gone, his home broken up. It is terrible and the loss to the world with all the things he had planned! What will happen to the Marx Collection? Only Saturday he said of the Priestly portrait that it would hang in the new chemical laboratory of which he had just laid the cornerstone, but he said nothing to anyone else and consulted with Marx about it? And the Physics and Chemistry that he and wife were going to work out together? It is a terrible shock and Steve felt quite upset ever since. It is like cutting the ground from under you to have any one go like that and to fear that anyone you know and are fond of might be taken away like that without warning gets hold of you. I suppose I am getting nearer the age when people I know are in the firing line but things like this make you realize it. Edison's death loss of



affected the world and tributes have been pouring in from every where but I feel, and as it is, that after all he was an old man and his work was finished. Then he has been failing so long that it has been expected for some time. E. & I both wrote to Morris after lunch. Of course the funeral arrangements have not been announced and I hope it won't be till Thursday or I feel I must go on to N.Y. Tuesday for the Grand Central galleries reception and unless I turn the midnight right back we'd it be late for a Wed. funeral. Wire telegraphed in the evening. Quite broken up about it. I say I am sure we're on just the same. The funeral was announced in the evening paper for 2.30 Wed. and wire will decide Tues. night where he can get away and we will come back Tues. on the midnight. In the afternoon I finished up things at Love House, leaving it ready for Alma to clean and put to bed for the winter, drove over to G. and did some errands, while E. got a mango and went at Brown's. In the evening I got the material ready for the catalogue for my Washington show and wrote Mr. D. a long letter about it.

Tuesday, October 20.

I drove up to town with my bags and as many things for the studio as I could get in the rumble. Took Dixie Johnson along. Went to 259 where C.B. is at home with a load, arranged the flowers I had brought and took the one o'clock to N.Y. taking the garage man with me to the station so that he could drive the car back to the garage afterwards. I am going to keep it at the new place. It is under new management, the business having been taken over by the head of the airline department and the managers and they are very anxious to please customers and make a go of it. Wire met me at the station and we went immediately up the stairs into the Hotel Belvedere where he had taken a room for me. and I dressed and we had dinner and went through the station <sup>up</sup> to the Grand Central Art Galleries reception. If we had decided to go back on the midnight for Mr. Stratton's funeral I would have been in N.Y. in three different places instead of putting my foot on a sidewalk or my toe outdoors. It is very convenient having the hotel so accessible to the station. We have decided not to go back for the funeral. Wire really can't get away and I want to see Jim who is still in the hospital and look up Mr. Parker. The funeral is to be at Trinity Church and will be joined. Sections are to be reserved for the Corporation of Teachers, Scientific societies, etc. and we won't be missed. I was going to get some flowers in Boston this morning but the airline said please write flowers. Wire & E. were asked to Edwin's funeral also by a telegram from Mr. Edison but he cannot get down to that.



There will be a special memorial service for Dr. Sturges at T.C.S. and he will be in state there and also at Trinity Church after the other service. The interment will be in California and I suppose Davis will go over with the body. Edison has laid in state in the library of his laboratory at West Park where he worked out so many of his inventions and he was asked for a minute of darkness and silence, dimming the electric lights everywhere which have been perhaps his more generally used contribution to our life to day, in recognition of his marvellous accomplishments. The reception at the Grand Central Galleries was very nice. We met and had nice talks with Mr. Clark (Walter D.) the president and originator of the idea and Mr. Welles, the vice president and member of the firm of Welles and Adrien who designed the galleries, making them out of what was just a loft in the upper part of the Grand Central Station. The drawing of the numbers was quite entertaining. Twelve girls took the names one at a time out of a jar, they were read off by Mary O'Leary the actress and were assigned pictures or sculpture according to the things they had chosen, listed in the order of their preference and vote in advance. Wize's name was drawn 17<sup>th</sup> and as the picture was first on his list had not been chosen by anyone before him to get it. E. will be delighted as it was about the only one he really wanted in the lot. I am not contributing this year but will see portrait a year for the next three years. Mr. Barrie was very pleasant, my portrait of Arthur Sweeney is hung and looks well and it was all a very nice affair, high class and well run. I hope it will be a good connection in a business way. Thiers was there and he told me had sold through them on an average of 5 pictures a month since he joined a year ago. I don't expect anything like that. Wize would be quite satisfied with two commissions a year. Wize was much pleased with it all and thinks it was a very successful evening.

Wednesday, Oct. 21.

Wize came to the hotel and had breakfast with me at 9 o'clock. I called up the hospital and tried to get B. to meet me for lunch. managed to go and see him about 3. Tried to get Mr. Parker on the telephone. It is wonderful. Am afraid business is even worse with him and the chances of his publishing my book even thinner. I want to have a talk with him and try and get a definite date out of him, as went to his new address 1860 Broadway. Found the office, just dark now in another concern. Barlow Pub. Co. on the board downstairs but not on the door any judging by the mail on his desk he is functioning nicely as the Art Book League. He was out. Saw his autographs and am sure he would be in



about 12.30 So I called him up ~~and~~ about +2.1.00 (He gave me the number of the other people in the office, it is Columbus 5-2969) He had been in but left a message for me that he had had to go out with some friends from Maryland and was awfully sorry that he could not see me that afternoon. It may have been a duck but it may also have been the people from Md. who financed him before and he may be trying to make a new deal. I'm afraid there's not much chance for success there, though he did do well with the books he has brought out. After that I went out and looked at warts. at Bonwin Tellers, Lord & Taylor's. I shall have to get a new glove coat but don't want to spend much as there are apparently no definite commissions ahead at present. There at least which a time he does see for. Miss Colver of the Univ. of Maine is definite but I don't know when she'll see. May. Patton and E. B. Miller may come off in Washington but may not. We met me for lunch at the Belmore and then I went off to the hospital to see Jim. The Harkness Parvulus was up at 168<sup>th</sup> street. I went in the subway. Jim is getting on all right and will go home in five or six days. TB. was there and I had a nice time with them. Came back to the hotel got my bag, paid my bill and we put me on the train. I and C. B. were miserable with his cold. Called up E. at the Reids where he is visiting to tell her about the picture. It is by Roy Brown and called "an Old Castle" is something like that. Looks Spanish a nice town with castle and bridge leading to it. Paint in blue and violet and strong in purple brown. and greens-gray masses against a pale white, pinkish, yellowish sky. She was delighted they got this instead of something she didn't want.

Thursday, October 22.

Unpacked somewhat, then got the car and took Drama over to the library when he wanted to leave some books. On the train coming on last night saw in the papers that the school where Barry is with his horses, the Harkness School for boys at Plymouth N.H. had burned down - the main building at least, which was used for a dormitory and general living quarters for the boys and faculty. When I got home I found that Barry had telegraphed early in the morning that he and the horses were all right and had telephoned later and told more of the details. He said he was only able to get a few of his clothes as he fled through the smoke. It was at 2.4.22. The school will keep on however and they will all live in the dorm which is 2 miles from the school.



and even over for necessities. We didn't know how T.B. will message about getting to his tables or what he needs in the way of clothes. I he said not to send anything till we told us what to send. It was lucky it wasn't worse and that we didn't lose horses or equipment but it had enough. Luckily there was insurance which covered the majority of the meters and boys and we may get something, also we had sent many clothes up there and he said for what had not been sent up. After I left message at the library I went up to the studio to see about having it cleared etc. Mr. Wilson had had the elevator boys put it in pretty good shape and had had the door in the secretary that Eliza Thayer broke removed wonderfully repaired. I found two letters there that would have been forwarded. One from Mrs. T.B. arrive saying they would like magazine. I on trip to have at the Grand Central and that some of the artists had paid \$13 on for a Redburn portfolio to show them in. I suppose I'll have to do. The other letter was from Miss Gray of the Freed Memorial Museum of Louisville, Ky. saying they were glad I would have the show but that they would have to change the date from April to May - just the date I had decided on. I have pictures enough for both shows that might want to go out to Louisville and as well try and change the Nov. one. I went right down to see Mr. Thompson about it (the letter was dated Sept. 22 and would have been forwarded to Square) and he may possibly be able to change me to April 18 - May 5. Home for lunch. T. was mamma out to the B. already afterwards. Found them at home. A pleasant call and tea. Mr. W. looks remarkably young for 80. might easily be 60. Pictured on the radio at three to the broadcast of Bartlett's Eliza Syngma played by Kunitzky + the T.B. other Syngma orchestra in honours of Edison, came home, dressed and went out to Cousin Howard Maynard's for dinner. Cousin Sam Wiley and Jack were there. They had driven up from Worcester for it. When Jack is stationed now in charge of the instruction of a National Guard Regiment there. also Harry Matthews Wing and his husband. We had cocktails in Cousin H.'s room and went round to the Faculty club, a new organization, for dinner. Then came home to his room and talked a good deal of family reminiscence etc. but all interesting. I drove myself out and stopped at the garage on the way home to get a man to take the car back. The batteries are discharging and they will fix the generator. It is now raining so that I can leave it to drive to Square. B. - up in the room. L. & C. called at home with us today.

Friday, October 23.

I spent the whole morning unloading my truck and getting my things in order. After lunch I got the car and drove down to Squem. E. & wife both feeling a little bit rotten from their associations for colds but otherwise O.K. I had a card to-day from the Guild announcing an exhibition of paintings by Hilda S. Alder. So she has been taken in as a member. Her work was to come before the committee last June at the same time mine did and I understood they didn't have a large enough meeting to take any action at that time. I hope there wasn't just a stall and that she was taken in and I turned down. I can't believe they would refuse me though I would rather have had some other pictures there than none of those I sent. Steve Hubbard and everyone I talked to, Mr. ~~Paul~~ Higginson, Mr. Andrew etc. were all so sure I ought to be a member, thought I was already etc. that it does seem as if it would go through all right as far as my work is concerned. Perhaps they had a vacancy for a new member and so took her in whenever there may be a waiting line for painters. Anyway I can't do anything about it. Mr. & Mrs. Brice said they hadn't had any meeting yet this fall.

Saturday, Oct. 24.

Lovely and warm and the country beautiful. I saw Peter Pigeon for a minute late evening as I was taking my car down to the garage and arranged to stop in and see him this morning and get his address, see the photos. He wants to show me and give him the soap-blot of me he sent. So I got my painting thing at Love Home (which is all really put to bed for the winter) first and then stopped at his shop and made him a little call and he showed me the photos. of his friend "Miss T." I will leave them to tea in the studio in Boston when I come back from Washington. About 10 I got off and drove up to my marbles on the Newburyport Turnpike and had finished my two sketches before E. & wife came with the Gen. A. It got cloudy just before time, so one sketch was grayer than the other and not as strong light and made on the layers etc. The light was lovely though and there was a beautiful misty distance all day. We ate our lunch further down the road, off the turnpike a little way where a there was an old tumble-down across a stream and E. took some color photos. of the autumn foliage. After lunch we drove towards home looking for a place for me to sketch and finally stopped by the Essex-W. of Concord



were a little small with that trees, a little black with ladder leaning against it and lay with beside it stood on the edge of the marsh and I painted that. Worked my brushes when I got back to Cove House. (E. & W. were back a little before me) and got up to Sleepylocks in time to get ready to go to the "Hight's" farm supper. They had asked about all the Squam natives and when we got there supper had already begun and two of the separate little stone houses adjoining their farm house were filled with long candle lighted tables. They put up extra tables for us and a few other late comers in the living-rooms of the farm house and Mr. Rogers, the florist and landscape gardener sat at our table, Frank Harvey the expressman and his wife at the next table and we talked to various Squamers afterwards. When supper was over the guests assembled outside the house around the front door and Mr. & Mrs. Hight stood on the doorstep and the visitors, Mrs. Harvey, presented them with a big silver loving-cup engraved with their names in token of their very kindness by their Amisquam neighbors. It was all very nice and reminded me rather of the English attitude towards landed gentry and tenants ~~that~~ of course Squamers would not like that idea. We got home so early that we had time to read some of Stuart Crane's book on Mexico. It is very intelligent and interesting.

Sunday, Oct. 25.

It is lovely and even warmer until thunderstorms come up in the afternoon with a change of weather and cold N. W. winds. I went down to Cove House early to get ready to go out sketching. The Boarder, the art student who watched me paint Pete Pige, brought in a portrait he had done of himself and I gave him a criticism. It showed some ability but of course he has a lot to learn. When he left I got the picture steeped with newspapers and covered over for the winter and started out sketching. I went to a place where the road crosses the <sup>(Lincoln St. is Essex + the granite)</sup> road across the marshes and there was a little cove with an old boat house and a dory moored. Across the marshes which of course are yellow and orange now, there was a wooded hillside in bloom all over. It was a nice subject and I had it all done when E. & W. arrived with the lunch about me. We drove on into Cross Point and ate our lunch on a tree wall, among some cedars in an upland pasture. Big clouds came over while we were at lunch and it was beautiful but a thunder storm broke as we were driving back to G. We went to see Capt. Blackburn just as the short heavy storm was ending. He is still in bed and his leg still in a cast but seemed relieved. I gave him the just card of his portrait with the printer's proof of his story posted with it and he is delighted with it and will now have

50 printed and sent him right away for him to send him ~~to~~ friends. The woman who takes care of him told Wile that his blood pressure was very high and that he had a hernia but would not wear a truss. So even when they got his leg fixed (they may have to amputate it at the knee) he won't be well and Wile thought he might not be here if we waited till next Spring when I planned to bring out the post cards to give him some. When we got back to Squam I washed my brushes and Wile took down my rig. The sunset was lovely at Shegworth after the shower. It is much colder and a light wind has come up - the end of the lovely long spell of warm weather. After supper we read Stuart Clark's book on Mexico and Wile left for N.Y.

Monday, October 26.

I packed my bag, got the car and drove over to G. to get an engraving of Maximo's I had left to be framed out to me the printer about a slight change in the Blackburn stuff. Stopped at Mrs. Curtis's and saw the samples of lettering etc. for the rubber stamps for the Ensignman series and selected what we will use. She will print 200 of the Blackburn cards right away and send them to Clark to be printed with his story and deliver 50 to Blackburn. The others are probably will not get out for sale until the Spring. I'll send her Peter's or more as I get it photo-graphed in Boston. Got my last things at Cove House and loaded up at Shegworth with E's bags etc. and we drove her car over to Hot's garage to leave it for the winter. I followed along and drove her and back up to Boston to 259 Beacon, where we had lunch, arranged flowers etc. after lunch I had a letter from Lila Seidler in which she mentioned that Lousierne had moved his gallery and wondered whether I would be having my show or not. She would rather have me the last part of the time as she has guests and will be away herself for a day or two about the time I planned to come. So I'll write Ann Bradley and see if she can have me first. I sent a right letter to Mr. Lousierne to get particulars about the gallery as though Eliot O'Hare is leaving a show there after mine. Lila said, "it may not be suitable for larger paintings, and I haven't heard from him since I sent the copy for the catalogue etc." After lunch I drove up to the studio to see if there was any mail for me then from Lousierne, left the car at the garage, walked back home down Comm. Ave. E. went to L.N. B. at 4.30 and went to the Guild to a private view of an exhibition of sculpture by Hilda Hagar Seidler. Her work came up before the committee for membership last June when mine did. Gertrude Fiske told me there was not enough of the committee there at the



time to take any action and yet have me in as a member and being  
 injured now. I don't think it ever means that they turned me down  
 and yet I can't understand it. Perhaps they had valencies among the  
 religious and not among the painters. Any way I can't do anything about  
 it and from the way every one talked when I asked them to prepare me  
 etc. it seems now that my work would get by all right. I didn't want  
 to go to the private view at first but decided that it was fooling to be  
 sensitive about it and just go ahead. I met Hilda's mother last year at  
 the Quinys' tea and she is much younger than I and she probably  
 knew that my work came up at the time and night my waiting  
 about it, asking I was a member or waiting now. but she didn't remember  
 me and was busy talking to people so I didn't speak to her. I saw several  
 people I knew and had a nice time but feel a little down in my  
 mind just now, not having any definite job ahead and this Guild thing  
 is discouraging. I'll just have to forget it and concentrate on the Grand  
 Central and hope the Washington show comes off all right and that I get a  
 portrait to do there. Will have to go very slow in spending any money this  
 fall but will have to get a new coat as my green one looks ridiculously  
 short and out of style. In the evening we all went to the theatre,  
 Mamma + C.O.'s party. We saw Rachel Brothers' comedy "As Husband  
 Go". Only fair. amusing in places but not really clever and a bit forced  
 and unconvincing.

Tuesday, Oct. 27.

E. + S. took cars for a walk, got the car at the garage, stopped  
 at the art club to see an exhibition of Railway Porters before we took  
 cars home, gave her her dinner, got E.'s bags and drove over to the station.  
 She took the 12 o'clock and got back in her bag in the Pullman with her.  
 After seeing her off I went home and wrote letters. After lunch took a lot  
 of things up to the studio in the car and got things straightened out  
 there a little. Went to a tea in the building and exhibition of pictures by  
 a Southern girl, Alice Virginia Parsons, still life + flowers and several  
 heads. She has Miss Oliver's studio + is a cousin of the Miller Cobbs. Pally  
 Cobb's books was there and Charlotte Forbes. Went to the Fock Working  
 class in the evening. The second one. I raised the first being in N.Y.  
 Rose Tues. night. It was rather fun. Also met Mrs. S. I thought I saw him  
 driving his car this afternoon at the corner of Beech + Washington sts. He  
 may have been starting off on some trip. A letter from Mary says she  
 managed to have more clothes than we thought. She has been sleeping in the  
 gymnasium near vegetables as she was afraid the fire might break out again and  
 she called and then came over. I did not see her night. Yes, at the fire she + I + C. took things to the fire and  
 I did not see her night. Yes, at the fire she + I + C. took things to the fire and

Wednesday, Oct. 28.

The morning papers have big lead-lines this morning about the British elections - an overwhelming majority in support of Ramsay MacDonald and the Nationalist party. He was originally the socialist and labor leader but in the recent financial crisis formed the coalition "nationalist" party and through at that time many of his party repudiated him now the general vote proves that England is solidly behind the conservative element and believes that that and not the Socialist, Labor or Radical will put them on their feet again financially. Everyone here was quite worried as if the Socialist government had gone in it would have made conditions more upset all over the world, but now it looks as if things would thereby improve. The Labor party representatives were defeated in almost every case, showing that Bolshevism has not been able to influence the British character as the doctors and though I believe that capitalism has some evils I think it makes for general prosperity in that as big business grows, though it does produce in some cases of great individual wealth, it provides much more jobs and more incentives to work, and after the individual fortunes (almost always) are used for public good in some form. Even if it is only buying up beautiful estates and buying masterpieces of art that is a benefit to the public in general and the world is a much better place with things like that than if everything was on the dead level of mediocrity like Russia. I got a letter from Mr. Dunsenhouse this morning, official delivery, ~~saying that~~ telling me about the gallery and enclosing proof of my catalogue. It all seems O.K. and it will be a great asset having the gallery right in the Mayflower Hotel with a door leading into the lobby. After breakfast I went up to the studio, stopping at Mr. B. first to see if he had sent my pictures up yet. But even unpacked and no one there. There is no hurry except that I'd like to have Peter Biggs photographed. A letter from him in the studio. His auto parts were perfectly Monday night. The first time it was on the edition. It is in Mon. Y. Times Brooklyn plate and everyone is delighted with it. He feels now that ~~the~~ that and the auto-club are safely launched he can devote all his time to the color press. I looked over photos at the studio and made a list to send to gallery of print to make for the Grand Central galleries. Home for lunch and mamma and I went to look at coat appointments and to try on my suit that Weaver is doing over. I also went down to Babbs, the school magazine place on 5 Avenue I went to find out about the overseas system for hire. They only sell the, many no, all the time about the system



I will have to get from the Roosevelt House for my "Baltimore" wire & L. telegraphed after dinner. Both were old delighted with the agreement. The dinner at Roosevelt House last night when Byrd and other others were present with the Roosevelt model was very nice. Wire talked to Byrd for a moment and he said and said "I believe we have had a good deal of correspondence lately." So wire knew he was thinking of the portrait and it was evident that he had no reservations about it and the idea was a pleasant one, so stage he has made up his mind to the point. Of course wire would say a great many things for a portrait and goes on the model in the evening. I like it, especially the picture of the group. There were so many people who wanted to speak to him. It makes the picture very

Thursday, Oct. 29.

Stayed at home all the morning writing letters and getting my list ready for Washington. I am typewriting cards from the addresses I have. The Junior League list that Dorothy R. gave me, the list of guests at Gertrude Krumpholtz, etc. and I will send the cards to Mr. Krumpholtz as soon as I can get them done. There will be about 300 of them. I wrote him returning the package. After lunch I went out to a dentist's appointment stopping at J. M. S. to try on some coats that were advertised. Got my coat on the 30th clock for \$2.40 on Sunday. Wrote letters and did more typewriting in the evening. Raining and dark all day.

Friday, Oct. 30.

A lovely day. I went downtown after breakfast and mamma met me at Stearns and I got a coat. Black with big wolf collar and cuffs. Slipped it and decided to get it rather than wait until I go on to N. Y. again. Wire had a nice afternoon dress, dark red probably, a lot to go with it and a blouse or two to wear with my night and then I think I'll be fixed. I also had a new evening dress too, but that will be absolutely all. Went up to the studio after tea and wrote a few letters. Mail came from Miss Grey of the Speed Memorial Museum at Louisville, all O.K. about my notes. From wire saying his parties and acts camp are both great success, have made great records. Mrs. The Great Central Gallery, an invitation to The P. P. Sunday of the members of exhibition and a letter from Mrs. Barrie saying he will order the portrait for my notes. Home for lunch. Cousin Sarah Wiley came. Jack drove her up from Princeton. He had lunch etc. with a friend. After lunch wire, mamma & I drove out in my car to call on Mary Wing. Anne & Keats there. Mr. Baby is darling. 18 mos. When we got in then mamma & I left Cousin Sarah expecting Jack any minute and went to a tea at the Christian Club. Mrs. Morgan for her friend daughter (my friend Letitia's daughter) C. C. met us and wait too. A big affair and very nice. I heard of people we knew and what was for years. I heard nothing. I worked on my catalogue list in the evening.

Saturday, November 31

Mamma had a letter from Bony this morning saying she was driving down in the above Ford with one of the boys to do some digging and would be here for lunch at one o'clock. After breakfast I got the car and took everything up to the studio. Mamma came along too as she wanted to see Peter Piper's portrait. She liked it very much. Thought it was just like him. Very amusing and at the same time pathetic. We took it over to Davis to be photographed, on the running-board of my car. Then I took her home as she wanted to be here and be there when Bony came, did a few errands and came back for lunch. Bony didn't turn up till 1.45. It is a long drive down from Plymouth, 126 miles and they get tired up with road construction. The boy who brought her, Richard Forde, went out to E. Nichols to see his family and I took Mamma and Bony down town after lunch for her to do some errands. She was looking well and seemed very cheerful. Of course free of the fire. She was wearing a hat and coat B. had sent her, a dress she had saved and some shoes and stockings Mamma had sent her. I left them downtown and came home and worked on my card catalogue for Washington. got it all done, about 300 names and took it over to the P.O. and mailed it to Mr. D. Garrison. When I got back Bony's "boy friend" had turned up but they didn't get off until about 8 o'clock because his father came in with some new shoes for him to try on. Mamma had had some red wine made for them to eat on the road. but they ate there and had dinner with us too. He is a nice, well-brought up boy. Not handsome but has been the greatest help to Bony, standing by her all the time in the emergency to the extent of insisting that she should sleep in the gym alone and camping out there with her for two or three nights. Bony teased us and we were much amused but all agreed we had better not tell Brookline. I wrote letters in the evening.

Sunday, November 1.

I had breakfast a little before Mamma & L. B. and drove out to Brighton to get Major Carson. I was a little too early so I stayed around the house and seized the opportunity to dust off my car. He was not quite ready when I got there but came to the door in his keds and most of his uniform. He got all dressed in it there as that his wife would keep him with his glass etc. and he was a good sight in it. He is a big man, over 6 ft. tall and weighs 240 lbs. We decided to have him wear the keds up in the front, not the back, and he put his pipes in the back of the car and he got in front with me, almost



filling the car and we drove in to the studio and made the sketch. I think it will make a nice picture and Sam quite thrilled about it. I have got him standing, full length of course, with his pipes on his arm and the other hand resting on the handle of his chair. The fellow is thin, straight, mostly red, dark green coat trimmed with gold braid, wide leather belt with big silver buckle, big silver ornaments fastening his gaiters on his left shoulder, goggles, white gloves, and all even to the little knife tucked in the top of his right waist. He was just about going and we were working on it every Sunday morning until it is finished. I want to show it next spring in my More & Leblanc. I had to leave the studio in a mess and take my horse home to work because I had just time to get him home, leave the car at the garage and get home for lunch, after which I passed my day and took the 3 o'clock O.R.Y. with E. and W. and was met home. The new apartment is lovely. A little empty at present as there are a few pieces of furniture they will have to get but W. doesn't want to do it just now. He has had a splendid write-up of his auto-journeys to-day and it is really wonderful. Monday, November 2.

I went out with E. and W. for a little walk, then left them and went on down to Mr. Parker's office, 1860 Broadway. He was there, I had written him I was coming in and he wrote me at 14.5 that Parker W. that he would be there. He has just been negotiating along Keefe's going with the Art Book League and sale of his art books. There is still a chance that he may bring out my book. He said he had a large order from B. and R. Reynolds for ~~my~~ his books about 3 months ago and had wanted on that man and still is to bring out my book. They have always been very prompt about paying but haven't this time though I believe they will any day and when they do he will immediately put it into bringing out my book. He believes it will have a good sale and is sure anxious to get it out. There is another possibility too that he may make a connection with the Pegasus Company, book manufacturers here in N.Y. by which they would bring out his books along with theirs and he would handle the selling end of it all. Anyway there is still a chance that he may do it somehow fairly soon and if he fails he can't be said he would put me in touch with a publisher who would. My contract is with the Nat'l Pub. Society which with which he no longer has a connection so W. thinks the first thing for me to do is to write to them and ask them what they ~~would~~ <sup>will</sup> do about it. Of course they won't want to bring it out as they didn't approve of his art series much any way and they probably will offer to give me a release from the contract. I think he is a position to take it from Mr. Parker if he can't bring it out or make him

set a definite date. I'll move forward with it while the still  
possibility of finding the cause they are trying to find and the whole  
thing is held up indefinitely. After I left his office I looked at dresses at  
Lord & Taylor and got a green evening dress and a red and dark brown crepe  
and afternoon dress. Met E. & wife for lunch at the Belmore and  
afterwards went around with E. to do some shopping for the apartment,  
some home and visited and read a book on modern art that Mr. Parker  
gave me. In the evening we went to the Private View of the members  
exhibition at the Grand Central Art Gallery. My Finnish girl is  
well being. In the corner of a wall is one of the gallery's things. He is a  
little higher up than I live in order to come over a high piece of  
furniture. However, he looks well and the ~~room~~ view is very good  
and we enjoyed it. Mostly artists. This I think but the whole thing  
well run and high class. Coffee and cakes and sandwiches etc. all very  
nice. Saw Mrs. Dyer's there

Tuesday, November 2.

Election day and Wise was staying at home from the office. E. was tired after all we did yesterday and didn't get up till late. Wise and I took B. out for a walk in the Park, then left her with the chauffeur boy and went on up to the Natural History Museum. The new Roosevelt memorial wing is under construction and Wise saw Mr. Henry Fairfield Osborne, the pres., the other officer of the Roosevelt dinner to Byrd and when Mr. Osborne was talking about the portraits they had and said they lacked a good copy of one of Roosevelt's. Wise said he would give it to them. Mr. O. was delighted and said they would like a copy of the Sargent which is in the White House but later wrote, having talked to Mrs. Robinson and her son that the family liked the Laszlo best and perhaps the copy had better be of that. It is in Kermit Roosevelt's home and I would stay in N.Y. for a while later on and do it. I wish it had been the other as that would have given me a job in Washington today notwithstanding the opportunity to work in the White House. Home for lunch found E. up and out and all right. We sat around and talked and enjoyed the apartment which is lovely after lunch, until it was time to go to my train. The apartment is wonderful, big open, harmonious colors and the lovely view over the park. I called up B. Jim getting on all right but slowly. Wise & I planned out a letter for me to write to the National P. W. Society (E. Leslie Long Pres.) asking calling his attention to the contract I signed with him to publish my book and asking his



interviews about it. He will either release me or have to bring it out. Anyway Mr. P. might get in to trouble if he were chased and published it with the Nat'l. Pub. Society with which he has no connection now holding the contract. If they release me it will put me in a better position with him. I can then make a new arrangement with a time expiration. Took the 5 o'clock home. Maxima + E. 10, all right. Got unpacked and to bed after telling them about my trip. I forgot to say that E. & I saw the two very dirigible, the Aerocar yesterday. We were just coming out of Ford and Taylor's when we looked up and there she was set very high up, coming right down Fifth Ave. with the Los Angeles following, and a swarm of glasses like oarqueaters around her. It was a wonderful sight. She has a crew of 70 men and can carry about 200 passengers in all. She has been on a trial trip over Washington, Philadelphia and N.Y. as she went down 5<sup>th</sup> Ave. The run from below a fleecy cloud above on her silver nose as she passed the tower of the Empire State Building, which was silhouetted against the sun burst. It was wonderful and E. was so sad we didn't have her camera.

Wednesday, November 4.

A lovely mild day with a strong west wind.

I went up to the studio to get my mail and figure out the ~~size~~ size of the covers for my Carras. It will have to be 50 X 80 and the 42" ones Hatfield's was going to order for me won't do. I called them up and they wire telegraph to Fawn Reese and try and get the 54" widths and have it structured by Sat. A letter from Morris Parrish with a cheque for \$500 on the postpaid, written from W. arr. He expects to be in Boston in a few days, has just returned from Cal. and naturally was pretty low in his mind. Said he didn't know what his glass would be, just as if he had no home etc. At 12 I called for Maxima in the car and we drove to Squam. I got the note of P.P. before we left and took it along and left it for Mrs. Curtis. We got to Cove House about 1.45. Found Tony and Anthony and Ralph there getting the gardens to bed. Ate our lunch on the piazza and then went up to Shagwicks with Tony and got some flowers. Got a few things we wanted from Cove House, tried to find Carl Rice etc. about boarding up Maxima's house and got home after dark about 5.30. It was lovely down there and on the drive. Has been a wonderfully mild autumn, after dinner I wrote letters, sent to the Nat'l Pub. Society, A letter from Boyd Edwards giving me <sup>names to call back to the P.N.</sup> ~~names to call back to the P.N.~~

Thursday, November 5.

Maxima and I had arranged with Corcoran Sara Wiley to

met her and Jack at the way side down for lunch and drive back with them to Worcester to see their apartment and go to the art museum which is hard never near and would like to. Corin & I are telephoned right after breakfast that we didn't know where we would want to come or not because Jack, who has had a cough for some time and not felt very well, had just rec'd a report from his Dr. that he had tuberculosis. Of course we went just the same. I went up to the studio first and attended to some things. We're getting pictures ready for Mrs. B. rise to call for for X. bettin, and Mamma helped me bring P. P. back from the photographer in the morning board of the car: so we didn't get started until about 12.15. We got there all right however, a little after one and found Corin & I + Jack waiting for us. We went through the door looking a thing and Jack told me about his T. B., showed me the Dr's report etc. I'm afraid it looks rather bad though the <sup>X-ray</sup> report was no technical we couldn't tell much. They will have to give up the little apartment in Worcester they have only just got settled in and he will probably go to Gov. T. B. hospital in W. or somewhere. He was a good sport about it, said he was crazy about his work in Worcester and rather, well used the day. Being in the army, he is a Major now, and having moved about so much he is apparently used to it and doesn't mind. After lunch we drove on to Worcester, saw the art museum, a small but very fine collection, went to their little apartment and about 4.15 started home again. We got back to town about 6.34 miles, a splendid road. In the evening I fixed my green evening dress I got in N. Y. and tried to fix the red and brown one but it needs too much, and Mamma will do it for me.

Friday, Nov. 6.

Spent the whole morning doing errands. Hatfield was not able to get the Fava Rehl Rehl's yellow roughs canvas in the 54 in. I sent for Ray. Carson and the only wide canvas I can find in Boston is a Belgian canvas they have that I love and by for Mrs. Carlier's portrait and lined fairly well. So I told them to order that rather than put off my sitting on Sunday. Fava Rehl will have the 54 in. later and I told Hatfield to order the 42 in. and to send a piece 44" long to me in Washington in case I need it there in a hurry. Tried on dresses, Mamma met me. Got a black one tried with a little flat black fur on the sleeves, a black hat to go with it with white blue and black ostrich feathers for my at the neck and a black skirt with green sleeves all to go with my new black coat with the wolf collar and



cups which he came home and is lovely also a blouse and sweaters to go with my tweed suit at Chandler's. Home for lunch. I see two Dr. Billing have to go again when I get to be in Dec. Then back to Charles of the City and get my permanent tanned up. 10 curls in the front. Came out finally but I didn't get home until just dinner time and I didn't have time all day to go up to the studio and get my nail. Dr. Carter came to call in the evening. He gave me the addresses of his two sons in Washington to send cards to my exhibition to, Colles to-day. Stanislas is back in Boston. I sent him some congratulations from C. and Wisc and called him up this evening to thank him for his organ and old glasses. He hasn't any yet, seemed quite upset in his mind. Saturday, Nov. 7.

I got my coat on the 12 o'clock for N.Y. Monday at the B.T. Station, then went up to the studio and got Mr. Carson drawn in on the big canvas from the states and fixed up my little mess station for an exhibition of little pictures at the art club and at the W.P. & S. in N.Y. and took the art club bus down to Hayden and Steele to be framed. Home for lunch and Emma & C.V. and I drove out to Medford to see Mr. Loeffler. (Charles Martin) the organist and violinist, a friend of C.V.'s. It was pretty cool but C.V. got in the rumble seat both ways and seemed to survive it. Mr. Loeffler is charming. He took us first to his music room studio in a separate little house across the road. a most interesting place full of signed photographs and drawings of famous musicians he has known well. Scarce, Ravel, Paderewski, Percy Grainger etc. He was a great friend of Sargent, the painter, and has several of Sargent's watercolors, & drawings of himself by Sargent, and lots of interesting things. Some fine old ship models were hung high up in the studio against the plaster walls and the lower part was just a mess of <sup>pad</sup> papers, books, pictures, photographs, and comfortable chair in front of the fireplace. Afterwards we went across to the house met Mrs. Loeffler, stout and very pleasant, had tea around the dining-room table and drove home talking with us a saddle and bridle but Mr. Loeffler has given to my as he no longer rides. We ran into the traffic from the Harvard-Boston football game when we got in town but were not too late getting back. Wire telegraphed in the evening. He Scott has accepted the agency of his auto-parts and of course the other press builders will jump at it. I had a letter from a woman in Phila. Alma Robinson asking where the Finnish fire could be purchased in color. She had seen the ones of the Scholastic. She probably very wants a colored print of it but I will tell her where she can see the original. I do not write to the Rev. Shaw etc. so they referred the letter to

me. Paid bills in the evening. Mario Parris' cheque will have my life estate care of my Washington expenses I hope.

Sunday November 8.

I got the car soon after breakfast and drove out to Colledge's house to a Baptist Church where Maj. Carson was going to play the pipes and we had arranged I was to call for him to take him to the studio. There were Bible classes, Sunday school etc. going on in different parts of the church building and he was in a men's Bible class where a Scotsman was telling them that considerable brouhaha that if they were really "aberrant" they could be "mass red by God" and burnt among the rest. The Maj. and 2 other men were in the balcony with their pipes and uniforms. Sorry I was too late to hear them play. It was over about 10 minutes of 11 and he came out and packed himself and his pipes into the little Ford and we drove to the studios and had a good two hours work on the big canvas and got it well started. Then I took him home stopping for him to leave a message in an apartment house on Hemenway St. which made me a little late for lunch. After lunch I drove right up to the studios again, washed my brushes, got the things together I wanted to take to Washington and left the studios in order for the Wilsons to come to for me if I can this month I am away. Then home and dressed and took Nanna to C.O. up to Mrs. Rusk's for tea. (Grace Edger's friend) two or three other people there a Mr. Rossiter, one of the ladies the Mrs. Rusk is engaged to, a Mrs. Todd, and English woman who says she came to the studios twice in a year and as usual, had a long talk with me about Mexico. (unful, I wouldn't remember it) He lives in 2019, quite in the summer. Grace was very sweet and looked well. So glad she has the friends to turn to and do things with after poor Ralph's tragic end last summer. When we left I went to the Thorsdikes, found Mr. & Mrs. T. there and had a nice chat with them. Home, wrote letters, painted heels etc. and packed in the evening.

Sunday, November 9.

I had the car sent down from the garage early and right after breakfast drove down to Nasarais, tried on my black dress which is going to be fine, got a darling little black hat with wing on my way out, stopped at the bank and at Hatfield's to get some jeans and got home in time to finish my packing comfortably, load everything into the car and go to the station, picking up a man at the garage to take it back and put it up for the winter. Nanna came along too to see me off.



State to leave her but she and C.W. are going on to N.Y. - was for a few days as she has that trip to look forward to, and I hope to bring my bag down at Thanksgiving time. Had a wonderful trip on. Gene Tunney sat across the aisle from me in the diner. He is very good-looking and I can see he has a lot of personal charm and much more refinement than you usually find in a prize fighter, but he used a tooth pick so I guess he is not the perfect gentleman the papers seem to think he is. Will see him. Everything going well. A little trouble with the auto gears because the Tins crew had tried to re-adjust it. E. well. Jack came for dinner. Seemed very well and full of stories of his business and social adventures as usual.

Tuesday, November 10.

I called up Mr. Parker's office but he was out and the giggle was not expected in all day. So I took a bus down to the W.P. & D. with my negatives, got the address of a framer on E. and left them to be framed. Then went to the Grand Central Gallery to see about labelling the photos. If anything there they had sent them over to Juley to be mounted as I went over there and wrote the names on the back of the prints they had ready to mount, found that none will have to be done over as they had turned them off too much, and left three others to be mounted. Then I walked up to the Biltmore where I met E. & Will for lunch. After lunch did some errands with E. and got back to the apartment fairly early, sorted out pictures and planned where to hang them in the various bed-rooms. We read about Stuart Davis' book on Mexico in the evening.

Wednesday Nov. 11.

Mr. Parker called me up early as he had heard I had tried to see him yesterday and wanted to know if I could stop in today. I couldn't however as I was taking a 10.30 train to Wash. I told him I had written the Nat'l Put. Society and asked if he had heard from them. He hadn't and had some vague hope about my book connected with a firm in Rochester but nothing definite. Will got me out all my luggage on board the Wash. train. I read a novel by Locke, "The Storm Lamb", quite entertaining and reached Wash. at 3.20. I was straight to Annie's & he was there to welcome me. Very sweet and cordial. I got called a little and then went out again to the Washington Galleries, walking down Conn. Ave. with Ann who was going to "the deats" house, one of the old ladies having died early this morning. She has been fairly for a long time. Suzanne

has gone over to stay with Aunt Mary. The one who is left, I leave Bud's room on the top floor. Had a quiet evening with the family, reading and listening to the radio. Saw Mr. Duntorne at the gallery and got some envelopes from him for some names I had to look up addresses for. The cards and catalogues he left at the house later and I got them all addressed and mailed. The gallery has some very good points, chiefly its location and the fact that it has a good big entrance from the lobby of the Mayflower as well as ~~two~~ in the street. The wall where my pictures will hang is a long one opposite the windows but as the building opposite cut off the sky they will not shine and any way as it is rather dark we will use artificial light which is all along the wall all the time. It was the stock-brokers' room and that wall was their blackboard with a long naked light all along the top of it. There is a good place for a portrait opposite the door that leads into the hotel lobby and I think I will send for Bore's portrait for that ~~place~~. I didn't want to show him again as I had him here before in my Grosvenor Gallery exhibition but he will be a very good one to be seen from the hotel lobby, one that will be ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup> ~~interesting~~ <sup>interesting</sup>. I hope he will sit as late as being ~~possible~~ <sup>possible</sup>. The pictures were not unpacked but I think they are all there except the two in Washington.

~~Wednesday~~, Thursday, Nov. 12.

I got down to the gallery early, Mr. Duntorne had unpacked the pictures and they are all there, except Mr. Hammonds' and Mr. S. Boulton's of course and Suzanne + Bore's. I telephoned from there to the Bureau of Standards and to the Hammonds' house to say I would send for them and next a wire to Bowen & Hammer to get Bore's from the studio and take it to Mr. Bore's to be shipped. Wrote some more cards and addressed envelopes. (The P.V. cards are all used up and I have to use my visiting card) and went down to the Grosvenor Gallery to see if I had agreed leave the studio to do the winter work & leave to do in Mrs. Gill's pictures. Was cordially received by the office staff there and it's all right. I can leave the studio to-morrow as far longer if I need it though there is a possibility that the Lazlo's who is in the way will wait it. I also stopped in at the Am. Fed. of Arts and saw Suzanne and Linda. She wants me to come to her a week from Sunday. I sent Suzanne a letter that the Tully Ho. having been back to the Mayflower and written a letter to Wire - Mr. Myers stopped in at the gallery and he took me down in his car when I went to the Am. Fed.



of Arts Bldg. After lunch with Suzanne I took a bus out to see him. He seemed well, looked about the same, but is getting rather fed up with George. He has been on a trip home to visit his family and still won't tell them he has married her. When I came back I changed my clothes and went and called on Gertrude Klemm, now Mrs. Charles Mason Ramsey and living at 2440 Mass. Ave. in a new house which he had just built and he is having delayed. It is all white wright plaster, white, arched entrance stairway, iron work, carved furniture etc. She was at home and very cordial and we got at my tea on Sunday. A funny artificial person though and they say her husband is very faddy. I home to the Bradley family, with a report to be with some one genuine and normal. Read the Good Earth in the evening, a book which led me by an American woman Pearl Buck who has lived a long time in China, giving a very accurate picture of the lives of the Chinese lower classes. Amazing the ignorance and the hard lot of the women.

Friday. Nov. 13. \*

I called up Mrs. Gill yesterday and arranged for a meeting to fix the little thing about the eye the Davis didn't like. Got down to the gallery early to get the portrait but the door was locked and Mr. Lonsdale did not turn up till nearly 11 o'clock having been to the dentist. I had to telephone Mrs. Gill to get her off to his house to find out if I could get hold of him and to the women to let them know I was coming and would write the stories, so there wouldn't be any delay there. I got down there all right taking all my things in a taxi and Mrs. Gill ready for Mrs. G. by 10.20. She didn't come until almost quarter of eleven but it was worth a few minutes as we got done all right. She will pay for me two on Sunday and I have arranged for tea to be served by the Mayflower at 75 cent a person. When we got through to see the picture and my point to go back to the gallery, saw the social secretary at the Mayflower to tell her about the talk and have something put in the social columns on Sunday (Mrs. Lonsdale) and went home to dinner. After lunch I addressed some more cards to a bit Mrs. Gill gave me, then went out and called on Mrs. Bowdread and Mrs. Ridgely. None of them at home. Read the Good Earth in the evening. The funeral of Charlie Bradley's aunt was 5-day and of course was a very quite busy helping with things over there the last few days and Suzanne is staying over there for the present.

Saturday, Nov. 14.

I went down town and did several errands, brocade for the front of my dress, ordered the label for Dr. Watson's portrait and the numbers for the gallery for Mr. Watson at a place 824-13<sup>th</sup> St. (Lamb Sale & Sterile Co.) Got back to the gallery expecting that the two last pictures, Bouché and Suzanne, would have come from Boston and we would give out the news. They hadn't and the Ex. Co. said they hadn't either. Then as I thought I might have been interested the money because they arrived about half an hour afterward. We got the news pleased out and I went home to lunch, which we had a bit early as we were going out into the country to the Snyders and to take the children to a Girl Scout meeting. We left them and went out to the Snyders' farm where we arrived too late to see the hunting party start off. We started after them on foot, following the dog prints along the road across the fields and through the woods, then left it and struck across country through woods and came out on some hilly pasture above the farm. We found a lot of mushrooms there and brought some home in Charlie's handkerchief. The country was lovely, yellow fields and oaks drop coppers and lacy distances. When we got back to the house they had arrived yet as we went in and as we had to leave early we ate some of the sandwiches and things prepared for them. Mr. Snyder was there and we took him on. Then later and just before we left the boat turned up, about 8 of them and 4 or 6 hounds. They hadn't raised a fox anywhere but had had a nice ride. Mr. & Mrs. Griffiths, the father & mother of the man Suzanne is engaged to arrived just then as we stood around talking for a while. They went home and they left me at the gallery. Mr. Watson had the pictures all hung and I was quite pleased with the way they looked. Home for dinner and next the good Earth afterwards and played cards in the dance and the children in the floor.

Sunday, Nov. 15.

I wrote letters etc. in the morning while Ann & Charlie took the children to Sunday school and some cousins who were here for the period out to drive. Went to Mrs. Broadhead's for lunch. She has not been very well and didn't appear. Had lunch with the Mrs. (Gibson) & Lee. Very pleasant. Came home after afterwards and played my clothes and went out into the country with Ann & Charlie and the children to the give to the Snyders' farm. Ann & Charlie took us for a walk over the farm and we saw the cows which in the day and in the barn, electric milking etc. Had tea and came home. Ann & Charlie were going to dinner



and Sally & Barbara & I got on our supper in the kitchen. They went to bed now afterwards and I read an anonymous book called "Washington Man-of-war" - a sort of story, going with - of everyone in Washington noted all political life from the Pres. down. It was written by four newspaper men and is causing a lot of talk. It would embittered to me and the fact that ~~there~~ it is anonymous looks away from its value. Some of it is in bad taste and almost churlish. But I suppose this is one thing in it. ~~When I first~~ <sup>When I first</sup> that a good deal of it was the result of personal feeling for and vindictiveness. It is said that the President had the Dept. of Justice find out the writers and had them forbidden the White House and refused their privilege of newspaper men. The Dept. on him is quite iconoclastic and disrespectful.

Monday, Nov. 16.

The day of my private friends. I was at the gallery all the morning attending to the things, going about for news, the tea table etc. getting flowers and letters in pictures and many things to come in. Boyd Edwards and Frances came in the middle of the morning. They couldn't be there for tea in the afternoon as they had to be back at the nerve for something, but it was awfully nice to come in the first morning. I did a few things to the portrait while they were there as Frances felt one eye still looked sleepy and the owner too red and I think it did improve it and they were much pleased. Home for lunch and dressed for the tea and got down there at quarter of three to see that the table was all right and to in time to prevent the waiters from bringing huge con- uergies, baskets etc. for the cakes. They couldn't understand why I wanted them just on plates or silver trays. I had telegram from Wm & E. telling me to get myself a carriage of or ride and I like of the valley, and from Barry wishing me luck and E. Wistler saying she couldn't come. I got some flowers to wear but not acorns. They were 5 species as I thought it was foolish, as I got gardenias and lilies of the valley. A woman came from the news to write it up. Leila M. came in early before I got back in the afternoon and left word that she wanted a photo. and Miss Bailey came and stayed some of the evening afterwards and will use a photo. Also a photograph came from the Herald and took a flash light of me standing in front of Lord Dunsany's portrait. There were quite a lot of people but I was not the usual I have at home in the Square. I think about 50 in all. Gertrude Klessner Remey and Mrs. Gill found, some of the others that I can remember are Ad. & Mrs. Taylor, Mary Warren, Mrs. Loom, Mrs. Atterton, Mrs. & Mrs. Atterton & Mrs. G. Moore.

Ann. Suzanne, Charlie & the children, Julia Sumner, Miss & George  
and a friend of hers, a Mrs. Butler, friend of Mrs. Gil, Eliot O'Hara who was  
here and stayed by me and helped me look up at the end as Mr. Watson  
had to leave early as Mrs. W. is sick, Mrs. M. Goughlin (Suzanne's lover)  
Cora Barry, now Mrs. ? and expecting a baby any minute, Mr. Remy, a girl named  
Barbara Wright and a young man named Leek who said he had been to the  
studio in Squam. Dr. Carter's was John Carter and two friends, and I guess that's  
about all I can remember. O. yes. Mrs. Walter Dittler and a friend and she  
says she wants me to paint him. He's vice-pres. of the Fuller Construction  
Co. and making plenty of money on Gov. buildings just now as I suspect  
my come off. She said she would bring him in and I think if she does and  
I could get a chance to talk to him I might persuade him. It would be  
certainly great if I could get that to do now. I haven't heard from Mrs. Patten  
as I don't believe that will come off at the time and E. Dittler is hopeless. If I  
could only get her to do I would be satisfied and of course it would more  
than pay for my exhibition. It all went nicely and people seem to like the  
thing though Suzanne's family and friends aren't crazy about her. Think  
it looks too sad. Ann and the rest left a little before six but I stayed to  
close up with Eliot O'Hara. The tea will cost me \$37.50 as I ordered it for  
50 people and it was 75 cts. apiece. There were a lot of cardholders left over  
but I think there would not have been enough even if there had not been  
a concert by Lily Pons the same afternoon that took a lot of people who would  
otherwise have come I know. I was rather disappointed that there wasn't  
more but I think all the people who didn't come to the P. V. will come in  
later. Wise & E. called me up in the evening to hear all about it and it was  
nice to have someone to talk over all the details. As Ann and her family  
are of course they can't enter into it all and aren't as interested in details  
as Wise & E. and my own family are and Eleanor (Barney) Clark was there at  
dinner (she is spending a day or two with my mother from a visit with her  
sister Shelly in Richmond) and Mary Louise Brown and her wife and three  
girls came in the evening, so I felt I didn't have any one to talk it all  
over with and missed my usual backing. By all trials of me as established  
professional and no one who is not in the inside can realize all it means.  
Tuesday, Nov. 17.

I got down to the gallery quite early and stayed  
around all the morning writing letters etc, except for a short trip down to  
Leila Medley's office to take her new photos. She will use the Raleigh  
Postman. A few people came in, none of whom I talked to, one of them  
turned out to be a Miss Sells an aunt of Helen Senter's in Salem.



I went up to Mrs. Riegle's for lunch. Ann + Suzanne + Eleanor were at a dinner. Harry T. ~~Stuart~~ whose husband is a relation of mine I don't know just what. Had a nice time and went to the movies afterwards with Ann + Eleanor. Lynne Fontaine and Alfred Best in The Guardmen. I have seen the place three times and of course the movie takes away a lot of the subtlety but it doesn't <sup>the</sup> ~~disappoint~~ <sup>play</sup> as much as most movies do. They are made from. Stopped at the gallery in the way home. No special news. Miss Riving of the Post wanted me to call her up to give her some more information about the Morris portrait for her write-up. A letter from E. and Mrs. D. mine saying she was sorry she couldn't get in as she was getting ready to go away. A quiet evening with Ann + the children playing cards on the floor and reading. Eleanor Brown left on the Federal + Charlie + Suzanne went down to see her off. She is a nice enough girl but doesn't like dinner and wanted to know what I would charge for a portrait of her from a photo. make a great hit with me tomorrow. A letter from W. says Marie Peary has been

Wednesday, Nov. 18.

Still warm and muggy and foggy. It is the warmest fall anyone has known apparently and I have brought altogether too heavy clothes. I went down to the gallery early stopping in at Underwood + Underwood to see about having my photo. taken. They had called me up, as they do every one on the rightest excuse to get me to sit, no charge and I didn't have to order any if I didn't like them and I decided I might as well let them try as I have need of photo. of course and haven't any I really like. So I made an appointment for tomorrow at 9.30. Stayed at the gallery all the morning and until 4.30, writing letters, reading the paper and talking to people who came in. There weren't very many but two gotten talked about having portraits done, one a man from a photo and the other, a Miss Helen Wallburn, may have her mother done. She has attended the organ at the Dr. E. Casseratory under Wallace Goodrich and said I ought to paint him for the Conservatory. He had to state something among the alumnae and she said she might when she was up there in June. They live at the Windsor Apts. here in Wash. and apparently are sufficiently well off. Nina came in and had lunch with me in the mayflower tea room. I don't see why she doesn't lose weight. She said George has gone to Boston for five days and he left her \$5 to live on. She is thinking of doing some painting again and I think it would be a good thing, would give her more interest in life as well as a little money to spend. My picture with Dr. S.'s portrait came out in the Times and is a right. I look at least 60 and the portrait is all touched up, but it brought the Wallburns in they said. at 4.30 I went to tea at a sort of fair at which they were having money + Harry came and

to which Mrs. Taylor had invited me and some other friends. Met several people there and told them about the show. Then went on to the Colonial House where Miss Carter had invited me to come to a tea they were having after a card party. Was rather late there but a group of her friends had stayed to meet me. Home for dinner and finished the good card in the evening. It is a vivid and true picture of life in China among the lower classes, beautifully written stuff to give a bit of Chinese civilization. The ignorance and primitive standards are amazing, but it makes the Chinese seem more human than we usually feel they are. The trouble in Manchuria gets worse. Japan is actually beating us over and the League of Nations of course can do nothing.

Thursday, Nov. 19.

Still warm and I have nothing but fur trimmed coat and a fur lined mitt. which it would turn colder as it makes me feel good for nothing. It is dark and foggy most of the time with showers as it is lucky I am not trying to paint. I went right after breakfast to Underwood & Underwood for them to take some photos of me, one of which I hope to get into the papers. Then stopped in at the gallery for a minute before I went to a storage warehouse where I was to meet Mrs. Harry Fitzhugh whom I met at Mrs. Ridgely's the other day at lunch and whose husband is a connection of mine. He was there too and they were having some old portraits of members of the Fitzhugh family photographed and thought I would like to see them. They were very interesting, one was a copy of a Hesselius portrait and another was a Charles Wilson Peale of Col. Wm Fitzhugh painted about 1755 or there. There was also a day plate portrait of Mr. Harry Fitzhugh painted a few years ago, quite good but not the proportion or construction of the lower part of his head. They were not entirely satisfied with it. I wish they'd have me do another but I don't suppose they will. When we left I took them to the gallery and they seemed to like my things very much. Mr. Friend reads the paper. Mr. Knight, Prof. Hoops and Emma Fisher were there. Charles Fitzhugh came in while the Fitzhughs were there and asked me to dinner with him and his mother Mrs. Main the evening. I stayed at the gallery while Emma there and a whole bunch of her friends, Charles & Katherine, Margeline's wife, and she drove me and Ann out to the farm afterwards to see Dick's house there. It is very interesting and beautiful. It has really been re-furnished and redecorated. Was the



way home we stopped at Julia Semerello's and saw the twins. She was out. Then they left me at the gallery for a while but no one came in. There have been very few people and I wish I could do something to stir up interest and get some business. I called up Mrs. Patton but she has laryngitis and would not talk over the telephone as I will wait a few days. Went to the Wrights for dinner with Charles and Mrs. Davis. Very good dinner and interesting time talking to Charles. They brought me home early as Isabel had to go home to study and then Ann & I walked down and called on Leila McLean and Nedja (nee W.) Harrison who is staying with her. Leila told me that she is to have entire charge of the assembling of a big exhibition of painting and sculpture to be held in the Los Angeles art museum next summer in connection with the Olympic games. She said that when they were staying at her at this office, Mrs. Harrison had suggested my portrait of Bobby Jones as the sort of thing they wanted, as I suppose it will be interesting which is fine. I go down to Leila's on Monday after I get back from Oceansburg.

Friday, Nov. 20.

Still warm, over 70° all day. I went down to the gallery and stayed there all the morning, reading the paper, writing a letter to Wise and talking to people who came in. Towards noon there were quite a lot of people but the rest of the day it was pretty quiet. A Mr. & Mrs. Oagle from Scarsdale, N.Y. seem pretty good prospects for portraits. They are a young couple who want their children painted, he has a friend who was painted by O'Gara and they gave me their address and asked me to let them know when I was in N.Y. later on. I also had a telephone call from a Maj. Taggart is something like that, a retired British army officer who knew Mrs. Harrison in S. Africa and who came in the first day, saying that some people he knew in Phila. were interested in a portrait, wanted to know my price, I said \$2000, and would be in to see me. I called up Mrs. Walter Witter this morning to ask her to have tea with me but she was going over to Baltimore to spend the day with E. I hope they take portraits and very probably will but I have a feeling Mr. Hubbard won't sit. I got my boxes at a tea room near across Conn. Ave. and saw the groups of my photos. A Underwood & Underwood. One was fine and they were trying to get them in the papers. I stopped in at the Susan Rockwell gallery across the street from the May flower before I went back. We have several exhibitions on, Lutz & Lutz, H. & Co. etc. etc. don't do it just for the advertisement it gives the firm. Back at the gallery things were very quiet. Elliot O'Hara came in and I am going to have them on Tuesday. I want to call on Mrs. Davis about 4. She was out. I stopped at

Aunt Ring's on the way home and looked up with her in various books on Franklin. His references and letters to Joseph Priestley. Very interesting. She is a great-great granddaughter of B. Franklin. When I got home I found them all having an early dinner and night afterwards we all went out to the movies. We telegraphed, Norma & C. G. have arrived in N. Y. to be there until Wed. anyway and I hope they stay longer and come down to K. for Thanksgiving. I had a letter from K. this morning and she can have me all night. It will be great to see them all.

Saturday Nov. 21.

Spent the morning at the gallery. Only a few people came in but among them was a Mrs. Gillette who may want a portrait of her father painted from a photo. She stayed a long time. Looked through my address. knew Mr. Hammond and others of my circle and seemed much interested. Mr. Hammond's car stood outside the gallery next to the rising gallery by the side entrance of the Rayflowers. She inquired the chauffeur, at this saw his initials on the door of the car. I saw in the paper that his wife, Miss Betty Hammond is stopping at the Rayflowers so I suppose the car may be what she is using now. She came out at the time and talked to the chauffeur but I couldn't see who got into the car when it finally drove away so I was talking to Mrs. Gillette at the time. She said Mr. H. was in W. a few days ago and I was sure this morning? There is might some happened in at this point. I guess I can't wait on him for any real help in spite of his position. He did as much for me if he really wanted to help. To get Edmund's car come for me at three with a note saying a Mr. Raymond who was to preach to the boys in Regal on Sunday would be driving out with me too. I was a little doubtful about 2½ hrs. making conversation with a stranger but he turned out to be a more interesting man with a good, clear head and a sense of humor. He & we got on finely. He and Mrs. R. have just returned from a 17 months trip around the world, during which they stayed for some weeks with their daughter who had married a British army officer in command of a native regiment in Beluchistan, and quite a nuisance in the Vale of Calcutta which he said, was perfectly beautiful. He was indignant at Gandhi's activities and propaganda and was firmly convinced of the British fairness and the good of their government in India, and said that their control there was the saving of the country, but conditions were terrible, especially the child marriage and sexual life and that Katherine Mayo's book was not at all exaggerated. He is interested in art and a few years ago had his portrait painted & Mrs. Raymond



by Charles H. Higgins, two of him, one for Union College & one for the family. He said he was  
 which he was president for 20 years and one for his family. He said he was  
 but his wife is an old friend of his who was the best portrait painter and  
 he remembered Higgins. The college paid \$4000 for it. He came in my  
 exhibition for a minute or two before we started for the assembly and  
 said he would come in again, and when we got out to M. about 5.30.  
 had a hurried supper and dashed out to the campus to see a torch  
 light parade, fireworks and bonfire by the boys in celebration of  
 their letter 'jane' which they had won this fall. Boyd & Fraser had  
 been most of the afternoon at the Field Day banquet with the boys  
 so didn't eat much, just sat with us, and when the torch light parade  
 came we all left the table and went out stood in the piazza and the  
 boys cheered Mr. & Mrs. Edwards. The bonfire was quite effective.  
 Boyd made a little speech to the boys, the football was etc. spoke  
 and about 7.30 it was all over and we went back to our cottage and  
 sat around and talked. Mr. R. telling us his experiences as Pres. of  
 Union College and while guest of a church in East Aurora, N. Y.

Sunday, Nov. 22.

Still warm, remarkably warm for this season.  
 Began in the morning. Mr. R. sermon was excellent, clear, practical  
 and full of common sense. Some of the faculty and their wives came  
 for lunch. Mr. Rutledge, head of the English Dept. whose wife is Mrs.  
 Davis's sister, Mr. & Mrs. Chapman (history) very nice, interested in  
 art evidently one of the chief movers in the matter of the new portraits.  
 They will come in to my exhibition. The athletic instructor and his wife (I  
 can't remember his name) and Mr. Miller, the football coach. Soon after  
 lunch Mr. R. & I left for the drive back to Washington. Had a very  
 interesting talk with him and he said they'd meet me again and he  
 wants me to meet Mr. R. Got to the Bradleys about 5.30. Ann &  
 Charlie were going out to dinner as I had supper with the kids and  
 read in the evening. Suzanne telegraphed from N. Y. that she would be  
 home on a late train. She has been up this being a week-end with friends  
Monday, Nov. 23.

all day at the gallery except for lunch with the  
 O'Hara's and getting down rather late as I moved from the Bradleys  
 to Missa McKelins. Found that Mr. & Mrs. Richmond had been in and  
 had left a note inviting me to tea to-morrow afternoon, which  
 I have accepted. Anne & Charlie dined with the McKelins  
 last night and said they were talking about my moving that time

Kaufman's had it been in but were nearly going and then he said that  
 if I could do a good one of him he had a great mind to have me  
 do it. He is one of the directors of the Worcester Gallery and joint  
 owner of the W. H. Star as it would be a fine commission if he  
 is half-way interested to paint. E. W. Walter called me up late evening  
 from Baltimore to say he was right come over next Sat. for lunch  
 when E. & Wise are here. She talked about the Walter Walter  
 portrait. I said for me to call up Anna Walter and ask her to lunch  
 or something. I have done that and she declined as she was going to  
 Baltimore for the day and said she would call me up as I can't  
 do anything more at present. I couldn't make out whether E. Walter  
 had seen her and talked to her about the portrait or not. I think not  
 she said something about having a representation that afternoon that she  
 had to have all done over as that she didn't see Anna Walter after  
 all. She doesn't want her own portrait done now, says next summer etc.  
 Many few people in at the gallery to-day but everyone who does  
 come is genuinely enthusiastic. I called up Mrs. Patton as she  
 said she was leaving in 15 minutes for California. Had been sick and  
 not able to get in but she was out riding when I telegraphed earlier  
 as she could have if she had wanted to. But will not be able next  
 summer evidently if at all. Had a nice letter from Mrs. Harris of  
 Columbia, S.C. saying how much they liked the portraits and  
 saying about having them varnished. Had a nice time at the  
 O'Hara's at lunch. Anna Carey, daughter of Carey of Carey & Hastings  
 architects was there. Elliot O'Hara is bringing out a book on Water-  
 color Painting - mixture of Black Publishers. a branch of Putnam's  
 Of course I didn't say anything about mine but they may be a good  
 firm to approach about it. Feel I must get it out now. Lida  
 meakin's write-up of the show in yesterday's Star and mine  
 Rainey's in the Post were very good. They both used pictures.  
 The Riley Postman in the Star and E. W. T. B. in the Post and they  
 gave me quite a lot of advice and I was the leading article in  
 Lida's paper. I hope it will bring in more people. Got home to Lida  
 about 5.30. She had already come home. Went with her in the evening  
 to a sculpture study class that she has been asked to form at the  
 University Women's Club is something like that, any way a class of  
 college graduates on Faneuil Square. Lida telegraphed and I asked her  
 in to lunch to-morrow and I made an appointment for a woman  
 to come to-morrow at 2. Wait to get fixed up for Thanksgiving and for E. & Wise  
 These three will be now doing when they are here.



Tuesday, November 24.

I got down to the gallery quite early and Mr. Knapp was there. He seemed to know me and said "I told you I'd come in" so I suppose I met him somewhere but I couldn't place him and had to ask Mr. Westerman privately who he was. He didn't seem really interested in the portraits, is a sort of flippant person and he talked so after words didn't really care for art, was only director of the Museum because his father & grandfather had been. I brought up the subject of his portrait but didn't get much response. However Mrs. K. is coming in and it may be that she is the one who is really interested. I stayed there all the morning except for a short trip to get some varnish. While I was away Aunt Riny and her sister came in. Let's Lore Barry, Mrs. ? came in her aunt, and said she wanted me to do her niece Alice, aged 12, "some day" just before lunch Oscar Roosen & Mr. Torsberg, Wise's relations came in, down here to call a press to the Wash. Sts. Ben dia came out. He & I had lunch at the Tally-Ho. Afterwards I had a shaggy & unwe and then went to the Richards for tea. Had a very nice time, just Mr. & Mrs. R. They showed me the Huguenot portraits which are good especially his and a lot of carvings etc. They had brought home from China & India. I ~~remember~~ saw Leila and as we were drinking her out notes for the other I read. Wise called me up before dinner and mamma & Katarina were at the apartment as we had a fire talk. Borksie is coming W. Washington next week in connection with the Pres. committee on Better Homes and will do at the Mayflowers.

Wednesday, November 25.

Packed my bag and took it in a taxi down to the gallery and stayed there all the morning except for a short trip to the toy shop to get a birthday present for Judy. It was the quietest morning yet, hardly anyone in. Hope things pick up after Thanksgiving. I got my lunch at the Mayflower tea room and took a 2 o'clock train to Dr. Philadelphia. Had an awfully good book that Leila lent me, The Epic of America, by James H. Adams, a very well written and interesting summary of American history. K. & E. & Judy & Ben met me. After supper and getting the children settled we went to the movies with some neighbors, a Mr. & Mrs. <sup>Paine</sup> Langue, they have both been married before and each have children, one live families to be combined apparently. His first wife was Margaret Wood and she was a Mrs. Rice. The movie we saw was George Arliss in Alexander Hamilton, quite good except that Leila too old for the part.

Thursday, November 26, Thanksgiving Day.

It got colder last night and it seems as if this long.

unseasonably warm fall was at an end. I was so glad to have the colder when I got back to Washington. Soon after breakfast we went over to Katherine (Brown) Steele's house to see her and the baby. He is fine and fat and husky and he house neat and pretty and cheerful. After sitting around there for a while talking to the Porters who came in later and little Katherine and her husband + I played three sets of tennis. There was a cold wind and we had to jump around to keep warm, but Elliott put on his bathing suit and dove into the swimming pool to pull out the plug and cut the water out for the winter. His doing that has become a regular Thanksgiving custom as he always insists that they will use the pool until Thanksgiving and that he will empty it on that day. This year he was then justified as the very warm autumn has made bathing possible occasionally until a few days ago. He seemed to survive his cold plunge very well but we could see from the tennis court the redness of his back and shoulders when he came out. Home for lunch and then turkey. Katherine + Charles came over for tea after lunch when we were singing hymns and playing the little garden organ in the cellar-play-room. The women gave E. + K. lately. Bessie arrived from Princeton with a nice bird for Annie Peggy for Judy, a gentle little bitch "Lassie." Of course Judy was awfully brilliant, having lost her little puppy that she had with her last spring. She was struck by an automobile + K. found her stiff and dead in the ditch and managed to get her buried before the dead men who were hunting for her all over the place, and then they knew nothing of her and out there she was alone. The rest of the day we sat around talking and admiring the puppy and little K.'s dog period his nurse brought her in his carriage; but tea, took a little walk before supper, read a little in the Epic of America and went to bed early.

Friday, November 27.

It was colder and snowing when I woke up and snowed all day in Philadelphia though somewhere on the way between Phila. + Wash. Baltimore it changed to rain on my way to Wash. in the afternoon and there had been no snow north of B. I went with K. to do her marketing came back for an early lunch and she and Elliott drove me to No. 1111 to get a 2.44 train for W. E. has been laid off at the Kellert plant and has no job at present. May take one in 14 days and anyway will probably be taken back by the Kellerts when they start again their designing department again when things get better. Luckily E. has an income



from investments but the Parties are quite hard hit as Tallot has nothing, also Phil Greg, and the depression is much more in evidence than this fall, probably because I have been where conditions are worse than they are in N. E. Wire & E. got on the train at 13 allstone. So glad to see them. They looked pretty well. Wire somewhat strained and E. tired. However they seemed quite cheerful and had had a fine Thanksgiving with E. & Jack and the children. When we got to W. I went with them to the hayfower and we went right in to the gallery to give them a glimpse of the exhibition which they thought looked fine. Then I went home to Lida's, changed and came back and had dinner with them. Wire is to see Mr. Lawdell of the Washington Star to-morrow to talk to him about his glass and glass for color printing.

Saturday, November 28.

I went down to the hotel right after breakfast. We went down in the gallery for a while, then Wire went to the Star and E. & I went for a walk. We walked down about the White House and saw the new Dept. of Commerce Building and had just got back to the hotel when Mrs. Gillette telephoned to ask if I would be in and brought in the photo. After Jack and I had told me about it we talked about the portrait. It looks as if I had got that order though. It is not very pleasing and I will pay \$500 for it. Still it is something. She has other photos. In a letter, when I went to see her she said she had got to Worcester lately, perhaps for a portrait and she was in to show about it. Also she has a portrait of her mother at her home here in W. Mass. She wants this to hang with, so I told her I would like to see that and she will get in touch with me next week after she gets back from N. Y. where she is going for a few days. I told her to go in to the Great Central Galleries and she said she would tell her daughter in to see some of my work there, so I wrote her. It is a nice little thing, it is nice. Several other people come in to the gallery to-day. Wire & E. & I went out for a while after lunch to the National Portrait Gallery to see the new portraits there by Tarbell, Johnson, Cecilia Beaux, Huguessen, etc. and some of them are fine but all badly hung and badly exhibited. The whole collection at the National Gallery is pretty good as a whole and the way it is displayed is a disgrace for a country of this size. When we got back to the Gallery Mary W. Waller and her husband came in, and after a while E. W. Waller and her friend Cynthia Stevens and Mrs. Walter Waller arrived and we all had tea. There was some talk about portraits, Wire trying to work the Walter Louie one and it may come off. She told me leave after-wards and said she would bring him in that week and was eager to have it.

I came home about 6 to dress expecting to go back and have dinner with E. & Wile but at 6.30 when dinner was ready at Leila's she called to me evidently expecting me there though I thought she knew I was going to the Woods as she had an engagement for the evening anyway. However I couldn't very well say at the last minute I was going out to dinner as I sat down with her thinking I could finish and call up E. & Wile before they went down to dinner to tell them not to wait for me. I couldn't get to the telephone until 7.15 and it was a bit awkward sitting there knowing I was a bit late but I had expected to dine with them but luckily Gertrude Klemm Perry had just been in and delayed them and they were very just going up to dress. So I sat around with Leila for a while and got down to the hotel and explained just as they came down in the elevator. It was quite funny, particularly as Leila had been expecting to see how indignant Frank Hale, who is here with an exhibition of his jewellery, had been because I wouldn't accept an invitation to go to lunch at a tea house in Alexandria with him & Percy Atkins & Leila because the Woods were here and I had an engagement with them. He came in to the gallery this morning not knowing that I had told P. I wouldn't go and because he was sure that the party was off explained to Leila afterwards saying that the Wile Woods monopolized me etc. If I had told her on top of that that I was deserting her at dinner it might have been awkward but as it was when she told me about it we would have a joke about it when I left her after dinner before she went out to a meeting she was going to. Wile & E. & I read the Washington Navy - Co. Record after dinner. It is pretty creepy and amusing in places and more than a jumble of times in it, I guess. E. & Wile were really very sweet and is giving a tea for me next Saturday in Baltimore.

Sunday, November 29.

Leila overslept and we didn't have breakfast until almost 10 as I was quite late getting down to the hotel. Found E. & Wile reading Sunday papers in the lobby (Leila had a letter paragraph about the interest shown in my exhibition etc. in the States which was very nice) We took an automobile and drove out to Rock Creek Cemetery to see the St. Gaudens statue. I was rather disappointed in it. It was smaller and less impressive than I had expected. Then we went to Arlington, stopped at Percy's gravesaw the tomb of the unknown soldier. On the way we stopped at the Cathedral and a lady took us through the crypt and the part that is finished, all except the Burial Room



chapel where Wilson is buried, where there was a service going on. It is very  
 impressive and will be a fine building. On the way to Arlington we crossed  
 the Key Bridge from which we had a good view of Annapolis Island which  
 the Roosevelt removed as it was just brought to be kept as a bird  
 sanctuary and removed to R. It was rainy and dark and we were rather  
 amused at our choice of entertainment for such a gloomy Sunday. All boats,  
 cemeteries and monuments but it was all very interesting. We got back  
 to the hotel and Leila joined us for lunch and we had a very interesting time  
 talking art chiefly and how to increase the demand for portraits and the  
 recognition both by the government and the citizens of what the American  
 artist is doing. Leila says the Congress very appropriate \$12,000 a year for  
 the upkeep of the National Gallery and the <sup>Smithsonian</sup> each Dec. of a Dept. must  
 leave a portrait the commissions are let out to the highest lowest  
 bidder and it usually has been the photographer Harris & Aring is  
 understood to. Underwood who supply what really amount to enlarged  
 colored photographs. Now this has been put under the art commissions and  
 it may be better but there has been too much giving of portrait  
 commissions to foreign artists who come with letters and are  
 pushed by their legations and embassies. Our Sec. of State is now im-  
 portant figure is asked to sit and for diplomatic reasons can't refuse  
 and that gives the artist much backing the other portraits follow. We were  
 much impressed by Leila's clear mind, and good fighting spirit and  
 he & E. both liked her ever so much. She left right after lunch as  
 we had a sitting with Bertie Baker who is painting her portrait and I  
 went to the station to see E. & wife off on the 4 o'clock train. I have  
 looked having them here and late to see them go. Back to the house  
 and found Bertie Baker and Leila there. It had been too dark to paint.  
 He stayed for a little while. Leila & I sat together, read and talked and  
 went to bed early. Nancy Warner telegraphed in the morning and  
 asked me to resign, then later changed it to Tues. night as they  
 had been asked by the White House along with her brother Robert Wood  
 Bliss, Ambassador to the Argentine.

Monday, November 30

Dark and rainy. I waited around another for the  
 mail, which is always late on Sunday morning apparently, and while  
 I was waiting Mrs. G. telegraphed to give me the size of the canvas  
 of her mother's portrait in case we didn't get to New York before I  
 left and would not be able to have one come and see it. She asked me if I  
 would do two portraits for a reduction in price if we decided to order two

and I said I couldn't as I was doing the one for four at least then my usual price and two portraits were just as much worse than they were when I was painting them. I gave as my address in 15 years and we will go in to the Grand Central in N.Y. to see my things there. I had a quiet evening at the gallery, reading the Epic of America which I am much interested in. It clears up the picture of the background of present-day America wonderfully in my mind. Miss Telegraphed and asked me to meet her downtown for dinner which I did at Woodward & Lothrop's, came back to the gallery and left at 4 to dress and go to stay Henry (Arthur Willers, The Jefferson, 1204-16th St.) for tea. Had a very nice time. Mary Warren told us all about the dinner at the White House last night - gave a small one. Mr. & Charles and the Bliss's and two others and Pres. & Mrs. Hoover. She sat beside the Pres. and said she found him difficult to talk to because he was so hard to understand. He stumbled his words with his head down and after wiping his hand over his mouth, evidently a nervous habit he has. I am less and less impressed with him the more I hear of him and don't believe he'll be elected for another term. Home for dinner and a quiet evening with Lila. It is to be a regular dinner party at the Warrens to. narrow night and I am looking forward to it. Will wear my new green evening dress.

Tuesday, 10 December 1.

At the gallery all day reading the Epic of America writing letters and talking to some of the few people who came in. Went to Ann Bradley's for tea. She had several people in to meet me among them Mrs. Max Kaufman who said she was merely coming to the exhibition Mr. & Mrs. Minyard were there too, Julia Sumner, Mrs. Redely, Katherine Brown, a Miss Howard, and two other people and Suzanne came in late. Went to the Charles Warrens for a dinner party. Very nice time. Wore my new green evening dress. Small party, Charles & Mary, Lynne Hughes, the architect & Mr. & Mrs. Meggs, he is connected with the Agricultural Dept. Mary asked me to tell them about painting before dinner. Charles came in to see my show in the morning, also Mr. Lyles is here for the night. Mary Warren who came up from Annapolis by 6 to a concert this P.M. with

Wednesday, 11 December 2.

Lila went off early to take a 9 o'clock train to Raleigh No. Carolina where she is to speak and be guest of honor at a dinner and opening of an exhibition of the Dr. Caroline at ass'n. Had a little talk



w/ Mrs. Penna after breakfast before we two left when I went down to the gallery where I stayed all the morning reading and writing letters. After lunch I went out to the Westside apt. to see a <sup>Geo. R.</sup> Mrs. James who is thinking of buying one of my pictures to go in her dining room and would like her little boy painted some day. I wanted to see the room lighting etc. and will take out the 10 angles of hers for over Sunday as she said she would really like that but could not afford it at present. I also wrote Penna for a photo. of the ship model and will send her two flower pictures in the chance, when I get home. Came back to the gallery, later home to dress and went out to Nina's for dinner. George went out to the hospital right after dinner to perform an autopsy of which I was sick so I can't bear him. Nina and I had a talk and listened to Pres. Hoover's address over the radio at the opening of a big conference on housing and home ownership that he is holding now in Wash. Nina showed me three things she had brought to give people for Christmas, she is a child evangelist and very appealing sometimes.

~~Thursday~~  
Wednesday! December 3

at the gallery again until 12 when I went up to the Fitzhugh's apt. to go over their family tree with them and see just what the relationship is. We are very confused through my three <sup>my aunt Mary Margaret</sup> times great aunt who married William Dudley Fitzhugh, a brother of his is Mr. Fitzhugh's great, great grandfather. Her descendants one of which are living in Baltimore are cousins of mine of course but this Henry Fitzhugh is very a connection. His son Charles Carroll Fitzhugh who is the member of the family especially interested in genealogy was there and said he would assist in my exhibition. After lunch at a tea shop I went back to the gallery. Mr. Heffer from Mercersburg and one of the boys came in and were most enthusiastic. Mr. Heffer told me that last spring when Mrs. Minnie M. Minerva Andrews, Powell Minerva's sister, was out at Mercersburg and was looking at all the portraits with him (Johannes, Tabell, Rose, Maryann, Thomas, I say etc.) she said that she thought mine of Boyd Edwards was the best technically, that it would sell and the others wouldn't. Of course I was much pleased though it is only his opinion and I don't think the examples of the other painters' work there "at their best". About 3:30 Cousin Sarah Wiley and Mrs. Fred Mrs. Gable(?) came in. Jack is settled in the hospital in Denver and he is home for a while. After my left I came home, changed my dress and went out to Julia's for tea. She had asked quite a lot of people to meet me and they

all seemed very enthusiastic about her portrait and had been in to the  
 now more than once. Mrs. Ernest Maclean was there and asked me to a  
 tea she was giving to-morrow. Home and found Lucia there. She had  
 telegraphed me during the morning and she had just back from Raleigh  
 and had asked Mr. Lumsden, the Sec. of the Academy who is in W.  
 for the opening of an exhibition of his pictures at the Dean's Por-  
 trait Gallery for dinner. He came but left right after for the  
 opening reception of his show. He strikes me as nervous, rather  
 stupid, ungracious and clumsy, being just most of his chances  
 in art through his connection with the crowd that runs the Acad.  
 and sticking pretty close to that crowd jealous of an outsider.  
 men do a lot to help each other in this game and a woman  
 has to be quite exceptional and to have personal friends among the  
 men just to get a look-in. After he left Lucia told me about  
 her trip and we read the papers etc. and went to bed quite early.  
 Only two more days of my show and I don't believe there's a  
 chance of my getting another order. I suppose it has been a good  
 thing though. I'll be glad when I can get back to painting, though  
 I don't know what I'll do as I can't afford to hire models. Perhaps  
 I can get the Peary portrait now after I get back though it doesn't  
 seem to me to do one from a photo.

Friday, December 4.

I think I got another commission to-day and  
 feel better about it all. I spent the day as usual at the Gallery  
 packing and writing letters and only a few people came in but  
 among them was a Mrs. Shepard who knew Ann Bradley and was  
 very enthusiastic about Suzanne's portrait and a lady in black  
 with her who knew Mr. Hammond and admired his very much. They  
 were saying no say thing about the portraits, all of them complimentary  
 and I thought I had better go out for a minute as my moment may  
 might say something that wasn't complimentary and afterwards might  
 discover who I was and it would be embarrassing for them. When I  
 was just outside in the Hotel lobby Mr. Dunthorne accidentally told  
 them who I was because when I came in again just as they  
 were leaving they spoke to me and the lady in black was Mrs. Lansing  
 widow of Roll. Lansing who was secretary of State under Wilson and  
 she said she would love a portrait of her husband who died a few years  
 ago but she didn't decided having one done for fear it might not look  
 like him. She said she had some good photos. and I think I persuaded



he to let me try it being for that I would understand absolutely if she  
 didn't like it then she absolutely wouldn't have to take it unless she  
 was absolutely satisfied with it. Later Nancy Warren told me when I  
~~called~~ saw her at a tea that Mrs. Lessing had told her she was  
 going to have me do it and I am to go there 15 - tomorrow to see  
 photos. and take it over, so I think it says one off and I took her it  
 would be \$1000. Gentile Hawthorne, Leinawer and Harriet and her  
 baby came in, also Percy called me up and asked me out to tea and  
 when I couldn't go because I was going to the needles he came in  
 stayed a while and took me out to the tea in a taxi, stopping in at  
 the tea for a while, very handsy as he was the only man there. The tea was  
 a group of people very few of whom I knew. Talked to Leila & Percy  
 and a few people I met yesterday at the Glee's, then took a taxi in town  
 to the National Women's Democratic Club where Nancy Warren had  
 asked me to come to meet Mrs. Wilson, widow of Woodrow W.,  
 Nancy was going. Unfortunately I forgot the address (I didn't tell  
 Nancy that) and lost an hour or more finding the place that Mrs. W.  
 had gone before I got there, home for dinner and a quiet evening  
 with Leila. Had a telegram this morning from Mr. E. Leslie  
 Long, Pres. of the National Publishing Society in answer to mine  
 sent yesterday to Chambersburg, W. Virginia where Election Union re-  
 ported he had moved to when they tried to deliver my first wife to  
 Mountain Lake Park, saying that he would be in Wash. on Sunday  
 and would call me up. Curiously he doesn't want to release me  
 from my contract. Very interesting to see what he proposes.

Saturday, December 5.

I went to Mrs. Lessing's house 1328 - 16<sup>th</sup> St. before  
 I went to the gallery and she showed me several photos. of her. Lessing  
 and talked some more about the portrait. She will get still more  
 photos. though she has decided on the one the portrait is to be done from  
 and will give me a final decision about the order Sunday at 3 o'clock  
 just before I go to the train. There was a printing by Josselyn J. J. J.  
 in his office, with one of his small studios with several dress figures and  
 the and the large portrait done in the 8 tall light. which I went and  
 have later will help me with the coloring. I think Mrs. L. will decide to  
 have me do it, the chief reason why the large back being because she is  
 afraid she might not like it and as I told her it would absolutely be destroyed  
 unless she liked it I think she has now decided to let me try. She will not  
 want it to leave to Amherst College with a bequest she is planning to leave

in his memory, as with all his friends etc. it will be an important commission for me and will also bring me back to Wash. as I would bring it down here for the finishing under his direction. When I left he went to the gallery. Elvot O'Hare then getting new-eyes in his glasses preparatory to looking his show upon me once down this afternoon. I had a talk with him about my book and he advised me to take it to Minter, Balch, his publisher's a branch of Putnam's and to ask their advice about getting out of the contract. I had a letter from Emma this morning saying that Miss Landon had recommended me to a committee who are choosing a portrait painter for a <sup>portrait of a</sup> member of Smith College faculty and later a Miss Ruth T. and I telephoned and Emma made an appointment to meet her and a Mrs. Sawyer also on the committee at the studio on Monday and then then photos. She also told them that this N.Y. committee could see my work at the Grand Central Gallery. Hope it comes to nothing. Several people came in to the gallery today. Mrs. Everett Everett's + Freddy, (we liked Mrs. Giel's portrait very much and said we wanted me to paint Margaret, the little girl, some day) Mrs. Savage brought Mr. Everett rows of B. notes, I saw of Mr. D.T. to show him Dr. Stratton's portrait and to ask information about it and Mr. Hammond, said Stratton's was a splendid likeness and very "Strattony" as Hammond's daughter "Hammondy". I discovered that Mrs. Savage was the friend of General Henry's that died at E. + I dined with her when I was here for my last year. Also Mrs. Rogers of Remonding came in and was most enthusiastic and delighted with the little things I had made in B. and Edmund's portrait. I dropped a seed in his mind that I hope will bear fruit - a portrait of him for Remonding as their next portrait. When I went out to lunch I stopped in at the Lincoln Gallery to see the Bellows they have just bought "42 kids". Liked it very much. Said good-bye to Miss Willard and the others of the office staff that I saw. Took a 4 o'clock train to Baltimore, a taxi to E. Butler's and had a very nice time at her tea party. Mrs. Schererovsky had had a heart attack and could not play and E. Butler said we must have to us we didn't have any music. I saw again several of the people I had met there before. all very pleasant. Mr. Tyson, Mr. Vickery, Mrs. McKim, the Simms, the Bonobos, Miss Giffers a friend Mrs. Ashland and a Miss Mrs. Wood. Jack was there + he + E. took me to the train afterwards. Also saw I hope and Willie was in and one during the morning all the afternoon, sitting me in between times. Hope didn't appear until afterwards when we came to get her suitcase. She looked very pretty and at least 16 years old, with her hair beautifully waved. E.



10 with was just as sweet and nice as one could be and he promised to sit for me next summer. I got back to Lilla's about 8.30 and we talked and read the papers and went to bed quite early.

Sunday, Dec. 6.

Expected all day to hear from Mrs. Long and called up the house several times when I was away to see if he had telegraphed but I didn't hear from him at all. As I wired from him that I was leaving Wash. D. C. tomorrow afternoon I think I'll certainly hear from him in the morning. Will see me a wire (which worked us at 7.30) advising me not to agree to any new proposition but to get the release from the contract right away if possible. Soon after breakfast I went down to the hotel and got the daughters of Lilla and took it and my album out to Mrs. James! <sup>Geo. R.</sup> apt. 644 B, 4000 Cathedral Ave. the same apartment house where Lilla is. Mr. James and the little boy were at home, <sup>as well as Mrs. J.</sup> so I got a chance to see the boy who we might have joined. He is a little past the age where he would make an attractive <sup>child</sup> picture but his coloring is nice. Mr. James was evidently not at all interested and a bit surprised as we hadn't said anything about my bringing the picture out but he liked it very much when he did come in to the dining room. To see it, and it did look well there. I haven't any idea they will buy it but it may lead to something eventually. Before I came in town I stopped to see Lilla and say good-bye to her. Got home before Lilla got back from Mass. She brought Lilla's daughter out fairly and we had a nice luncheon party, play in the piano and singing afterwards. Then I went up to the Taylors to say good-bye to them. They were all there and Corwin & are really too and were awfully nice, vying me to stay with them again when I come back to W. D. C. Then I went and made a lot of calls, the Taylors, Mary Warren, Mrs. Ridgely & Mrs. Broadhead. The Taylors were the only ones at home. I had a nice time and Mrs. T. said a friend of theirs Mrs. Webster liked the Admiral's portrait so much she wanted one of her father from a photo. Hope I hear from T. later. Home and read the Epic of Gilgamesh and Lilla & I went out to a buffet supper at the Athol's. met many scientists, Drs. and their wives etc. Then to Dr. Merriam, Pres. of the Carnegie Institute, a Mr. & Mrs. Magee, he is on the Federal Reserve Board, Mr. Athol, who writes articles on economics for the Sat. Eve. Post, a Mrs. Wright who came from Montreal and was a Miss Finley and knew the Athol's, Mrs. Pratt, Mrs. Athol's notes, and a note of Mrs. Vandenberg of the Smithsonian Museum etc. Had quite a nice time but it was a bit bewildering meeting so many people and trying to keep them straight. Wire & E. telegraphed. Will be having a busy time because all his competitors have

announced posters, making no urgent claims for them just after his  
 announcement of this anti-poster. Of course they can't do what they claim  
 and I was really forced their hands but it may delay orders for his while  
 the publishers look into them all & He may have injured some of his  
 posters depending on the length of time litigation takes to make them  
 to make something out of it before the courts can make any such wise right  
 thing. However Wise knows he has ~~the~~ by far the best machinery and if he  
 would only get some orders <sup>now</sup> to finance the company he would really win  
 out.

Monday, Dec. 7.

I packed my bags, made some laundry time and got to the  
 gallery a little before 10. Mrs. G. came in and we took the portrait  
 and put it in the old frame that Davis had sent down from Boston. He  
 gave me the measurements wrong and it is 24 x 30 not 24 x 30 but  
 luckily there is enough canvas around the edges for me to take it off and  
 put it in a 25 x 30 stretcher which will do when I come down again.  
 Meanwhile though it leaves a crack down each side I think it looks  
 better in the frame as it goes with the two old portraits that he sent down  
 when he closed D. & S.'s apartment. Mrs. G. drove me back to the gallery  
 where an O'Hara (whose name is all right and looks fine) and Mr. D. waited  
 for me. Mr. Long had called and would call again about 1.30.  
 Then I took a bus out to Mrs. Jones and got the Daughters of Cars and  
 while the storage warehouse is a taxi and arranged for repacking  
 of all the pictures. Mrs. Jones was there and said that she would not  
 afford the Daughters of Cars now, not what she might get would be a  
 flower piece and her little boy's portrait later on, as I will need her two  
 ship model and two flower pieces on the chance. When I got back to the  
 gallery I got some lunch in the coffee shop and had just finished  
 when Mr. Long came. Had a long talk with him. The company is in the  
 hands of a receiver and he is more than willing to release me from my  
 contract and will write to the receivers about it, as that's all right. What  
 he told me about Mr. Parker makes me realize that he is in deeper  
 even than I thought and I shall do something as soon as I get to N.Y.  
 about finding another publisher. When Mr. Long went I went home and  
 had about 2 1/4 of an hour to do last jobs, called up Laila etc. to say good-bye  
 and took a taxi with all my luggage over to Mrs. Lanning's. She came  
 here after I had which I wanted to find the ~~new~~ and see the  
 photos. with all instructions as to what is needed. Then I went to the  
 station but on the way stopped at the State Hotel to measure the



head in the large portrait of Lassen as this will give me an idea what size to have the photo. enlarged to. Then to the station and took the Congressional, 4 o'clock to N. Y. E. & W. met me. I called up Emma later in the evening to hear about her meeting at the studio with the Smith College committee. I had gone out to dinner, but Thony was there having come down from the school for shopping. She couldn't tell me much except that they were much interested and that "Mrs. Sawyer told Mr. Goss's photo because she knew Mrs. Sawyer". She couldn't explain Mrs. Norton's connection with the thing and I wonder if she is the one to be painted.

Tuesday, Dec. 8.

E. & I took leave out for a little walk in the park after breakfast going past my little wine who was walking across the Park on his way to the office, then we went to select some material for our uniforms and I left E. to go to his department and I went to see Mr. Earle Balch of Boston Balch, a branch of Palmer's to talk to him about my book. I used Eliot O'Hare's name as an introduction and he saw he almost immediately and was very nice. I told him the whole story and he seemed much interested but of course could not say anything definite about publishing the book until he sees the mss. I will get it from Mr. Parker on Thursday and take it to him. When I left him I went to the Grand Central Galleries. They are almost completely taken up by the Indian exhibition at present. Saw Mr. Nelson and Mr. Parry for a minute and told them about the possibility of the Smith College committee coming in. I had a letter from Mr. Nelson saying Mrs. Gillett had been in with her daughter, had seen photo. of my things but was in a hurry and could not stop to see the portraits they have there. Afterward I met E. for lunch at the Colony Club and we went to the exhibition of little pictures at the Women Painters & Sculptors. They have hung one of my little marsh pictures. Then home and I packed my bag for Princeton. E. went down with me to the station and W. & I met us there and they saw me off. Baskin met me at P. junction. Had a quiet evening with her and Jim. He is better but his digestion gets upset if he tries to do much. W. & I called up K. and they are all well and the gully a great success.

Wednesday, Dec. 9.

It was snowing this morning and turned into rain about 11 and rained all day. Jim had bad news that some stock of his wife or the National City Bank was holding or collected on loan had gone very down and he would have to either sell it at its present low figure and lose

towards or else get up more collateral members. He has lost in other  
 ways lately, things passing of dividends etc. and he and B. suddenly  
 felt this was quite a blow though his income has not been touched  
 yet. The man from the Natural City Park who has been handling  
 his affairs came down from N.Y. to see him and he and B. were  
 closeted with him all the afternoon. I read in front of the fire,  
 Mrs. H. and I read in this afternoon. Mrs. H. was invited  
 in to office after the general read and magazine articles and took a  
 nap. Went with B. when he drove the man back to the train. We  
 read about a Sat. Eve. Post. story to take Jim's mind off his troubles in  
 the evening and went to bed early.

Thursday, Dec. 13.

We all took an early train up to N.Y. Jim to go to  
 the bank to sign papers selling his stock. They decided to take the bus  
 rather than borrow money from Sanford. Jim's brother is away and  
 Jim is quite depressed. He is too thin and has not got his strength back  
 and worries about things. B. tries to cheer him up and look after  
 him but it is getting on his nerves and he is a bit frazzled. We  
 took a taxi together and I left them at the bank and went on up to  
 the apartment with my bag. E. had just gone out with Doris so I  
 waited a while till he came in. Then we walked down through the  
 Park and met wine for lunch at the St. Regis. After lunch he and I  
 went to see Mr. Parker to get my pass. from him if possible. I had  
 written him I was coming at 3 and he was there. He seemed perfectly  
 willing to let me take the pass. of my book, gave me the names of several  
 publishers to go to and seemed anxious to do all he could to help me. He  
 did hate to give up his rights in it entirely though probably because  
 he thought he might get something from them from another publisher when  
 I found one who would bring it out. He told us that the rights in it had  
 been turned over to his wife at the last meeting of the Society of which  
 he had a copy of the minutes and wife had his signature make a  
 typewritten statement referring to those minutes and turning the right of the  
 book over to me which he agreed to take home and have Mrs. Parker  
 sign and leave at their office for me to-morrow at 10 o'clock. That being  
 the case (provided that copy of the minutes is O.K.) I do not need the  
 cancellation of the contract from the receivers of the Nat'l Pub. Society  
 but I will write to them anyway for the original contract as I am  
 entitled to that now that I have all rights to the book. I feel awfully  
 sorry for Mr. Parker as he seems to be even worse off than when I saw



him before and he said he was hanging on to the hope that he might save himself by buying out my book but he could see no hope of it now. I was so relieved to get the mss. actually in my possession and will see what I can <sup>with</sup> do to it. To-morrow, when we left we went to the Academy for a while. Then home. I liked Seyffert's self portrait very much, a big one with ~~a~~ his painting of a nude in the background. Jack came to dinner. Rarer, entertaining as usual.

Friday, Dec. 11.

Wire and I stopped at Mr. Parker's office and got three signed releases turning all rights in my book over to me. He had left a note asking me if I would re-insure him for the money he had paid for the plates for the illustrations - \$52.99. The plates were there but we did not take them, saying they were too heavy to carry. I told him I would write Mr. Parker that evening. When I did but did not send him a cheque for the plates saying that Mr. Wood would get in touch with him in a few days in regard to that. The trouble is that he has taken in more than the amount in cash for orders for the book although he says that he will re-insure that I write to make sure that those people are really paid back. So what we want to do is to get him to send me a list of all those who have ordered books, pay them and send him what is left of anything up to the amount he paid for the plates. I feel I just got out in time and will be glad when all those people are paid back. Wire left me at Scribner where I saw a Mr. Wynn. I told him about the book and he took the mss. down stairs and showed it to Mr. Reis, an editor, came back and said they would like to read it and might be able to bring it out in the Spring. I wanted to see what the other publishers in my list would do so I wrote to Payson, 598 Madison Ave. (too busy to see me) to Horace Brace, (only saw a young man who thought they couldn't bring it out till fall) to Isaac & Pitman 2 W. 45 who was very much interested would like to read it and would let me know in a week. I didn't leave it with him either as I wanted to see Mr. Bolch again. Would rather have them or Scribner's bring it out as Pitman is really an English firm and I think the selling dept. in this country of the others would be better. Mr. Bolch was busy in conference so I left the mss. and met E. & Wire at the Biltmore for lunch. After lunch went back there, E. waited for me in Putnam's, Mr. Bolch saw me, said he had talked to his partner about it and they were interested and would like to read it. I said I had it planned to leave it as Scribner's waited to read it and I stopped in in

the hope that they might be able to bring it over sooner than Swoboda is in their case I would rather let them have it. He said "Well, can't I have it over right?" and that I would come and get it by ten the next morning which would still leave me time to take it to Swoboda before I went to the train and he would tell me then just what he would do, about the Spring. So I left it and am quite thrilled as they all three seem really interested in the idea of it anyway and it would be wonderful to have it published by a firm of such good standing as any of those three, Messrs. Balch, Swoboda or Putnam. I found E. in the bookstore downstairs and we went to look for a table for Christmas present for me. We got a nice low, long one to stand in front of the window - next at Cove House and I got a magazine stand for Lisa at Stern's and books for E. and Wise. Then we went home. Went to dinner at the Commodore with Admiral Fiske. Quite interesting.

Saturday, Dec. 12.

Wise took me and my luggage to the station and walked up with me to Messrs. Balch. Mr. Balch said he had not had a chance to read much of the book but what he had read he liked very much. He said it seemed very well written, clear and practical and helpful. That they were much interested in it and would like to publish it but could not bring it out before this year's list. Which meant the book would probably not <sup>be made</sup> appear until Aug. That if I wanted to get it out sooner perhaps I had better take it to Swoboda but that if there was any slip-up time to bring it back to him. So I took it up to Swoboda's room Mr. Wason, told him Messrs. Balch wanted to bring it out but that I thought they could do it sooner and would like to have him read it and let me know as soon as possible about it. He said they would get it out by Spring and he would let me know about it definitely when they had read it. After that I met E. at the Academy for a while, then we went to the station, where Wire came to see me off too. I read Sec. Lansing's book on the Peace negotiations in Paris on the way home, showing the circumstances and the differences of opinion which resulted in Wilson's letter practically asking him to resign as Sec. of State in Feb. 1920. It is a marvel considering Wilson's trying personality and complete ignoring of Lansing's letters and other suggestions which certainly as a great commissioner and as Sec. of State he felt it his duty to lay before the President, ~~in person~~ at this time, that Lansing was able to



wrote as fairly and ingenuously about Wilson and the whole situation as he has. I found Maxine & C. O. well. Maxine says the person to be painted for S. M. is of a woman. "with lovely white hair, and very good-looking." It won't be decided for some time who the artist will be as the committee has only begun work.  
Sunday, Dec. 18.

I called up Major Carson last night to make sure he was coming in to give for me this morning as I had arranged before I went away but Mrs. Carson said he was out of town until Monday. So I came back unnecessarily and could have stayed in New York over Sunday. However I am glad of the day to get settled and do odd jobs. It rained all day. I spent the <sup>day</sup> sorting paying bills, going over plans for exhibiting winter letters etc. worked and read some well undertaken, read more in Lansing's book and at 4 o'clock went to Dorothy Bales for a rehearsal of Christmas Carols to be sung at the Folk Dancing party next Friday. I tried to get Miss Lawton on the telephone to thank her for recommending me to the Smith College committee and if possible find out more about the situation but she was out. Maxine says the person to be painted is a woman. "good-looking with lovely white hair." The Misses Peter French and Mrs. Sawyer, the members of the committee who came to the studio liked my work very much and would get in touch with me later and that Mrs. Wright Morrow is one of the N. Y. members of the committee. I have had Admiral Taylor and Borchert to the Grand Central Galleries asking if in all the pictures to see. I hope I get it but of course may not. I'm going over my plans for exhibiting I find I haven't nearly enough pictures for the Bales show and these new orders being all portraits from photos. doesn't give me the portraits I shall need as I don't like to exhibit portraits from photos. I may show Dec. Lansing's because of his persistence but I can see that what I've got to do now is to get to work and paint some good strong canvases, figure things (one of a figure might be sent to the Olympic games. would later on) and portraits. I'd like to think of some prominent in some way that I could see a lot and who would make an interesting subject, perhaps in literary, artistic, musical or theatrical circles and of course I must finish my Pipe Major. Dorothy Bales asked me to help serve the coffee next Friday night at the Christmas party. It will be rather fun, I think.

Monday, Dec. 14.

I went down town and found a place where I can have some Christmas cards made from a photo. of my daughter of Ceres. I stopped at Mr. Smith's to get the glossy print of the photo. of it. I had written him from N. Y. but he hadn't got my letter till this morning though it was mailed Friday in N. Y. He will have prints ready for me tomorrow morning. Also got a nice bird fold for wife for Christmas. Then up to the studio for a while, then home for lunch. A Mrs. Goldberg telegraphed to ask for a picture for an exhibition by women artists at a Women's Club in New York Centre. She will come to the studio tomorrow to select something. Stayed at home all the afternoon, playing the piano, writing letters etc. as it was raining and I didn't feel like going down town. Read and wrote letters in the evening.

Tuesday, Dec. 15.

Went down town early to take the photo. of the Daughter of Ceres to give the order for my Christmas cards. (The B. Book - Jones W. So. Boston makes them) Then up to the studio and got some pictures out to show a Mr. & Mrs. Goldberg who were coming to select a picture for an exhibition of work by Boston women artists to be held at the Women's Club in New York Centre in January. They took the Rachmaninoff Prelude and several other good ones. Mr. Goldberg writes me an advertisement under the name of Morris. When they left I wrote to the receivers of the Nat'l Publishing Society to ask for the original contract for my book. Home to lunch and went out to the dentist. Took Danny Clegg in the evening.

Wednesday, Dec. 16.

Got a letter from Mrs. Lansing this morning and a lot of photos. of Dec. Lansing with me, a good clear one, asked as entirely satisfactory to me for the portrait. Another one she belongs to Charles Warren showed him sitting at his desk and I think I will combine the two and put a desk and papers and background of books etc. into the other to make it a more interesting composition. Will make a rough outline of the group. and send it to her. Also a letter from wife saying he had written Mr. Osborne the letter about the portrait of Roosevelt by an American artist - Mr. Sargent. Would be the one to be copied for the Natural History Museum, and Mr. Osborne's answer saying he agreed with him and would write the White House for me to get permission for me to make the copy there. That overcomes the Sargent difficulty and gives me another job for Washington. Also wife



had asked Dr. Greene Hammond to sit, saying he wanted his portrait to go to the exhibition at the Olympic Games in Los Angeles next summer. (He has been official physician, passing on the health tests & etc. of the American Olympic teams for some years,) and to hang in the N.Y. aesthetic club afterwards. Dr. Hamson had accepted saying he knew my work and liked it and would sit in Jan. So the price on another portrait for my Boston Show. But I hope Win didn't say too much about the Olympic games as of course that is uncertain unless it was invited which I'm afraid couldn't be arranged. I went up to the studio taking up my paint box & easel etc. in a taxi, gassed out the composition of the Lassing portrait and wrote letters. Also had an idea for a still life and a figure painting and have gotten in touch with Miss Sherwood about the East Indian woman at the Medusa Castle, so I feel I have lots of work ahead and am crazy to get to work. I figured out the composition of the Lassing portrait this morning and with the books and desk it would be a 32x36 canvas. Went to a Sewing Circle Luncheon at Lily Morgan's then home where Bessy was due to arrive at lunch time in order to talk over Christmas hints with her and Mauna before I went downtown to do Christmas shopping. Bessy was there and had brought a young Mr. Palmer, one of the teachers at the school to lunch. He was very pleasant. Knew Bob & Edwards (I gave him a photo. of the portrait) but he stayed no long that I went over to the Bank as I had to get some money before it closed and when I came back he was still there. He & Bessy went away after so I didn't get a chance to make plans for Christmas shopping that I went down just the same and did several errands. Read and wrote letters in the evening.

Thursday, Dec. 17.

Called up Maj. Carron this morning early to make sure he can go Sunday and be car. Went up to the studio and made an outline sketch of the comp. for Dec. Lassing's portrait, brought it home and colored it in water-colors after lunch. Pick it looks quite nice and will send it to her to-morrow. Went downtown and did some more shopping etc in the P.M. Katherine and all the family are going out to Nashville for Christmas with Alice and her family. So we will send our presents there. Read now now in the Epic of America that I got for Jim for Christmas in the evening and wrote to Mrs. Lassing.

Friday, Dec. 18.

Got a little orange tree and the covers and stitons for my still life group and went up to the studio to get it set up. Had some

dark purple brocade for it, which I will get a sample of this P.M. and I think the bronze egyptian ur-lave on the glass to make a dark accent against the copper bowl. Write letters etc. and went home to lunch. After lunch went down town shopping with Emma + Barry. Left them and did some more errands by myself. Took Waring Christmas party in the evening. Mr. Field took me out and Mrs. Robert Baker brought me home. The party was quite nice. A big crowd but I think the various entertainments were not quite as nice as last year. The Kammari Play was very good. I helped serve the coffee etc.

Saturday, Dec. 19.

Got my still life all set up at last. The canvas stretched and have it drawn in. I think it will be quite nice. I am using the glaze wheel mazarine clove, embossed in gold for a background. The pale yellow satin lining coming behind the orange tree, copper bowl and bronze egyptian, and a little bit of the mauve desec K. gave me the idea. It took as long to get it arranged just after that I didn't start in painting it but will Monday. Home for lunch. Packed up presents for K. & E. and the children and got them all packed and the express man called for them. We are sending the box out to Nashville, Tenn. as they are all going on there to spend Christmas with Alice. After that I worked down to Walnut Street and had tea with Alice Lawton in her new quarters. Very nice and comfortable. Wire & E. telegraphed noon after I got back. They are well but business is awfully quiet. Grace Edger and her friend Mrs. Runt came to dinner. Grace seems very well and happy.

Sunday, Dec. 20.

I went up to the studio right after breakfast to paint on Major Carson. He did come late about 11 but we worked until a little after one and I got a lot done. It is raining all right but will be some job over a huge canvas. He is doing some different work now, playing for a Vanderbilt act I think and may be able to arrange to get time off in the middle of the morning on week days and if he can be will give me next Sun, Mon, & Tues. I plan to go on Sat. Y. Wed. for the Private View of the Women P. & S. and to stay a few days with E. & Wire and when I come back I hope he can give me some more time so that we can finish it up in Jan. I am going to pay him \$1 an hour for posing and I guess that will make quite a difference as apparently he is out of a regular job at present. Home for lunch. Packed up Christmas presents, went back to the studio to wash my brushes and wrote to E. Home for supper and went up to the Redoxa Centre in the Ferry to see a Hindu woman who conducts the services there, Miss Katherine Starnwood.



told me about her as she thought I would like to paint her, and we arranged to have one come and see her this way. She is young, very interesting looking, quite beautiful woman and with her dark skin and white robes I think she would be very effective. Her name is Gayatri Devi, Devi meaning goddess. Miss Stannard introduced me to her afterwards and I think she will pose for me later on. She has been painted twice unsuccessfully but seemed willing to try again. The service was odd. None of the forms of Christian worship and yet she read from the new testament and her version of notes, talks, she delivered it sitting erect in her chair, was based on Christ's teaching combined with ancient Hindu ones, mostly an exhortation to the inner spiritual life of peace and oneness with God. They sit with their eyes closed and she heard some Hindu prayers and said Peace, peace, peace, and I suppose people find it soothing to their nerves and think they are getting spiritual feeling, and anyway feel better and more at peace with the world, I wonder. If the Christian part of it isn't more emphasized in this country in order to get more followers. The Swami is away now but is expected back after Jan. 1.

Monday, Dec. 21.

Got up to the studio quite early and painted on my still life all the morning. Home for lunch and did Christmas shopping all the afternoon. The George Fortes, friend of B. V. V. came for dinner and Charlie Pegger dropped in to call and played us his latest piece. Mr. Forte also played some of his own compositions but couldn't remember them very well. Got awfully tired on my feet all day and got pretty tired painting yesterday, will take a break up to the studio to work when I'm painting and see if that doesn't help. No mail except a few Christmas cards, I wish I'd hear from Mrs. Loring, Miss Collins or my book. Grace Edgors asked to see to lunch on Wed. and to go to the movies.

Tuesday, Dec. 22.

I heard from Mrs. Loring this morning. She likes the sketch and says she feels sure the portrait will be a success as I have caught his personality already. She likes having the desk in it but isn't sure about the rest of the background, thinks possibly it detracts from the head. It won't when it is darker and keeps back more so it will in the big portrait. Went up to the studio for a while but it was too dark to paint much. Home for lunch and went down town shopping in the afternoon. Took boxing class in the evening. Too tired to enjoy it much.

Wednesday, Dec. 23.

Painted on my still-life in the morning. new

Grace Edgar and I went for lunch and went to a movie, "Dorothy Fairbanks" "Lived this world in 80 minutes". Quite entertaining. Cousin Howard came to dinner. We talked mostly family and genealogy.  
Thursday, Dec. 24.

Up to the studio and did some more work on my still life. It will be quite nice I think. Gave Mr. Weiss a package for Christmas and the elevator boys a dollar each. Home for lunch. Then downtown for our last shopping and got the enlargement for Dr. Loring's photo. Wise & E. telegraphed last evening. They were quite cheerful and liked the things I sent them. They go to Baltimore to-day for dinner. Boray & I went over to the Appinells for dinner and down on the hill afterwards with Phil and Susan Oliver to hear the carol singing. It was quite nice except that it began to rain about 9 o'clock. We heard a few groups of carol singers and bell ringers, mostly the Shedd family (very good) went to the Toots for egg nog and then to Marian Calote's on Mt. Vernon street. Saw Betty Bradley there and she and her fiancé had just dinner up from Queens where she said it was lovely, candles in every window and a huge Christmas tree on Adams Hill. Home about 10.30 in a taxi as it was pouring. Damma & C.V. had our stockings all filled and presents out.

Friday, Dec. 25. Christmas Day.

We opened our presents as usual right after breakfast and stayed around all day, except for going over to Mrs. Gray's for tea with Boray, reading, writing letters etc. So we for dinner, just the family and read a novel by Victoria Sachville-Went, "All Passion Spent", in the evening. I liked it very much. The heroine is a woman of 88 and most of the other characters are over 60, but it is very well written and very interesting. I got some very nice presents, an umbrella from Damma, fine leather work. box from C.V., lovely brass orientals vase from Boray, Christmas seal case, slipper, handkerchiefs and silk underclothes from Dina, more silk underclothes from Bowsie, drogeries for the studio from K. & E. some silver basques from E. Weiss, and Wise & E. gave me the tea table for S. Queens and E. a bottle of perfume. I had about 70 Christmas cards. A very nice quiet Christmas. A telegram from E. & Wise, and from K. saying that it was so warm at Nashville that they spent Christmas with Alice that the grass was green and violets in bloom. It was quite mild here and cloudy.

Saturday, Dec. 26.

Much colder with a west wind. I went up to the studio and painted on my still life and got more of the background in in reign



Carsen's portrait. Home for lunch. Went out and did a few errands. Philip Agnewell came to dinner and went to the Symphony concert with me afterwards. I enjoyed it very much. A Black suite for strings, flute and clarinet, a Ravel thing for strings mostly and large. a concerto by a modern composer Tind and a nice restful, harmonious Schumann Symphony. Saw the Titmice and the Gulches before in the television Philip & I came home with his mother and his 2 Susan Oliver.

Sunday, Dec. 27.

Painted on my notecard all the morning. He is using finely but can not pose for me on weekdays but can on New Year's Day and next Sunday, so I think I shall have to come home from N.Y. on Thurs. to paint him. Though that will mean very short 24 hrs. in N.Y. Then Sam goes to the Ugly Society New Year's Reception which I really ought not to miss. Home for lunch. Stayed at home all the afternoon and evening writing letters, reading etc. Called up Rozie Law thinking I'd go out there but got no answer.

Monday, Dec. 28.

Received a note from Miss Peter French of the committee for the Sister portrait this morning, saying that the committee had not yet met and had not been able to see my things at the Grand Central before Christmas and would be keeping the photos. I called her up and arranged to send her the portfolio of photos. from the Grand Central to her home in N.Y. where she will be on the 9<sup>th</sup>. The meeting to decide about the portrait will be on the 11<sup>th</sup>. Went up to the studio and painted on my still-life. Met Mrs. Goodberg and she suggested I call up Mrs. Ladd and ask her to take me out to the P.V. of the women's club exhibition in Hunter on New Year's Day, as I did. She is going early which suits me as I would like to get back for the Ugly Society reception. Went home to lunch and Bonny's friend Amy Peabody met her car for us and we drove out to her home in 19 over for tea. Very comfortable, attractive house, an old one with nice old furniture etc. Fine stables and acres of land. We stopped at the stables on the way home to see her horses. She has 9. Wrote letters and read in the evening.

Tuesday, Dec. 29.

Went up to the studio and finished my still life. Took the orange tree and all the other things home in a taxi where I went home for lunch. Bonny's friend Miss Davidson there. She said her friend Constance Curtis ought not to let her mother to me, as she

look into it when I go on to N. Y. went out to Dr. B. B. for a dentist's appointment, all finished for the present. I stopped at Davis on the way home to see what lunch they had had with the enlargement of Sec. Lansing's photo. for the portrait. It is much better than Peier's and the change of scale in the lower part is not nearly as marked. Home for dinner and read in the evening. Wire & E. called me up. I am taking the one o'clock to - morrow. Hope has been with them and they have had a round of lectures etc. and apparently her visit has been a great success.

Wednesday, 10 Dec. 30.

Packed my bag, went up to the studio for a while to decide definitely on the size of the canvas for the Lansing portrait and ordered it to be ready for me to work on Saturday. Came home, got my bag and took the one o'clock. Wire met me. E. was two times after all her activities with Hope to go to the Private View as just Wire & I went. My 10 angler of Ches is very well hung in the Vanderbilt Gallery on the main wall just to the right of the Carter picture and it can be seen all the way through the galleries from the entrance and carries very well. We had a very nice time. Saw a lot of artists I knew, Mr. Curran, Rosamond Smith Bowie, Ruth Hallack Alice Jackson etc. and got several studio suggestions to follow up to - morrow. The show is pretty good on the whole but prize still show a decided tendency to go to modernistic and odd things. Wire called on Dr. Hammond and talked to him about his portrait and I am to see him to - morrow and go to the artistic club with him to see what it is to be. He was pres. of the club during the war so they wear him in his uniform.

Thursday, 10 December 31

Wire left me at Alice Jackson's studio on the way to the office and we went there and very pleasant and the studio would do but I think the light would be rather glaring as the sun reflects in from the building across 6<sup>th</sup> ave. also Mrs. Philip Hale says to see. and I wanted to see all the possibilities there are before deciding so I went on to Miss Constance Curtis that Miss Davidson told me about, and so, she only wants to let it for two days in three weeks. Then to the Carnegie studio. Mary Hibbard says ~~and~~ these were to three studios that the details was suggested, their occupants were apparently late risers, as they talked to me through the crack of the door, with hair disarranged, in pajamas etc. and one lady's boots was driving. This at 11.30. Finally at the office they told me of one place, a Mrs. Murray who wanted to



La Lis and Sweet there on the 3<sup>rd</sup> floor, # 8.30 Studio. A boy in goggles and  
 boots - robe let me in and kept me waiting in the little lobby at the foot of  
 the next stairs that lead up to the studio, where breakfast dishes and Mrs. Swan  
 the artist who occupies the studio now were just behind screens. When I  
 went up I liked the light right away though the place was rather cluttered with  
 costumes and dresses, a misty air of open air costumes streaming out on the  
 floor. I didn't like to look around much <sup>as</sup> ~~but~~ <sup>soon</sup> ~~but~~ think it will  
 be O.K. after that with to Miss Platts. Very cordial but nothing in her  
 building. Then I stopped in at the under Painters & Sculptors for a minute  
 and saw Miss Freeman who is charge of the rotary exhibitions and my taste  
 suggestion. Then went to the N.Y. Artistic Club where I was to meet  
 Mr. Hammond at 12.30 to see where his portrait will hang. Sat in the  
 ladies waiting-room a few minutes until he arrived, looking very agreeable  
 and distinguished with his tall and thin figure and white hair and somewhat.  
 He will make a fine subject and I am troubled about the whole set-up.  
 His portrait will be full length to balance one by Joranson of the  
 present president of the club also in uniform and they will hang on  
 side of a big doorway over big sofas. It is a handsome new building  
 and it is a wonderful chance for me to have my portrait like that of  
 such a well-known and popular man in such a place along with Joranson's.  
 Mr. Hammond is keen about the idea and said he felt immensely  
 flattered that he was to be painted and I know I can do a work of him.  
 When I left him I met E. & wife for lunch at the Plaza. afterwards E.  
 went to the lobby club for his electric bath + massage and wife & I  
 stopped in at the new Jewish synagogue on Fifth Ave. about 6.30 at night.  
 It is a beautiful building, impressively large and with stained glass windows  
 and the altar all Italian mosaics and different marbles. Waterman called to  
 the man in charge there and he told us what it cost \$8,000,000 and that they  
 built it in 18 months though architects had been working on the plans of  
 course for years and that they had 17,000,000 subscribed before they even  
 began work. after that we went to the Grand Central galleries and I saw Mr.  
 Nelson and gave directions to have the portfolios of my photos sent up to Miss  
 French at the new Western Hotel on Jan 9. The meeting about the Soviet  
 portrait is to be on Jan 11 this. They have no studio at the Grand Central so  
 I went to see Miss Swaney at 280 Madison Ave. and talked with her to  
 take her brother's studio for three weeks beginning Feb. 1. at 125 a month.  
 Then I got some socks for a birthday present for Elliot and went home.  
 2. arrived home after. We went over my diary of the Dr. African trip and  
 she took notes for her lecture she is giving at Roosevelt House on Jan. 22.

Wise took me down to the train about 11. A good deal of air and noise already for New Year's Eve but the train was fine and quiet. It was the one which leaves at 12.30, runs slowly with stoppages or snorting and is much quieter to travel on than the midnight. So I had quite a comfortable night and didn't leave the train until about 8. as my father, John just as C.W. and mamma were getting up.

Friday, January 1, 1932.

Right after breakfast I went up to the studio to paint my major canvas. He was late in getting in, had been playing his pipes at a "mar-n-inge" the night before, and we very had an hour and a half's painting but it is coming into shape. I paid him 5-day up to date and I think he is more keen about being on time next Sunday. Home for lunch. Mrs. Ladd came for me at 3.30 and on L. drove us out to Newton to the Women's Club exhibition. My Rachmaninoff Prelude is well hung and people seemed to like it. Mrs. Ladd spoke on sculpture and its relation to life for a few minutes. I liked her rather better this time. Talked to a newspaper woman who spoke of Alfonso as a "rascal" and tried to get her right about him. When I asked her why she thought he was a rascal, she said "well, the Morocco affair" and when I asked her just what that was she was very vague and didn't know. As I understand it the bad action of the army in Morocco was due largely to the corruption in the monarchy in the colonies, and that was the cause of the revolt and Poincaré's dictatorship which Alfonso negotiated and I know that of course he may have made mistakes but that he always believed he was doing the best thing for his country and would not have knowingly sacrificed his troops or people in any way. A good many people spoke to me about Alfonso as they always do, both there and at the Copley Society tea that I went to afterwards. It was in their new home 296 Commonwealth ave. and I quite enjoyed it as I saw a lot of people I knew. The Davis, Titcomb's, Hales, Gulick's etc. The Scotch group were much interested that I was painting Major Carson, and Alec Law said when he made his fortune he wanted me to do him in his kilt. Home for dinner and read in the evening.

Saturday, January 2, \*

I was going to start Dec. Lassing portraits but it was pouring and very dark and I didn't feel very lively and mamma had two tickets for a performance of Barrie's A Kiss off an Angel, at the Plymouth: so I went with her. It was nice but rather slight, and though they were professionals not quite well enough done. Lots of children in



the audience - O'wie Thordie not next to us with her grandmothers Mrs. John Lowell. Alicia Clark came down the aisle to speak to me with another little girl and I went back to talk to Alicia Clark. She said that Caroline Clark, the little bride who lived in a little house on Arlington Street in Squam right near mamma's had died very suddenly last month, a premature baby, which died too. A terrible tragedy and we said Squam was quite stunned by it. Home for lunch. Got a wave and response afterwards at Charles of the Pier. I stuck in posters in the evening. Tommy + Philip went to a polo game at the Army. Sunday, Jan. 3.

Went up to the studio and painted on the Pipe major. He got there at 10.30 and we worked until one. It is more job getting the proportions of the whole thing right with so much detail in the way of plaids, buckles, medals, epaulettes, gages and everything. I found I had him too short and had to raise the head half an inch. It is such a big canvas too that I have to start way off. Good practice for painting the full length of Dr. Hamond. Came home for lunch and went about 4 to the 20<sup>th</sup> Century Club for a tea and private view of an exhibition by Elliot Cressley. I saw several people I knew there and had a nice long talk with Col. Tress about the Dr. Shaw. Art. Ass'n. He is going to call a meeting now at his home of what members there are who are in or near Boston now. I told him my idea about having several talking for picture members to select from, the talking to be given by those artistic members who were willing to do it for the Ass'n and for the advantage of having their prints placed in this way and he seemed to think it was a good idea. It would save the Ass'n more than a hundred dollars as they have paid that for the talking each year and would give the picture members a voice and make them feel they were getting more for their dues, as before this they had to take the talking that was given next time and after they haven't liked it. Home for supper and read in the evening. Tommy goes back to the school to-morrow. Mamma is trying to get a costume ready to wear to the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Looking Glass. She has borrowed an old-fashioned dress of Mrs. Walcott but doesn't like it and is going to try to rent a skirt to go with an waist of an old evening dress of Aunt Emily's she found one had. I wrote Mr. Mayle to-day to tell her I would be in N.Y. in Feb. Monday, January 4.

Went up to the studio and started Dr. Donaghy's portrait. Made the facing and transferred it and will start painting it

to-morrow. It didn't transfer very well. I would have got a number  
 covers and I'm afraid I'll have trouble when I come to paint it  
 also ~~to~~ the composition looks a bit crowded but it may be  
 all right and the size of the canvas is right according to the advice  
 with the head of anything a little larger than the head in Laeff's por-  
 trait of him, so it must be all right. Home for lunch. Went  
 down town afterwards with Maxine to look for a costume, or  
 rather a skirt to go with a long neck waist she has that was Aunt C.  
 Didn't find anything and she has finally decided to wear the  
 dark red brocade Mrs. Walcott gave her which is very handsome,  
 authentic and I think must be the best thing. She looks stunning in it.  
 We stopped at the Guild on the way home for Katherine Lavin's ex-  
 hibition of sculpture - Perfectly lovely, all animal, small  
 bronzes and the animal reliefs for the Biology museum of  
 Harvard. She was there. Amy Peabody joined. Saw Gertrude  
 Fiske and asked her how her water lily garden about my getting in the  
 Guild. She said "nothing". Well there weren't enough members of the  
 committee present at the June meeting to take any action and  
 the nothing had been done since. I have a feeling it has been  
 delayed for some reason. Read and wrote letters in the evening.  
 To my, went back to Play notes to-day on a one o'clock train.  
Tuesday, Jan. 5.

Went up to the studio and painted on the Lavin  
 portrait. Got the background all in and can see that the composition  
 and scale are going to be all right. Home for lunch and went down  
 town afterwards to do a few errands, took Vassar class in the evening.  
 Rather good fun. This morning at the studio the door opened softly  
 and there was poor old Mrs. Bailey. She has been so pathetic since  
 she had a stroke and Prof. Bailey died last summer. She apparently  
 has a crush on me and though she can't paint now loves just to  
 be in the studio. She tried to tell me that she would like to have  
 the studio if I was going to be away this winter and I told her I  
 would be away for 3 weeks in Feb. but I don't believe her now will  
 want to take it just for her to sit in and do nothing though that is  
 what she would love to do. I knew she would have of such a long time  
 telling him what she wanted that I wrote him a note for her to give  
 him and only hope he won't think I am taking advantage of her  
 to try and get the note. I was going to try and ask her to and then I  
 will have to ask her if I don't succeed in getting anyone else to write



him that she can just wear it when I am away whenever she wants to quite clear but we can't get the right word out more of the time. Wilson paying for it. It is terrible for her to be this way. Kindly, her mind is Wednesday, Jan. 6.

Up to the studio and got a lot done on the Lassing portrait. Saw lunch at Eleanor Solis's. Back to the studio and did a little more work until it got too dark, then cleaned up and got home about 5. Drama had her sewing circle party, 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary this evening, and I helped her get into the crimson brocade dress Mrs. Walcott lent her. She put some handsome lace collar of G. Hardman in the front and looked very handsome in it. C.B. took her over to Mrs. Endicott's and called for her and she told us all about it when we got home. All the "girls" in costume, mostly old-fashioned dresses and they threw <sup>on the covers</sup> old gowns. Of them twenty were about 18 or younger ~~than~~ ~~some~~, many old things, one of them did a dance, and another "Lutie" Reynolds had written a song. O. wore gowns of 81" which they sang to the tune of On the Road to Mandalay. Drama said it was killing and I think she enjoyed it and her dress was a great success. Wise & E. telegraphed this evening. Wise has been at home with a cold. Normal temp. feeling rotten but is better. His father is going wonderfully and if only times would improve and he would get more orders everything would be fine.

Thursday, Jan. 7.

Spent on Doc. Lassing's portrait, all the morning. It is coming quite well, I think. Engaged a model who came in to pose for the hands to-morrow morning. Home for lunch. Went back and painted some more. Then over to the Thorndikes' - but at home. Read in the evening, an excellent summary of the causes of the present economic depression, will not see. From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch by Charles G. Ross their chief Wash. correspondent. It was long two or more whole newspaper pages but very clearly and well written, the general idea being that the root of the whole trouble was the unequal distribution throughout the country of the wealth so greatly increased in industry by the machine. That though wages had been higher in good times ~~they~~ had a large enough proportion of the profits had not gone to create <sup>enough</sup> the buying public to use up the things produced. Over production had necessitated cutting down of employees, selling commodities worse until employment had gone below, incomes had fallen off, the Gov. had lost its revenue from that and other taxes, and because of the un-

employment situation is bad greater expense than usual. The remedy proposed is first a five day week at high wages - this distributing the work is to be done over a greater period of time and paying better for it. The proportional balance is all very wrong when only 2% of the people in this country have incomes over 1500 a large enough to be taxed and when 36 people who have incomes over 10,000,000 could afford after all taxes etc. are taken by the government to pay the wages of the 428,500 who are employed in the cotton mills. Ross maintains that foreign investment and debt relations are only a small part of our trouble, and I think his article is very convincing. I called up Gayatri Devi at the Radette Hotel and we <sup>talked</sup> <sup>over</sup> <sup>Monday</sup> <sup>morning</sup>. Friday, Jan. 8.

Went up to the studio and painted on the hands in Sec. Lansing's portrait from the French model who I enjoyed yesterday. I took up a morning coat of C.V.'s and a white shirt with stiff cuffs for him to wear. He had brought a coat of his own however, that was better, and though the sleeves of C.V.'s shirt were too short for him we managed and I got the hands done. Home for lunch. Maxine stayed in bed 5-day with a cold. I went out in the afternoon to order the canvas for the Hindu girl, get some paint etc. and blotting paper to use in the desk part of Sec. L.'s portrait to-morrow. Wrote letters in the evening. K. wanted some photos, and suggestions to help her in getting up the stage setting for a play they are going to do. The scene is laid in a park in Madrid and Elliot wanted me to send him a letter of introduction to Bobby Jones whom he wants to see to talk to about an idea he has for "stream-line" golf clubs, ~~done~~ shaped as as to offer less resistance to the air along aerodynamic principles. Polly Hemmery Callen who I met the other day when she told me Betty was here for a while, called me up and asked me if I could come and see Betty to-morrow sometime. So I said I would go to her in the afternoon after the theatre. I have asked Grace Glynn to go to see the new stock company at the Copley with me in a comedy called "So this is Love."

Saturday, Jan. 9.

Went up to the studio and painted the desk (blotting papers etc.) in Sec. L.'s portrait. Had a letter from Mr. Quincy in N.Y. the artist who rented me his studio from Feb. 1921 saying that his present tenant wants to stay on and wanting me to get another studio. He told me of one on 57<sup>th</sup> street but I could only leave that from 10 to 3. As so much as



I thought it was all settled. Also Mr. Wilson brought in a young artist, a Christian, who would like to sub. let my studios from Feb. 1 and now I can't tell him just when I will be away so couldn't close with him and may lose him. I wrote to Mr. Munn saying I was coming in for a day or two about the 20<sup>th</sup> and would look at any studios he could find for me and see what I would do about taking another place also to Mary Hubbard to ask her if she knew of any thing. Painted on the desks, papers etc. in Sec. Lanning's portrait. Home for lunch. Grace Edgar there and we went to the Copley theatre afterwards, a new stock but not bad and the play quite amusing, a comedy comedy named "This thing called Love." We quite enjoyed it. Afterwards I wrote to Mr. Henry. She looks just the same and we had a good time reminiscing about Stockbridge and people we knew there. She wants me to let her know when I am in N.Y. and says I must come down and see her house and family. Read and wrote letters in the evening.

Sunday, Jan. 10.

Went up to the studio and painted on my pipe margin. He didn't get in till quarter of eleven but I got a lot done, especially on the head and can see that it is coming out all right. I am paying him now \$1 an hour and I guess will finish it all right. I really think it will be good and a great addition to my show. Home for lunch. Afterwards went up to the art museum to a lecture on Portraiture by an Englishman, he had a rather accent. Strong, named Stewart Wick. Nothing very new about the lecture but it was nice to see the lantern slides of all the fine old portraits. Walked home through the T-avenue in the snow. It was lovely, a yellow sunset, cold blue gray and violet clouds, the snow blue and the water dark alive green. It was a lovely storm, thick with snow that covered all the bare branches of the trees. Read a novel by Olive LaFarge about Mexico in the middle of the last century - "Sparks Fly Upward". An excellent piece of writing.

Very vivid and true and he certainly knows his Mexico. All three of my pictures were turned down for the Penn. Acad. I don't mind much but it is Monday, Jan. 11. really ridiculous. The Franks give her them as well received in fact they all have, but she was the only one invited from the do.

3 more Arts Ass'n last summer to the Addison Gallery at Andover. The other two were Admiral Taylor and B. Munn, and I know they are all good. I thought there wasn't much chance though when I saw the names of the jury all modernists or with a leaning that way. They didn't even have a Bostonian jury this year and last year only 40 out of several hundred were <sup>painters</sup> in Boston. It won't last much longer however and the pendulum will swing back to Rome.

Sunday, Jan. 11

I got up to the studio early and Gayatri Devi, the Hindu girl from the Wendell Center came about 10. She brought a friend with her, a friend, an American, Mrs. Haynes. I got her posed with a blue and gold brocaded background and a mirror to reflect light into the shadows and Mrs. Haynes was very enthusiastic about the lighting and arrangement and, I'm glad to say, left us when I began to work. We talked about India and Gayatri is a firm believer in Gandhi and his ideals and believes that India should have some rule. She expresses herself very well in English, has large dark eyes with eye brows too heavy and too almost meeting over her nose for beauty, a square jaw and high cheek bones, sensitive thin lips and nose though it is rather flattened and broad at the nostrils. Her dark skin is very effective with her white neck "sari" and I think it will make a nice picture. We stopped work a little after twelve. I went home for lunch and later went out to several exhibitions. R. Loris again, some watercolors by Mrs. Haynes at 10 and a Richards and an exhibition by "The Six" at the Ogden Gallery. The six being, Stanley Woodward, John Wray, John Laselle, Harry Sutton, Henry Curtis Allen & Laselle Bigley. They were all there except poor John Laselle whose wife died very suddenly a few days ago of pneumonia. Also Mrs. Sally Moffatt there and Alice Lawton and Mrs. Kaula & J. Ensering at the other rooms. Read in the evening. Finished Sparks fly upward by Oliver La Farge. Very good.

Tuesday, Jan. 12.

Had a sitting with Gayatri again and got a lot done. She got sleepy off and on as I talked to her and she told me about the various places the Wendell Center has, in Coosset, in California and the. She is quite thrilled about the picture. In the afternoon I went out and did a few errands. Took dancing class in the evening. Alex not here.

Wednesday, Jan. 13.

Too dark and rainy to paint so I telegraphed Gayatri Devi not to come. Went up to the studio and wrote some letters and worked out a sketch. Serving lunch at Serita Bartlett's. Went afterwards to Miss Hayden's funeral at Trinity Church with Bly Walcott. She was struck by a wheel which flew off a passing automobile truck and badly injured her. She was in the hospital before she died. I didn't know her well of course, but she was always as nice and cordial when I saw her at exhibitions and private views that when Bly Walcott said she was going I decided to go with her. Afterwards I went back to the studio and finished a



letter I was writing to Mrs. Gilett to try and get something settled about the portrait of her father she wants. Went home and read and darning stockings. Things are certainly quiet here now and I start like it though I would like more work on hand. I heard from Mary Hubbard that I can have her studio in N. Y. if I don't find another I like better. Also Mrs. Bailey's son telegraphed that he would like to take mine for her. I told him I had promised it for Feb. (for the Chinese man Mr. W. bought in) but that we could have it in March when I plan to go to Washington, and he thought that time would be better for her because the weather would be more likely to be better. Just now though we have been having the most extraordinarily warm weather for this season up in the 50's & 60's.

Thursday, Jan. 14.

Still warm. 68° this afternoon. Just like Spring weather. Gives you a funny feeling as if time were standing still. Gayatri couldn't come to-day, so I pinned on Sec. Lansing's portrait checking up on the likeness by taking across tracing etc. Home for lunch. Went out for a while in the P. M. to do an errand or two and stopped in to see Elmer Moreley. Home and read Galunowsky's "Maid-in-Waiting". Don't like it as well as his others. Something forced about it. I forgot to say that I heard from Miss Ruth French on Tuesday, a very nice letter; that the committee for the Smith portrait had decided on some other artist. From her letter we really sounded as if we had wanted me to do the portrait and she said Mrs. Brown remembered me well and liked Mr. Gore's portrait some. I wasn't really awfully disappointed because I hadn't been counting on it and I feel that it was something to have no accident and that my portfolio from the Grand Central must have made a fairly good impression. Have asked Marie Perry Stafford to dinner Tuesday night and had a note from her this morning accepting. Called up Morris Parris and he is coming too. He knew her well in Washington, went to school with her.

Friday, Jan. 15.

Gayatri Blair came and I got quite a lot done. Home for lunch. Mamie is bed again as her cold got worse. We had George Berry and he said it is laryngitis and he has to stay in bed till his temp. has been normal 24 hrs. Went out and did a few errands in the afternoon. Took some paper wire sent me, awfully nice hand-made paper, down to be changed with the studio die and will have some done with 259 Beacon St. Home and read and wrote to Dorsey gave me tickets to in the arena.

B.V. against Bates. I went just to see if I would get an idea for a spot picture for next summer's Olympic exhibition. Nothing was offered to me to paint but I quite enjoyed it.

Saturday, Jan. 16.

Painted on Goya's David. It is all done but the finishing and I quite like it. He is thrilled with it and crazy to bring Miss Stenwood and her friend at the Redenta Centre to see it. They will all come at the end of the next meeting which I think will be the last. Home for lunch. Thought I'd go to Lees Wyndham but they closed and found all the 50 ct. seats were sold. Don't feel I can spend an extra cent now really, so I didn't go. Stayed at home all the afternoon looking at a bound vol. of Punch C. W. brought home from the library. Emma still in bed but feeling better. Mrs. Argis came to call. Read all the evening, a novel of English life by G. E. Myers. Am certainly leading a lazy existence now-a-days though I am getting more work done too. It's peaceful but I feel a bit out of things. Perhaps I have been away from Boston so much lately that people have forgotten I exist and not feeling able to spend money for treats, amusements, etc. There is nothing to do but go home and read, and write letters when I leave the studio. A good dance to get ready though before I do Mr. Hornsby's portrait in N. Y.

Sunday, Jan. 17.

Went up to the studio and painted on the Pipe Organ. Am getting quite pleased with it and he is delighted. Home for lunch. Afternoon went to the art club thinking I'd see the concert there but found it was the Flute Players Club and \$2 admission and as I was late and the program was more than half over (I had just found out about it in reading the paper after lunch.) I decided not to go in. Went to call on Grace Edgar. Out at home. I saw Mrs. Ruse for a minute. Quite a common woman but she must be kind hearted as Grace wouldn't be so fond of us. Went to the Thos. Wilsons and had tea with Mr. & Mrs. T. They had been to the Flute Players Club concert, one of the things they played was written by Walter Pater, a friend of Anagn's for Mr. T. to play on his organ. Mrs. T. read me a letter from Mrs. Hornsby. Home for supper. Read the Camp book and finished it in the evening. Col. Bean. Pres. of the D. W. Home Arts Ass'n called on us to ask me if I would come to a meeting at his house on Fri. I told him I was busy. I would be in N. Y. and he said he would put it off till the week after when I would be back and



would let me know the day later.

Monday, January 18.

I had the last sitting with Gayatri Devi and finished it. Miss Greenwood and two other friends came at 12 to see it. They all liked it, after I had changed one or two little things that weren't right. I quite like it but feel I haven't got the best that can be got out of her. I would like to do a charcoal drawing some day, with her head almost in profile, a position that wouldn't have been as good for a portrait, but with her eyes down makes lovely lines with her "hair". Some other people are using to see it to-morrow. Home for lunch. Maxine still in bed. I hoped to be able to get up for dinner as Marie Perry Stafford and Morris Parris were using but had still a little to go. and decided the last better wait. About four I took a car up to the Art Museum School for the reception for the two new English artists who are teaching drawing there and the exhibition of their work. There was great indignation last Spring when all the Boston artists who had been teaching there or long were fired and these two engaged, chosen by William James, the head of the Board, and of course everyone was interested to see what their work was like and the artists were all out in force. I thought some of their work was rather to be feared but of course did not say so to anyone. Feeble in drawing, values false and weak and colors muddy. Some nice qualities in some of the drawings which were very sketchy. The two young men and their pretty young wives were very attractive and English. Sidney Woodward who is doing the art criticism for the Herald now asked me "as one critic to another" what I would do. I said of course he would have to be the judge and that he might do it more by what he left unsaid, and told him that the two different attitudes towards art teaching - the giving of a thorough foundation in drawing and values without emphasis on aesthetic expression (being of course capable of sincere in creating an attitude towards technique which might make it an end in itself) or the placing an emphasis on aesthetic approach at the expense of ability to draw and construct, which was yet to make for feebleness of technique and therefore inadequate powers of expression. Saw lots of people there I knew, mostly artists. Our dinner party was quite nice. Marie Parris a blue streak and Maxine entertained us all the evening. She has been busy and interesting and is no worried by what she is doing with her writing and lecturing that I don't think she has much

interest in anyone else. He told me as he was getting on his things in my room that he is, ready to leave me do a portrait of his father from photos as soon as he can afford it. Morris seemed worried about his future and not himself. Of course he is really nothing to worry about financially even if he doesn't get a job right away as he must have enough to live on with his father's legacy and Dr. Stratton's but of course he misses the life with Dr. Stratton, and it is quite a come down to be on his own without the reflected glory. A lot of the interesting assignment people he met will ask him to visit houses for a while but it is bound to fall off. He is trying to get the job of taking obituary notices in a newspaper or editorial interest, to Europe next summer, but that would be a considerable come down in prestige and living from his travels with Dr. S. He had a portrait of Mrs. G. was hanging in the dining room and looked very well. Said Laegle had had a more successful write but had done lots of portraits, had bought canvases for 15 and done about 50. His portraits of Prof. & Mrs. Hoover are reproduced in the N. Y. Times. I didn't see them but will look them up. Morris was very enthusiastic about them.

Tuesday, January 19.

Went up to the studio and painted on Dec. Lancing. Four ladies came from the Madasta Centre to see Gayatri Devi's portrait and liked it very much. Home for lunch. Nanna died in bed. Afterwards went out and did a few errands. Stopped at the library and looked up the Laegle portraits of Hoover & Mrs. H. in the N. Y. Times. Think Hoovers is rotten. He has de-Laegleized him all right, an affected pose with one hand resting on his knee or a table on the thumb and forefinger. The head slumped up in all the places and made longer and narrower and just not his head. Mrs. Hoover's is much better. Hers was just a sketch but it is better in construction I should say. Went to a tea at the English Speaking Union for the Bessie Quist players. Met a Mrs. Nichols there. Very pleasant introduction me to one of New England's foremost portrait painters. Of course that's ridiculous but encouraging, also at the Folk Lancing class a man named Burke who has been out of jockeying me about my work, asking me to let him know when I had a show as he had never seen anything I had done, said that he was talking to some one high up in the circles, it turned out to be Dr. Higginson up at the art museum who is in charge of the Dept. of Western art, and asked him "He knew my work and that he said". Why, of course I do" and took him to task for not



knowing the work of any one of my standing. He was much impressed and I was pleased that Mr. H. would have that attitude. The class was good fun. I wrote from Scribner saying this and not giving my book. That it was apparently written Wednesday, Jan. 20. for I suppose that they thought it public would be too small. I wrote it to Smith. It was again.

Packed my bag and then went up to the studio just to get my mail and decide about a frame for the Pipe Major etc. and look at Marietta which with a lot of other pictures has come down from Budworth. It doesn't look a lot to me and am not surprised it was turned down by the various juries I submitted it to. I may get bored of the model and try and make it better. Otherwise don't think it's good enough to show in my Nov. exhibition. Decided not to order the frame for the Pipe Major just yet. Too expensive and I can work longer instead. Had a letter from C. B. Wright from the women in Washington asking me to come and see her when I come down. Richard is still in Vienna, with his hand on the rest of the money in the portfolio. Home to get my bag and go to the train. Mamma still in bed but hopes to get up to-day. Read a novel by Clemence Dane, "Brown Stages" on the train. Quite interesting. Wire met me looking very well. Still no business but he is taking it wonderfully, going ahead with constructive glass, other autographs working perfectly, his color press coming along well and he has lately made some moves in regard to getting into the magazine press situation. Has the "Time" people much interested. We went over E's lecture slides for his lecture on N. Africa at Roosevelt House on Friday in the evening.

Thursday, Jan. 21

Mr. Murray telegraphed at breakfast time that he would meet me at his studio at 10.45 and that Mr. Swann thought now that he would not stay on and I might leave it in Feb. after all. Wire and I walked down through the Park after breakfast to the Carnegie Studio. Mr. Swann opened the door jokingly for his appearance, saying he was rehearsing. He had on nothing except little short black ties and a clewless black turban and some make-up. The studio hung with his sketches etc. Mr. Murray arrived about the same time we did and he was much more Anglo-Saxon and business-like. Mr. Swann decided he would not keep the studio and it is rented to me to have it for three weeks from February 1. When we left I went to see Mary Hubbard and Wire went on down to the office. She was not at home. Then I went to Scribner, got my manuscript attached to it to Mr. T. B. Clark. Saw Mr. T. B. Clark for a few minutes and he was very pleasant and cordial, discussed the cover designs and jacket, looked through the illustrations and I think means to be seriously considering publishing it. I left the press. in his hands and

went to the Grand Central Galleries. Saw Mr. Nelson and told him about the Smith portrait decision. He brought out my album and I looked it over and it looks fine. He says they will hang Thorvaldsen's portrait over as there will be something of mine hung while I'm in painting Mr. Hammond. I met E. & Wire for lunch at the Tiltons and went afterwards to get a mango and wave. E. was getting a permute and I thought it was a good dance. I was at home and we went over E.'s lantern slides afterwards, getting them numbered and labelled.

Friday, January 22.

I called up TB Warkie to see if they were coming up to New York to-day or to-morrow but they weren't. They were in town yesterday and I should have called them up Wed. night when I got in. Went to the Athletic Club with Wire to get the measurements of Thorvaldsen's portrait there as to make size of Mr. Hammond the same size to balance it. It seemed to be no difficulty to get any action out the manager's secretary who was the only one the bell-boys could get hold of and we got no tired of waiting that, after Wire telegraphed up to him himself and he said he didn't know whether he could get a yard stick or not. We left and Wire went on to the office and I went to Mary Hibbard's. Found her in and made a little call. Then I decided it was foolish to bother Mr. Hammond about getting the dimensions of the portrait, so I stopped in at a Tailors on 6<sup>th</sup> Ave. and borrowed a yard stick & went back to the Athletic Club. The man came down almost immediately, a little huffy because we hadn't waited, but I thrust I smoothed him down a little and we got the portrait measured in about one minute. It is 80 x 35. After that I took a bus down to Favos Ruhl to see about the canvas. They said that Friederich's carries it and as they are near the studio I decided to order it there. Took a bus up to 57<sup>th</sup> street again and stopped in at Knodders on my way to meet E. & Wire at the Colony Club for lunch. I was looking for Langford's exhibition but it closed last week (Mr. Cunningham, one of Knodders' staff, told me I didn't miss much.) They were having a big memorial exhibition of O'Connell's things, mostly portraits and I got an awful view out of them. They are simply swell in drawing and clean cut direct technique, though they are a little hard sometimes and sometimes I don't like his color. But he certainly was a marvel for drawing and touch of values and planes. I saw Mr. Winter (Charles Allen) there. on his way back to Gloucester from his mother's funeral in Lincolnshire. Had a nice talk with Mr. Cunningham, who I remembered



meeting and dining with in Atlanta. Met E. & W. for lunch at the Colony Club and am crazy to paint the alcove at there. He is a wonderful British type. I need like to do him <sup>standing at</sup> a table with white cloth, roast of beef etc. after lunch I stopped in at Knickerbocker's again. I am crazy about Ogden's Mill. It's just the way I'd like to paint, only with a little more breadth. Went up to Frederick's and ordered my ~~car~~ <sup>car</sup>, then some. Mrs. Roosevelt arrived about 5.30. E. had moved me into the other spare room so that we would have the larger one in which to lie down, as he had been on the go all day at work etc. having driven up early from Ogden's Bay. She had some oranges and wishes with us before we went to lie down and E. showed her the portraits and she seemed to like them very much. Mrs. Lambert came for dinner and we all went down to Roosevelt House afterwards for E.'s lecture on West Africa before a meeting of the Alumni of Roosevelt clubs. It went very well and E. was so pleased to have Mrs. Roosevelt there. She has been very appreciative of E.'s work as chairman of the Educational Committee and that she has accomplished in carrying on the ideal of Theodore Roosevelt by means of these Roosevelt Clubs in the schools and through at first she and all the members of the family except Mrs. Douglas Robinson who always has worked hard for it did not take an active part in the work of Roosevelt House. He told Wise on the way down to the lecture that the news was that they had not wanted it to seem a family affair and that now when he said the Board felt that they would have younger members to carry on the work they would gladly take part as it was established as well and he suggested his daughter Ethel, Mrs. Leavelle, and Mrs. Archie Roosevelt (Grace Lockwood) for the Board. E. & W. are delighted as it is what they have wanted.

Saturday. January 23.

E. stayed in bed to rest this morning. He had a letter from Miss Rogers resigning from the board of R. H. and giving no reason, as Miss R. has done very useful work on E.'s committee it was something of a blow. She will try and get hold of her at some other time, if she is sure about anything as she may be as she is the touchy kind. I went out to get some paint brushes at T. Friedman's to use on the Pigea signs to-morrow. am going to try some round brushes. Think I can draw better with them, afterwards having nothing special to do I went to the Macbeth's Gallery. While I was there Helen Wisnicks and Ethel came in. We had a nice talk and I told them about the Open Exhibition at Knickerbocker and we went over the typies and then on to the next two galleries where

Toynon Toynon is having an exhibition. It seems that Herbert Wislousky  
 has been appointed director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and  
 every where he went people were congratulating Helen and saying how  
 pleased they were with the appointment. At Harvard we talked to  
 Mr. Loring. It was the first to mention it and I introduced Helen  
 and also later to a Mrs. — ? and to Lowell Corbridge, who Helen introduced  
 me to and who was largely responsible for getting up the exhibition and  
 wrote the foreword for the catalogue. I had a nice talk with him. (His  
 portrait in uniform was there too) and he seemed to know my work very  
 well anyway. At the Norton Gallery Mr. Dr. was thrilled to have the  
 wife of the new director and of course it didn't do me any harm to  
 be with her and introduce her. He seemed to remember me as well and how  
 my work was getting on and when I told him what I had been doing and  
 about writing on to paint Dr. Hammond he said "Well you'll be a kind  
 of Hoguinson before long." Callaghuison has been doing the bas-reliefs  
 and Helen was his portrait of Mr. Thomas W. D. and said it was fine.  
 I left Helen & Cecil outside the Norton Gallery and as it was pouring both  
 a taxi home for lunch. After lunch until time to go for my train. I read  
 about an article in the Sat. Eve. Post by Janet Carver about the depression  
 and our main exhibition, Jan 24. The 2 billion fund to help bases  
 and industries to get going again has been passed by Congress and is now  
 the Pres. signature and although it means more to us and relief to  
<sup>anxious</sup> ~~anxious~~ stopping the demand and threat of things, for a temporary relief and enable  
 business to get on its feet again. Also wrote a note to Helen Wislousky  
 inviting them to dinner Feb. 10<sup>th</sup> or 15<sup>th</sup> at C's where I will be there.  
 Wire + E. put me on the train. I read Time and the newspapers and  
 "Broom & Toys" on the trip home. The special rail for me but a  
 special came from K. to Emma soon after I arrived saying that Talbot  
 Porter had died yesterday after a short and violent attack of appendicitis  
 and peritonitis. Poor Anna! So terrible.

Sunday, January 24.

I went up to the studio and painted on the Pipe  
 Organ and did some good work on it. I like the sand brushes very  
 much for certain things. The Dagen show made me crazy to paint. If  
 only people would give whenever you want them and you could paint  
 for ever without getting tired. There is so much related and preparatory stuff  
 and the hours of actual painting are so brief and the conditions so seldom  
 right. A friend of Hugo Cassin's came in and seemed quite thick  
 about the picture. Between them every brush will be right when it





looks fine. I decided to change the background, paint out the books and get in an old gold colored curtain at one side instead, and have a plain dark red wall behind him instead of the red-gary door. Think it is a great improvement. Went over to the Thondests' for lunch. Miss Howard there and she came back to the studio with me afterwards and seemed to like my things. She had some very good suggestions, was quite happy about the Page Mays and Sec. Lansing's portrait. Mrs. Haynes from the Nebraska Centre came in in the morning and like Lyndell I am very much and the Statue of the Virgin especially. When I left the studio I went to an exhibition at Mrs. J. Haynes' gallery. His best work is fine, couldn't be better, but at the period he got tired, hard and edgy and he has shown some of these in this show and one old one like his portrait of Stokowski that was at the Met Club years ago. Saw Mr. Thompson there and he told me my show was booked for many, the 9<sup>th</sup> to the 29<sup>th</sup>. Went to the Tolk dancing class in the evening. Very good time. Also may be in N.Y. while I am there and may come to the studio.

Wednesday, January 27.

Went up to the studio but it was too dark to paint. as I wrote letters, made out labels for pictures etc. Went to the Serengeti Luncheon at Mrs. Hovers, 24 Crarlegate E. Very nice time. Stopped in to see Grace Edger afterwards and she gave me two dresses that Mrs. Runt had given her and she didn't want. They aren't bad, especially one blue lace evening dress. Mrs. Harding, who was Jessie Ware was there. Went down town afterwards and did some errands for someone. Wrote letters in the evening. While he writes he there suddenly had an idea that seemed of great importance as financial distress if it is so. It came to him suddenly in the night and he is more convinced of it every day as he observes the trend of things and feels so sure of it that he has written Hovers about it thinking that someone on the inside should be prepared and at least be on the lookout for such a move. He thinks that all this selling of arms, securities in an stock market and taking of gold out of the country to France in one way or another is part of a plan like Francis's effort to take advantage of the present unsettled conditions in the world and of Germany's poverty and dependence and to move the French frontier to the Rhine. The League of Nations has been found powerless in the Chinese-Japanese situation, he said, Francis thought advocate of peace is now going to the League of Nations and there are many things which point to a planned action of this kind, terrible as it would be to have another



was in vain. It might be accomplished without any resistance but any-  
 way it will be very interesting to see if it does develop. We didn't  
 read his letter for several days but he now sent it to Hoover. We  
 had a letter from Carter to - right. He has had very hard times but  
 things are a little better now. He said that some of his state the  
 remainder of which after he gets to certain individuals, was to be sold in  
 bulk by C. for Clark, he found down to almost nothing, mostly  
 being quantities in Philippine cargoes. The are now deposited.  
Thursday, January 26

Mr. Johnson, my Commissioner, came to pose  
 for me for the clearest trousers in Sec. Lansing's position and I worked  
 on it till 12 and improved it a good deal. Then went out to call on  
 Sally Duffett's class which she has organized in her father's old studio  
 with Mrs. Leslie Thompson as teacher. Several of my former pupils  
 are in it, - Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Coffin, Mrs. Brooks & Sally. About 15 in  
 the class and they were all working busily with absolute silence in the  
 studio when I came. I soon there was a rest however and I had a nice time  
 with them. They had a young man as model, not particularly inter-  
 esting and they were doing good work but owing wonderful. Sally  
 has improved a lot especially in her colors. Home to lunch, went up to the  
 studio again to work my brushes, wrote a letter to Wise and went to  
 the Back Bay Station to meet Elizabeth who came on for a visit  
 with Mrs. Rice. She arrived O.K. and spent the night with us. Japan  
 and China are getting in more and more of a fight. It started with  
 Japan's seizing the Chinese cities along the coast. The Chinese were  
 not keeping order there or putting down bandits. The Chinese have boycotted  
 Japanese goods and Japan has taken more and more until now they  
 are willing to sacrifice and threaten to attack the foreign settlements  
 there. The U.S. has invoked the 9 Power Treaty and the Kellogg Pact to  
 try and keep off the war and the League of Nations has admonished and  
 threatened for some months but to no avail.

Friday, January 27.

Elizabeth went up to the studio with me to  
 see some of the things I've been working on and I showed her Sec. Lansing's  
 Gayatri Devi, the Orange tree still life and the <sup>Indian</sup> Pipe Organ. She liked them  
 all especially the Pipe Organ and Sec. Lansing. I bought the Pipe Organ  
 was going to be working and I am quite pleased with it. I'm now disappointed  
 She spoke to the message at the lobby club who spoke to two of the gov-  
 ernors about my painting the lead statue or better - then was

wonderful 13 inch type to print and they said it would not be possible - I had a young set-up planned. He is very stout, with heavy jaw, small eyes with overhanging lids and little hooked nose and he is grand in his hair and with striped waistcoat and I was going to do him beside a table with white cloth, dish of fruit (red apples), newspapers, candles, etc. They said that it would not do, might cause some publicity for the Club. I may be able to get them to assent but don't think it's likely and I thought it would be great to have him to work on when 201. Hammond can't go. E. left me at the studio to go to Dr. Thastum and I stayed over two little things in Dec. I. portrait, Home for lunch and E. & I went afterwards to Seyffert's exhibition at Rore's. He was there and Mrs. Thompson, Mr. Rore's sister, introduced him. I liked him. He was perfectly straightforward and very pleasant to see. He said he remembered seeing me at the Grand Central and that if I was in Boston in May when I had my show he would certainly come in and see it. When we left E. went over to 259 to get his bag to go out to Mrs. Rice for the week-end and I went up to the studio to get things ready for Peter Pigeon and his friend "Miss T." who were coming to see his portrait. After at least four letters, two postal cards and two telephone calls from Peter Pigeon this afternoon, was settled up on and they actually got there, about half an hour late, as I knew they would be, having been carried beyond in the street car, which I knew they would be when he said they were taking a car at the Mass. Ave. subway station, the studio being only one second stop beyond that. As a result it was almost dark, about 25 minutes of 5 when they got there and they stayed until 6.15. Of course they couldn't see the pictures very well but I gave them tea and cake is even more of a talker than he is and they seemed to enjoy themselves very much. She is stout and motherly and calls him "dick" every other minute, and so too. Peter looked quite agreeable with a nice warm overcoat and all. Miss T. thought the picture was exactly like him but the expression was too sad and resigned, said she would have been there to make him smile. Peter seemed quite overwhelmed by his large motherliness but has a flash of spirit somewhere that has enabled him to resist being swallowed into marriage it all these years. Home for dinner and went to Mr. Bean's, 1513 Avenue St. for an informal meeting of the Soc. Close met with us. We discussed finances generally and then went little doubt that we shall have to raise the dues to assist members to make one of a larger proportion of our expenses. We have paid off \$2000 on the mortgage and it stands now at \$11,000, and as they think he has been the falling off of sales since our last good year 1929: In 1930 they fell off \$6,000.



is that <sup>cost</sup> ~~cost~~ quite understandable but we can't ~~add~~ <sup>add</sup> a commission from sales from  
 missing expenses. We now owe Mr. Bear about \$800 which he advanced as the  
 we could make out annual \$500 pay note on the mortgage. Three members  
 the Art & Exhibition committee was there, Ruth Anderson, Mr. Stoddard  
 and I and we discussed what artist to choose to make the sitting next year and  
 I am to round Thorne when I see him in N.Y. and see if he will do it. We  
 want to have it ready early in the summer so that patron members can see just  
 what they are getting for their dues. Mrs. Bear had a nice cold supper for us  
 and it was a very pleasant occasion. The expenses are really \$45.00  
 and the section called Chapin is in flames. They have been worried by this  
 and I want to retain that they must consider the rights of foreign in the  
 International settlement. Some of our members have been landed to  
 protect themselves there.

Saturday, January 30.

I met Mr. Tabor at 10 at the studio to decide on a  
 frame for the Pipe Organ and he will make me a frame that will do  
 very well for it for \$30. \$30 is very reasonable for a frame of that  
 size. He took the O.E.T.A. day to send his frame and will deliver it at  
 the Art Club to-day. I had a letter from Will this morning advising me, as  
 I was to be away from Boston for some time, to draw out at least half  
 of my money in my Savings acct. and put it in my safe deposit box at  
 the bank. He gave no reason merely saying that as I knew he would not  
 suggest this unless he had good cause and to say nothing about it  
 outside the family. I didn't like to do it both because I don't like to  
 lose the interest on my money (I have very a little over \$1000 in my savings  
 acct. now and 2 or 3 hundred in my checking acct.) and because I don't  
 like to do just what is coming none of the trouble - hoarding. However I  
 decided I had better do it so the one hundred dollars won't make a great  
 difference to the Bank and if I say nothing about it can't cause other  
 withdrawals. So I went home and got my bank book and the key to my  
 safety deposit box and came up to the bank again and did it. They  
 seemed to take it calmly. I saw Mrs. Silvers there and she wanted to  
 know about the meeting last night. I told her who was there and she  
 said that it seemed to her that Mr. Bear and I were the only level-headed  
 ones there. I don't agree with her however and certainly Mr. Temple's suggestions  
 were excellent. Back to the studio and got my two other pictures for the  
 Art Club and took them down in a taxi. Got my paint for N.Y. Went  
 home for lunch and stayed in all the afternoon, evening etc. and writing  
 letters. Boyd Edwards sent me his latest photographs with a nice inscription.

and I wrote to him to Rosenheim, also to Fare and to Dr. Lewis who would see  
 from Washington to ask if I had any news about Mr. Parker and what I had  
 done about my books. The fighting in Shanghai gets worse and the Japa-  
 nese are threatening the Foreign Settlement. Some Jap. cruisers and destroyers  
 have been ordered there from the Philippines. Ad. Taylor, the one I saw  
 first by mistake in W. when I was going to paint Ad. D. W. Taylor, is in  
 command of the Asiatic fleet. The League is protesting and trying to get the  
 Japanese and Chinese to settle their differences by negotiation. The Wiscon-  
 sin Congress meets at Geneva next Tuesday. Stimson is putting up  
 on record as protesting at the Japanese have promised to respect our rights  
 and citizens in the Foreign Settlement, but I don't see confidence in them  
 as I believe they mean war, not with us yet, but they keep right on  
 attacking the Chinese even though they have acceded to their demands.  
Sunday, January 31.

I got up to the studio early expecting to get a lot done  
 on the Pipe Major and to get a telephone message that Major Carron was  
 nice with a coal and credit card. So disappointed. There are a lot of colds  
 about now. E. who was 5 and called me up yesterday from Mrs. Rice's  
 telegraphed that he was in bed with a cold. She was better to-day, up and  
 about her room, and called me up above lunch time. She expects to go  
 back to N. Y. on Tuesday, meanwhile I will stay at a hotel, probably the  
 Barbizon. Playatie she crosses. E. Wistler is there now at the apart-  
 ment with his father but without thought I had not better not go there till  
 he more gets back, for though he has been as nice as possible lately  
 his old jealousy, spite returns. I spent most of the morning at the  
 studio getting it all neat and nice, putting away small ornaments,  
 photos, etc. as Mrs. Wiston may be able to let it for me. The discussion  
 gave me 2 things because I couldn't give him a definite date at  
 that time owing to Mr. Thurgood's uncertainty. Took my paint box and  
 sailed home in a taxi and got my bag all packed before lunch. Took the  
 3 o'clock to N. Y. When I arrived I looked about thinking who might possibly  
 be there to meet me. He was going to take E. Wistler to Argentina but  
 thought might get out of it now, and he did and was there. He asked  
 Miss Lena San Maryono who E. likes very much to dinner and in-  
 sisted that we go on his ticket. He came to the hotel with me and got  
 me settled in an awfully nice little room, rather modernistic furnishing  
 but no carpet, clean and comfortable, at the Barbizon-Pleza for 3.50  
 a day. The modern American hotel certainly has efficiency down to a  
 fine point, comprising 4 or more and not an inch of waste space and



clean and neat as a pin.

Sunday, Feb. 1.

A cardboard box of breakfast with coffee in thermos bottle, rolls, jam and butter, the compliments of the management was put through the little opening in my door before I woke up. So I ate that at saved time and money. Guley Hale had told me they did that at the Barbizon-Plaza and that was one of the reasons I came here. Wire called about 9.20 on his way to the office and we got the tickets for "Of Thee I Sing" to-night, as Jack is in town and will take E. D. to the Cat and the Fiddle which are had asked Wire to get next for. So we'll have an affair after all and though I don't like to make any more expense for Wire I know he wants to go and I think it will make him laugh and be good for him. After he left I telegraphed Dr. H. to make sure he was using ear right for his meeting and Dr. Drummy to say I was moving in that evening. Then I took a taxi and took my paint box and came over to the Carnegie Studio only three blocks away. Dr. Drummy was there receiving the studio. I got my ear set up, helped him a little, then to Friederichs to make sure my canvases were coming all right and went up to the Plaza to meet Wire for lunch. He telegraphed me that that he couldn't get away, a business conference, so I went to a Restaurant on 57<sup>th</sup> Street, back to the studio and waited for Dr. H. who came a little after 3. Looking very nice and tall in his uniform. I got him posed, standing, his cap in his hands, a blue and green tapestry on the buff colored wall behind him and made the sketch. He was a bit stiff and did not fall into a good pose naturally but having got him posed he held it finely and insisted that it didn't tire him at all. He said to-day was his birthday - 74 years old - and he is wonderfully alert and vigorous. He runs 3 or 4 miles a day at the American Club which track. Having his uniform on made him think about his war experiences. He examined all troops from the mental and psychological angle and of course had to deal with many cases of conscientious objections and fear complexes. It was very interesting. He is so kindly and has such a nice sense of humor, I'm sure we shall get on beautifully. When he left Wire came and saw the sketch and liked it though he thought the background was too prominent. Wire had the edges now in the big canvases and perhaps throw a shadow over part of the tapestry. Dr. Drummy stopped in to get more of his things and seemed to like the sketch. The big canvases came and I can get it placed to-morrow morning and Dr. H. will come again to-morrow

and Wednesday. I am thrilled about it but not yet home one else to do in the morning as while he is away at Lake Placid. Back to the hotel to get dress and dress. Wise came for me after dinner, having shipped Jack & E. off to their theatre and we went to "Of Thee I Sing" and enjoyed it very much. It is very clever, snappy, concerning doing every minute and a minute on our political methods and government. We laughed continuously as did a very quick and sophisticated audience. A man Victor Moore who took the part of the ignorant and confused Vice-President and looked like a killing caricature of Hoover was killing. Those fighting in China and the U.S. and Great Britain are sending troops and battleships to protect foreign interests in case of trouble. Everyone has the feeling that Japan is in the wrong and is out for aggression no matter what China agrees to. The rest of the world is the League of Nations say. A letter from Alice Perkins says she will be up in town on Friday and would love to lunch with me. Called up B. Nozick and she will be in town and lunch with us.

Tuesday, Feb. 2.

Ate my breakfast from the box pushed inside the door (would have to buy a supply of oranges if I were staying in here) packed my bags and left everything ready as we could call for them on the way up from the station. His officers and then went over to the studio and got the plates placed on the big canvas. I sat quite a job making off the big canvas as there was nothing in the studio big enough to hold it off. I finally laid it on the floor and did it with needles of the sort of Ties. Went to lunch at the Plaza, came back and laid my things. Very short stuff, very short stuff as Mrs. H. Hammond didn't <sup>get there</sup> ~~leave~~ until quarter past three and I had to leave for Thien's tea at the Grand Central at quarter of four. However to get it done in and it was too dark to have done any painting on it. Dr. H. expects an awfully busy day tomorrow as so many of his patients want to see him before he goes off to Lake Placid for the Olympic sports but he will come if he possibly can. He is awfully nice and quite thrilled about the patients already. I took a taxi to the Grand Central and found there at Thien's P.M. until it was time to meet E. & train at 6. Wise came about 4.30. Had a very big crowd but I enjoyed it. Mr. Lukeman, the sculptor, there and Wise & I had quite a talk with him. He liked my portrait of Admiral T. as which is hung in the center of a wall in a gallery of portraits next door to Thien's shop. Told Thien about his applying for sitting for the month & later.



next summer and he is keen to do it. Also see Carl T. Benson, Vice artist, E. was looking pretty well when we met her, not really over her attack of flu. We had at Mrs. Rice's. We stopped at the Barbizon-Plaza on the way up and got my bag. E. Winters out for the evening when we arrived at 145. She had left a lovely little azalea plant for her mother. The Japanese seem to be living up a little in China now that our Butterfingers and natives have been ordered there and were British ones. Only shows how Americans can keep the peace and prevent war.

Wednesday, Feb. 3.

Walked down through the park into wire to the studio. Went up to Mary Hubbard's studio to find out where I could get a model. I want a girl, stylish and good-looking, to paint when I can't work on Dr. Hammond. She told me about the art workers club, a model agency at 152 W. 57<sup>th</sup> and I went around there and talked to the women in charge. Then down to Miss Quincy's office to pay the rent for the studio for 3 weeks. Back to the studio and a girl came from the art workers club. She was quite nice but had a teaching position for next week so couldn't pose in the morning and I didn't engage her. Went out to lunch with Mary H. at an awfully nice and very cheap place in 55<sup>th</sup> street, a perfectly good lunch for both. Back to paint on Dr. H. He came a little before 3 and stayed an hour. It was as dark I couldn't have done much more anyway. He goes off to Fair Placid 5<sup>th</sup> night but will be back on Monday. Wire came after he had gone and was very enthusiastic about what I had done. We walked home through the park stopping at the art workers club where Mrs. Fisher the manager told me there probably would be some jobs in there for tea. There were out of course Wire was the only man but he didn't mind though it was a bit embarrassing the girl knowing what I had done there for. There was one other girl called to me especially, though she was very pretty but too more of a <sup>not</sup> stylish enough. We sat around the tea table for a while and then left. E. Winters was out for dinner, we read about a book of stories of adventures by members of the Explorers club. Wire is trying to get hold of Capt. T. B. Bartlett to see if he won't sit for me as the I can paint his portrait wire I am here. He has made an engagement to lunch with him at the yacht club 5<sup>th</sup> Monday and will bring him over to the studio afterwards.

Thursday, Feb. 4.

I got down to the studio early this morning and a model that Mary Hubbard told me about was coming at 10. She didn't come and I got on the table of another though Mr. H. and Mr. Luskman, a Miss Margaret Gaillard a Southern girl who has been on the stage. She came

in about half an hour with various clothes and I tried several arrangements but didn't like any as we went home to get more other clothes and got back about quarter of one. I got her good over and worked wire 2 and a little after wire & T. B. Bartlett came and stayed until about 3.30. Then I had to figure out the size of the canvas and get the stretcher from Friedrichs and wash my brushes as I didn't get any dinner and was starved when wire came back about 5. He took me out to tea however and we then took a taxi home. E. B. Miller went out again this evening, to the Philharmonic, and we read aloud now and then in the Explorers club house. I am so glad to be started on something again now besides Dr. H. as I have hated waiting around all day for a half hour or so painting. T. B. Bartlett will not too when he gets back from a lecture trip about the 15<sup>th</sup>. He will be coming to paint, as rugged and weather beaten and he will wear a leather jacket, gray overalls under it, and we will probably have a chat of the time on the wall behind him. He is a great character, honest and resourceful and evidently with a good head though he can't express himself easily in words except for his proficiency which is fluent enough. He is overjoyed at the idea of being painted and would like the portrait to hang in Kane Lodge, the explorers lodge of the rooms, beside Peary's.

Friday, Feb. 5.

I got down to the studio early, a little after 9.30 and my model arrived while I was stretching my canvas. I had a costing 2½ hrs. painting. She is interesting to do and has lovely hands and face very well and doesn't talk. I am very, about the light in the studio and like the studio itself as much. Except for occasional painting on the picture next door it is so quiet and there is a feeling of remoteness about it that makes it fine for working. The studio is up a flight of stairs from the little entrance hallway which gives that feeling I suppose. Any one coming in is very about it and controlled about the things I have done. I hardly think of anything else or wait for tomorrow to come away to paint again. Alice (Perkins) Carter came about 20 minutes of one and one and I sent T. B. for lunch at 5.30 and then my brother came back with me to the studio and stayed until about 3.30 when wire turned up for me to take a walk in the Park with him. He is feeling the nervous reaction from the strain he has been under about business and that things are looking a little better and his reaction was he had just been to mind for him to get out doors and walk. His patent claim that covers the whole principle of changing rolls while the press is in operation



he just been issued and it absolutely gives him control of the field. Already he is making arrangements with another inventor to license some of his principles embodied in breeding parties and form a publisher, who was thinking of ordering parties from a nurse whom realizing that he would have a class mit on his back if he died. On the way home we bought a paper and saw that poor old Norris died last night. His breathing became difficult in the middle of the night & his nurse told me it often did and almost before we could get the Dr. to him he was gone. He was all ready for death and welcomed it, as the paper said, had left careful written instructions about his funeral which he wanted kept simple. Found E. at home when we got there he had been to a Roosevelt House TB and meeting. E. Winter came in now from the deserts and his friend Jimmy Hayes came for dinner. Alice Perkins was just the same and talked a blue streak getting off on subjects of no little interest to TB. and me that it was hard to keep your mind on what she was saying & he was intelligently about his life in Sanaria. He loved it out there and would go back in a minute in spite of the Japanese attacks at present & he says there is no doubt but that Japanese would be the best thing for the country but there is it is outrageous the way they have behaved in Shanghai. There is still fighting there and more am. troops & battle ships have arrived to protect our interests.

Saturday, Feb. 2.

Had another nice morning getting from my model, though I had to stop at 12 as I wanted to take a photo. of Norris' portrait down to the Times and Herald-Tribune's. Rotogaurd's action in the hope that they would use it next week. My picture is coming nicely though and I love the light in the studio. Mr. Thumie stopped in to get some things and I told him I wanted to keep it tonight. Feb. 3 may go back to TB or to Geist & Miss Carson Feb. 21 & 22 as I have to do those two charges but will come back to finish things here. at the Times office they seemed quite interested in the Norris photo. but of course I don't know whether they will use it or not. at the Herald-Tribune they said they already had it in their files and weren't going to use anything more than they had had. I may see if Time wants it on Sunday. Took an 8<sup>00</sup> a.m. car home for lunch. Stayed around for a while reading the paper to E. who was in bed with a slight attack of blackish mitchin at about 4 went back to the studio to work my bones, stopping in at the Blind artist Jamaica Show at the Academy Galleries. Rats, second rate, straight. Then will study & miss Paxton at the TB Arsenal club for tea. Miss May 0. who wrote more India was talking on Gandhi. She has no more opinion of him

as a high-spirited and spiritual leader. ~~He~~ <sup>He</sup> thinks that he would do much more for his country if he urged those of his followers who are educated to ignore conditions in their home towns "rather than fighting in them" movement against English rule. Then when conditions were improved all the world would make India's right to govern herself. He is indeed a great people to meet there, among them young Mr. Richard P. Conway, the son of the Justice in Gloucester. He is an unusually attractive young man has his office here in the 14th Street Bldg. and is going to drawing class at the Grand Central Art School in the evening. Went to the theatre with E. W. Little in the evening. I got seats for a play of the life of American women and artists in Paris called the Left Bank. It was interesting and very well acted. We went to Strauss's afterwards and E. talked at length about her past - but what we could hear etc.

Sunday, Feb. 7.

E. was better this morning but has to keep quite to-day. Wise & I took 10 car out for a fine walk in the Parc. Lovely and mild and sunny and some of the time we let 10 car off the beach and we took around and loved it. Home for lunch. Afterward Wise & I went down to Tammany Hall where poor old Morris has lain in state since yesterday afternoon. His funeral is to-morrow. He was to have had conferred on him the title of Great Grand Sachem on his birthday next, an honorary title held by no one else but George Washington and his afternoon they held a brief ceremony over his body, then from the hall on in front of the building, where people listening to the speakers next door entered by an amplification, was crowded, and two police men were standing at the foot of the stairs on the services had already begun when we got there. However, P. who is the janitor recognizing Wise, whom he had seen when we came about the hanging of the portrait and let us up. It was crowded again in the lounge where the casket lay, decorated with an American flag and my mother and one of Stewart's Washingtons, with banks of flowers all around. The Great Sachem were lined up behind it with their ribbons and orders. After the speakers we filed past the bier. He looked very white and wax-like and motionless but the bone formation of his skull and fine big nose stood out clearly. I have never seen a dead person before and had wondered how I would feel that I didn't really feel anything, no repulsion or horror, of course none at all but not as much as I had expected. Perhaps because he didn't really look real, more like a wax figure, so very white and bloodless and the way they had put on his poor old dress, with its very faint pink making him look more unreal somehow. Of course if it was anyone you were fond of I can see it would be terrible and perhaps Morris having been so old had seemed almost dead for so long. The idea of death was connected with him in my mind I

suppose from the first. How lucky I was to paint him when I did! To-morrow is his funeral but I don't believe I shall go On our way out a Mr. Eastman spoke to us, evidently a friend of the family, said he was at the house yesterday and they were speaking of us and he thought it would please Miss Norris if I would call on her. I suppose I ought to but it's an awful job to go way down there. We got back to the apartment just as E. & L. were leaving for the train, with her friend Jimmy Keys to see her off. She has enjoyed her N.Y. visit hugely and has been very nice and unselfish. We read aloud in the evening, things from the papers and Times.  
Monday, Feb. 8.

Wine dropped me off at the studio in a taxi so that I would be in time for my model who comes at 10. I get up early enough but Wine & E. are got to be late. It was dark and rainy at first but cleared off and I got quite about accomplished, painting mostly on one head which I am quite pleased with. She has lovely hands. Highly came for me to go out for lunch at one and I got back before 2 and ~~wasted~~ <sup>waited</sup> wine about quarter of four before Mr. H. came. He had a busy day of course having just got back from Lake Placid. It was already getting dark so I only painted for half an hour but got the head in and it looks like him already. He laughed when he saw it and said "Good morning! Is, when did you get back from Lake Placid?" and seems quite enthusiastic about Miss Gaillard's portrait. He thinks he will surely be there earlier to-morrow and I certainly hope so as it is organizing to paint much a short time on anything. When he left I went over to Rosamund Brown's for tea. She lives way over at 404 E. 59<sup>th</sup>, nice when you get there but the cross town cars are awfully slow. She & her husband there is an attractive studio apartment. We had tea and discussed modern art. She evidently is beginning to be interested though her work shows no signs of it yet. It is so absolutely boring to me and I can see nothing in it except perhaps a broadening of the field of subject matter and an encouragement of individual approach. But there is no excuse for distortion and ugliness and ~~as far as~~ in trying not to be representational. Modern artists deny themselves all the pleasure of reproducing the beauty of light in form and color and to my mind are not painting at all. Got home just before dinner and we had a nice quiet evening reading a splendid book on Norse history by Weigall aloud.

Tuesday, Feb. 9.

Walked down to the studio with Wine through the Park. Painted on Miss Gaillard. E. came about 12.30 and we went out to lunch at Longfords on 57<sup>th</sup> street. Back to the studio and waited for Mr. Hammond



who didn't get there until about 3.30. Got none of the canvases covered though and a little more done on the head and it is coming nicely. Wire stopped in for me a little after 5 and liked it very much. We walked home west to hear Winston Churchill at Carnegie Hall in the evening. He is a delightful speaker. His subject was The Future of the English-speaking Peoples. ~~And~~ his address was really a plea from England for our support so that the English-speaking peoples would stand together against the world evils of communism and a possible all European state. I felt sorry for England that she had come to the point where she had to turn for help to the people who were originally little subject colonies.

Wednesday, Feb. 10.

Walked down to the studio with Wire. Painted on his Gaillard until about quarter of twelve when K. and E. arrived from Torrsdale. We sat and talked in the studio for a while, then met Helen Charles Wilson for lunch at the artist's MacLagane place on 57<sup>th</sup> St. afterwards I went back to the studio and waited for Dr. Hassner. He came about 3.30 and I worked for an hour and got the canvases all covered except one. He has to go up to Lake Placid again in a professional capacity this time as the new who were hurt in the boat accident were not doing so well. He will be back Sat and will pore over Sat. P. M. and hope will get in earlier so I need the light to work on thing to finish tomorrow. He is delighted with the portrait and it is coming all right I think. I ordered the frame for Miss G.'s the morning from the west dealer and they are rushing up some mouldings to try on Dr. Hassner's among other the moulding that they used on the Johannes portrait in the artist's club. I thought they probably made the frame and it may be better to remember found alike as they are lying in similar positions either side of a big doorway. When I got my brushes washed I went down to the Great Central Galleries to a lecture and exhibition of Clauden, a use of light and color. <sup>on a screen</sup> ~~on a screen~~ to give changing positions, suggesting significant and beautiful in themselves. I missed most of the lecture which was very interesting and worth while and wasn't much impressed by the color demonstration. Went back to Mr. Clark and he says he is making arrangements to bring the Italian Renaissance over to have an exhibition at the Great Central Galleries to bring in people which it certainly would do. He is wonderfully enthusiastic. He had been to W. and talked to Kallen and Stinson and the German Ambassador about it. (It is in Dresden) and it seems to be feasible. After dinner viewed more of Weigall's collection. What and seen the Roman were.

Thursday, Feb. 11

It was foggy this morning and the park was beautiful with rows of trees and the distant May encampers appearing out of the mist as Wire & I walked down to the studio. I would have told Miss G. not to come as it was rather dark to paint but I didn't have her telephone number at home and as she may get another job any day I decided to work on the picture when she came and painted till 12.30. Mrs. Palmer stopped in for a little call as I was having for lunch. She had been to see Mr. J. was across the hall who is her nephew. I met E. & W. for lunch at the Biltmore and afterwards E. & I walked up 5<sup>th</sup> Ave. to Walden's at 51<sup>st</sup> street to see Ethel Tager's exhibition. Some things about her work are nice but her large canvases of which she has two large ones of Mr. & Mrs. Emerson of Boston are bad in the big drawing, making the figures stiff and not life-like. I think she would do close to them all the time as that was the way she was working in Mrs. E.'s in my studio. After that E. Westhouse and I walked way up Lexington Ave. to 75<sup>th</sup> street to see Julie Sturges. She was not in at first but her friend Mrs. Armitage Whitman who runs the shop with her showed me some of her things and they are lovely, velvets, crepes, ruffles and laces printed in gold and silver mostly, from blockprints. Beautiful in craftsmanship & designs and smart and stylish in the cut of the materials, evening gowns, waists, the young etc. and lovely in color. Julie came in with Francisca (Warren) Payne just as I was leaving. Was very sweet and asked me to tea some time at her apartment. After that I took a motor car over to Miss Morris. Showed a model of my making up some lovely flowered ruffles E. & W. gave me and walked home. E. & W. went out for a family dinner, all four Wood Brothers and their wives at the Commodore and I got the evening done on the paper reading the newspapers etc. J. G. and Miss are fighting over some determination at Shanghai and the League of Nations which is in session can do nothing about it.

Friday, Feb. 12.

Too dark and foggy to paint so I called up Miss G. & told her not to come. Went to the studio however as someone named was sending up some overhanging for the frame for Mr. H.'s portrait and Wire came with me to choose one. Decided on a frame just like the one on Johnson's portrait in the Athletic Club and ordered it. Wire went on down town to keep an appointment I had with Sarah France of Maryland who is organizing a France for president movement with offices on 5<sup>th</sup> Ave. and wanted to win Wire over as a supporter, being known him and admired his work in the League for the Preservation of American Independence. I did a little painting in

The Kalamons have been in the wall in this G. portrait and experimented with the background in D. H. is repeating it in the live shots. Have decided to have the togethery go all behind him instead of the background being put togethery and go plain wall. The canvas is too narrow up and for that. We stopped for an hour on his way home for lunch. Thoroughly disgusted with his talk with Sen. France. He did not agree with him on prohibition and told him a tongue he even ought not to run for pres. at this time, that all political strife should be suspended and the present government supported until we were safely over the economic crisis we are in. France was apparently incapable of intelligently discussing issues, just mounted a lot of baloney about George Washington and the American flag and American principles and had nothing really instructive to propose. It is a disgrace that a man like that can get any support. The contact between him and Winston Churchill was disheartening. We had lunch at the apartment and then all went to see Escondido, the Spanish gypsy dances. He was most unusual and interesting with a wonderful sense of rhythm and a strong and attractive personality; thoroughly virile with a naughty boy expression sometimes that reminded me of Alfano. He & the two girls with him danced almost entirely 2 different gypsy dances into their staging contents, cropping figures etc. We enjoyed it very much. Read about Weizsaecker's house on Moore Avenue. So well written and interesting, making the life and individuals of the time so vivid and real.

Saturday, Feb. 13.

I had a late sitting with Mrs. G. this morning and it is finished except perhaps for one more look at it when she comes. She knows Hamilton B. Fadden who is in town for a while from Hollywood where he has been making a great success as a movie director and she wants to bring him in to see the portrait. When he left I met E. & W. for lunch at the colony club where I looked longingly at the buffet I want to gain so much, worked back to the studio afterwards and waited for D. H. who did not come until 3.30. However the afternoons are getting longer now so I got an hour's work in and accomplished nothing. I have changed the background making it all togethery instead of put togethery and go wall and I think it is better for such a narrow canvas. Took an 8<sup>th</sup> ave. car home as I was tired. E. & W. had been to a Trans-Lux movie (news reels) we read about the MacArthur book in the evening. Are enjoying it so much. Am surprised that there is a newspaper on Sunday. But Bartlett's.

Sunday, Feb. 14.

Clear and sunny and a little cold with a S.W. wind. We



took 10:30 and for a walk in the Park for about ~~and~~ hours then went down  
 to the Empire State Building to go up in it. It was really a wonderful ex-  
 perience. You walk through corridors of black marble, steel and aluminum  
 decorated in modernistic style with at intervals brass medallions representing  
 the different industries that have gone into the construction of the building, such  
 as the masons, stonemasons, glaziers, painters, electricians, carpenters, decorators  
 glass workers, etc. A huge decoration opposite the door shows the Empire  
 State Building imposed against a map of the surrounding country, giving you the  
 point of the compass, a sort of clock with an arrow that fluctuates, shows  
 the wind velocity and direction of the wind at the top of the tower. You step into  
 an elevator and almost imperceptibly it moves upward and you are at the  
 80th floor. Then you range to another elevator the 86th and step out into  
 a glassed in cage with little tables, a lunch counter, music playing and around  
 the outside an open parapet with a high white wall. This observatory  
 lounge and parapet runs all around all four sides of the building and decorative  
 maps run along in each aisle. Now you where different places are in the  
 country you can look over. And you certainly can look over a wide expanse  
 towards the water beyond lower N.Y. into it sky scrapers way below you  
 you look across the harbor and the narrows way out to sea into the coast  
 of N. Jersey fading in the distance or the E. end Long Island Sound, the  
 bridges, Long Island Sound, north way up the Hudson, and W. way over into  
 N. Jersey. Below you none of the other sky scrapers were anywhere near, the  
 Chrysler building even being way below, and of course the automobiles in the  
 streets like little bugs and the people like tiny specks. Central Park looked  
 like a pocket landscape and the Washington arch a toy. Fifth Ave. was a  
 narrow slit. The height is rather getting adjusted to it made us feel a  
 little queer. I felt a jolt in my ears going up in the elevator, then when on  
 top just a little headachy and sick and when we got down to the street again  
 there was a roaring in my ears and my voice sounded far away for a few minutes.  
 It is only 1200 feet but it can't be the rarified air but I suppose there is a  
 difference that you would have to get adjusted to. I wouldn't like an office  
 in the building or to live on top, as Hope said she would like to do but  
 it was very thrilling to have been up to the top of the highest man has  
 yet built. Home for lunch and afterwards we read the papers. Then E.  
 and I were out to tea and I went to call on the Grays. Found only Trudy.  
 Had a nice talk with her mostly about <sup>marital</sup> convenience and her troubles. Home for  
 supper read closed in the evening.

Sunday, Feb. 15.

A good day and a bad thing happened to me to-day.

The good one was a letter from Mrs. Wm. R. Hearn asking me to rent some or four of my portraits to an exhibition of American portraits he is getting up to be held at the Anderson Galleries to raise money for the office and cashiers they are raising to do. y. is employed at different places all over the city. Mrs. Cunningham of Knickerbocker is to be chairman of the exhibition committee and artists like Seyffert, W. S. Johnson, Young-Hunter, etc. are reading. I am awfully pleased to be asked as it means something to be included in the group. Will read. ad. Taylor, Borah, Thurman & I were all of which are at the Grand Central Galleries now. The last thing was the recd. of my book returned from sister Talcott with a very nice note from Mr. Talcott. He said that his admiration for the book was even greater now than he had read it all and now how I had assembled and handled my material. That they had had several readings and extensive discussions about publishing it at this time this may not be financial. The publishers have been hard hit by the depression and they have decided that they will have to confine themselves to bringing out very few books which means to give an immediate return. Some he felt would have a steady demand over a period of years but he did not feel that the next few years would warrant the initial expense of bringing it out. The letter & recd. came to the studio by messenger this afternoon just as I was painting Dr. Hammond. It was quite a blow and for a while it was hard for me to put it out of my mind and concentrate on painting. I didn't say anything about it to Dr. H. of course, didn't even stop to read the letter, just glanced through it enough to see that it was a rejection. When I read the letter after he had gone I felt a little better about it and of course the very thing to do is to try someone else right away and ~~minimise~~ if I can't find anyone else to publish it sister Talcott may later when business conditions improve. We stopped for me on the way home feeling quite discouraged because he had not two newspaper managers to see him about pictures, the Christian Science Monitor and the St. Paul Dispatch. We read about the marching in the evening. I also had a discouraging morning because Talcott Talcott didn't show up. I think I remember now that he said he would be back in N. Y. the 15<sup>th</sup> but not in time to get that day but would come on the 16<sup>th</sup>. So he'll probably be in tomorrow. I called up the explorers club and left a message for him and will send him a special delivery letter this. We will surely hear from him as soon as he gets back to N. Y. I got about as much work done in Dr. Hammond

this afternoon, and it is using U.K. E. stopped in hoping to see Capt. B. also sketch and we went out for lunch at Longrange and I stopped in at the W.P.S. on the way back to the studio to get my little sketches they had in their little picture & lettering. Went over to B. & family for dinner with entrance W. & her husband. Very nice time. Delicious dinner that she cooked herself.  
Tuesday, Feb. 16.

Capt. B. ob. telephoned this morning before breakfast and came to the studio at 10 and we made the studio and I think it is a very nice arrangement. He is wearing a grey sweater, over a tan leather jacket over it and dark blue trousers, sitting leaning against the yellow wall of the studio with a crate of the North Atlantic on the wall at one side and his pipe in his left hand. I fixed a screen to cast a shadow over the lower part of the crate and his own cast shadow on the wall balances the composition on the other side. He is pleased with it and will sit every morning this week which is fine. May Hibbard stopped for me to go out to lunch. Dr. H. came about 3.25. He is delighted with his portrait and wants to bring some people in to see it as soon as I am ready. It is going to be nice & thick and looks exactly like him. He is so nice, most a gentle man and with such a sense of humour and so kindly. We read the MacArthur book in the evening. May really but what beautiful times those were. I ordered the big canvas for Capt. B. ob. It was at the studio a little after 2 and I got the copy. See pleased before Dr. H. came. We stopped in Wednesday, Feb. 17. to see the statue and finish it.

We came down with Wise. Started Bob. Bantlett's portrait and got the canvas almost covered. It was so dark I telephoned Dr. Hammond not to come. Got lunch at Betty's place. Jane & Annie, and went and got a newspaper and wave at the Ogilvie sisters. The Youngsters came for dinner and we had a very nice evening. He is the greatest painter and will come in at 10 and at Home last afternoon and had been to his studio. I know his work and like his bare things. He is a very nice Englishman and he was very pleasant and E. liked them both so it was a very successful evening, society art, hand and personalities. He knew I argued very well. A letter from Betty 5-day asking, fib, and me to lunch with her on Friday. She will say it is a matter of 10 days, rather not and a St. Albans re-union. I wrote Mrs. Hearst saying the I would read for portraits, Bantlett, at Taylor, Thompson & Bantlett.  
Thursday, Feb. 18.

Had Capt. B. ob. this morning. He is an awfully nice person. So downright and honest and really fine. He says by God every other minute and other rivers words; just a little, as most wearing is, is



smiled about the portrait, got down and looked at it in the nets and rays.  
 "God, there's my eyes. God, my nose, and my nose and my whole  
 face." To God, to just me!" He talks very little except when he  
 gets started about something about people he knew in Boston when he  
 was there during after the Peary expedition. He evidently made lots  
 of friends there as he does everywhere. He is such a simple, genuine  
 person. I met E. for lunch, a rather nice man. He came to the studio for me and  
 saw the state of the portrait and liked it, was amazed I had done so much  
 in two sittings, and talked to Capt. B. while he gazed a little longer. Then we  
 went round to Hilber's place for lunch and I went afterwards to Putnam's  
 the publisher with the mss. of my book. I called Mr. London up and  
 made an appointment for it. He was very pleasant, said he had been wonder-  
 ing when I would come back and wanted to know what had happened. I  
 told him Mr. B. also's letter. I was a little doubtful whether  
 to or not because I didn't want him to see that Mr. B. also thought it  
 wouldn't have much sale the first year, but then I decided that I would  
 have to tell him my own Putnam's reasons for refusing it and that I  
 would gain by having him see the complimentary things that Mr. B.  
 had written about it. It turned out to be a good thing that I had  
 shown it for other reasons. He said he was not surprised that Putnam  
 was not able to bring it out now, that he had heard that they were hard-  
 and had let 14 of their staff go, but he did not agree with Mr. B. also  
 that it was not his policy to expect big returns at first that they were  
 one publisher who had not been hit by the depression because their books  
 were in steady demand, even more in demand now that people had realized  
 the necessity for serious work, as books were helpful in study or  
 preparing people for some job, and not just passing fads. I think he  
 felt a bit elated that he could afford to bring out a book that Putnam's  
 had wanted to publish and couldn't, his very doubt being that it might  
 be too much for him. I left the mss. with him to read and am to call  
 him up next Wed. to get his ~~last~~ decision. I think it seems quite  
 promising and am quite encouraged. Took a bus drive to the  
 studio and got there just at 2.30 in time for Dr. H. He didn't come until  
 10 minutes past three and meanwhile Miss Gaillard stopped in bringing  
 Hamilton M. Fadden to see his portrait. Dr. H. came just as they  
 were looking at it had a chance to see each other whose portrait  
 they had been interested in seeing now. Dr. H. had admired her and  
 visited. That the portrait winked at him. He said he recognized her as  
 the original as soon as he saw her and that he had been looking at her portrait

had been believing. She was never before with him & could see, he is  
 no fire - looking in his uniform. He wants to bring me just to see  
 his portrait who may order portraits and is delighted with it. After to-  
 morrow's sitting, will leave it until Tues. as I am going on to  
 Boston for Sunday and Monday to paint Major Lanes as it is too  
 good a chance to lose two days missing when he can go. I went  
 to him to make sure he could go on those days and had a letter saying  
 he would be on the job "and to come ahead, written on Cathedral  
 club paper into a huge missile size and signed "Jack". So I will take  
 the 3 o'clock Sat. and come back Sunday afternoon, Warrington's birthday  
 & be ready to paint Bob Bartlett again Tues. a.m. Mrs. Hearst  
 secretary, Mrs. McGonigle telegraphed to the studio to-day to say  
 that Mrs. Hearst was very grateful to me for sending the portraits and  
 asking I would send photos. of the job I had restricted to Mrs. Hearst  
 Lanes of Knickerbocker as they were to be restricted to 50 portraits and  
 would have to make a selection. So I called up Judy to send Bob over  
 and Thomson, and will take in Taylor and Susan to-morrow morning  
 Friday, Feb. 19.

I went to Knickerbocker early with the photos, but  
 Mrs. Warrington was not there, left my album and will see him  
 later to find out where he will use in the show. Back to the studio  
 and painted Bob Bartlett. He wants us all to lunch with him to-  
 morrow. Iibly stopped in at one and we took a taxi over to the Jewish  
 League and had lunch with Hetty and Mary Miller. E. Adler, char-  
 acteristically not only could not come but left it undecided  
 saying he might turn up for coffee after lunch, was too tired to come  
 to lunch. During lunch a telegram came that we couldn't  
 come but wanted us all to come up and see her afterwards. Of  
 course Hetty sent back word that we couldn't come and we were  
 all assumed to see girl he still so badly, poor girl. Hetty looks so  
 young and pretty. Her friend Clara Mordess has been arrested in  
 Kentucky for seductive activities among the miners and Hetty is  
 trying to get her out. She is more of a Bolshevik than ever, too much  
 even for her Russian-gus husband who has left her. I went back to the  
 studio after lunch, and got a little painting done on the tapestry in the  
 background of Mr. H's portrait before he came. He is a charming  
 and amusing. He told me about a peasant he had to go over to  
 Brooklyn to see after the sitting. He said he thought she was the  
 Virgin Mary and "ever thought her mother told her she wasn't".

When Dr. H. told her he didn't see how she could be so the looked so young and the Virgin Mary was over 1930 years old now, she said "Well, appearances are deceiving" and told him the Jesus was going to be born soon but this time he would be a girl and not a boy, to which Dr. H. remarked "Well, it's nice to have a change." He also told me about another patient he had who had lost her voice and said he was going to ask her husband how he felt about having it restored before he tried to cure her. He sees scores of patients every day, and takes no lunch and yet never seems the least bit tired or hurried. He did say that some of these afternoons when he wanted to get away to come to his sitting and patients turned up just as he was leaving, being forced to keep them early morning appointments that he felt like killing some of them but then we worked out how he could do it perfectly well, being a Dr., and never be caught by substituting a pill of quinine or something in place of some other pill. He had prescribed. We stopped for me on the way home. The St. Paul & Northern people have been in again taking crosses and it looks as if he might get the order. We read Weygall's new story in the evening. Am much interested in it.

Saturday, Feb. 20

I got my bag all packed before breakfast preparatory to taking the 3 o'clock to Boston but found a telegram from Emma on the breakfast table saying Miss Carson could not go on Sunday. I was disappointed both because I hated to lose the two chances to paint on his picture and because I was looking forward to having a little glimpse of Emma & C. W. I called her up after breakfast and she said the Mrs. Carson telegraphed about 7.30 this morning saying he was sick with a cold again and could not go. It means I won't have a chance at him till Sunday March 6 and by that time I ought to go to Washington with Dec. Lansing's portrait which puts it off until almost April and I'm so afraid he will go off to Canada or somewhere in the Spring. It isn't worth while going back for just one time next Sunday and I think I had better be here for the opening of the portrait exhibition on Tuesday, March 1. Will & Susan had down to the Indian staff the Park. cold and windy. Capt. B. came for his sitting and I got it as far along that I think I will wait now until the frame comes for the final sitting. I am going to use the temporary one I had made for Mr. Hammond's portrait. 20 x 42 which is now in the studio in Boston and I am going to be about having it sent on but now will have to ask Emma to attend to it.



Wine & E. came about 12.30 and we all went out for lunch to Longchamp  
 after lunch Capt. Tob. (who had insisted that it was his duty) took E. & me  
 to the studio. We had to go back to the office as the St. Paul Magazine people  
 were coming. We saw Helen Hayes in the Good Fairy by Terence  
 Rattigan who wrote <sup>in great</sup> the man, the Guardsman, Re-union in Vienna  
 etc. It is original, quite clever in its dialogue but often offensively  
 indecent. Helen Hayes was charming and quite winning in a fly-away  
 quicksilver sort of character. I suppose its the German or rather  
 Hungarian kind of view that made us very vulgar sometimes  
 in the lines but apparently you can't escape that one of them espe-  
 cially about sex on the stage now-a-days. It's not funny and just  
 makes me uncomfortable. Capt. Tob. showed his gun from his  
 back pocket where he had unobtrusively packed it during lunch  
 and showed it ostentatiously to E.'s horror and amusement and I think  
 enjoyed the play but did not laugh and I felt was embarrassed at  
 the offensive lines. He is a real gentleman in spite of the gun which  
 I notice he always has in his hands during the sitting but again from  
 seeing people in the streets. After the theatre he took us back to the studio  
 in a taxi and I showed my business and then E. & I walked home through  
 the park. We read something again in the evening.

Sunday, Feb. 21

A bright clear day but still cold. We all took a  
 walk in the Parc with Bob. Home for lunch. read the papers  
 and went up to the Hispanic Museum to see an exhibition of  
 paintings of Gaucos life in the Argentine by a Spanish painter  
 Bernado de Quirós. The pictures were large, too large for the  
 galleries they were shown in, strongly painted with the paint laid on  
 with thick impastos, a bit too hot in color, especially took much  
 vermillion in their color schemes. He certainly liked red and even  
 wore as one of them, a butler in his crop with a lot of bloody meat,  
 a head hunter, with dripping head held up and bloody word and others  
 seemed to indicate. If they were actually bloody they had no vermillion  
 also or then were killed and carried off. I think they would have  
 looked quite stunning though in a large gallery. The portraits,  
 representing the different Spanish provinces were a delight as usual  
 and after looking at them we came home as E. was tired. Read about  
 before dinner and again in the evening. Am really getting that  
 period of Roman history was just coming before Christ transferred  
 out in my mind.

Monday, February 22, 1932. The 200<sup>th</sup> anniversary of G. Washington's birth.  
 E. was feeling tired and stayed in bed. W. & I took Lass out for a walk in the Park. A lovely, warm sunny day. We walked over to the Menagerie, watched a sea-lion taking his morning exercise swimming round and round his pool under water. Coming out in a graceful curve in air always at the same spot where the sun shone on the water. Wandered over to the lion house and were going through, I carrying Lass, but the smell of the lions and tigers started her trembling and her heart beating so that we didn't take her in but were the only spectators one of us staying outside with her. While W. was in a shed to the keeper and he said that a lady was a little dog in the other day and a lion lunged against the bars of it and frightened the dog so that he had to get. Just then the lions began to roar and poor little Lass even though she was in my arms outside was scared blue and some other dogs who were going by quailed violently at their leaders and one dog came tearing out of the lion house pulling the child on the other end of his leash after him. It is extraordinary how instinctive nervous and how the voice of the most feared beast in the jungle can terrify even the little dogs in N.Y. city who for generations have never been attacked. When we got back we found E. up and just going out for a little walk. So we went out again with her for about 20 minutes. Back for lunch and I paid bills etc. for a while after lunch. Then we took a taxi and drove out the Riverside Drive over the new Washington Bridge which was opened a few weeks ago. It is a marvelous piece of engineering, from 5 to 7 times larger than any suspension bridge in the world and W. says that it and the Engine I take bridging are really due to Dr. Strutton as he in the Bureau of Standards did the work of determining the strains and stresses of materials that made such huge construction possible. He built a huge hydraulic press to discover the weight the columns of steel or concrete could hold before collapsing, now some of the big steel concerns have similar hydraulic presses but he brought the Bureau of Standards was the first to make these tests. The bridge is very wide and though there were streams of traffic and foot passengers there was plenty of room. You pay toll at the Jersey end. The Holland Tunnel has used the toll gear too and has almost paid for itself already. Over on the Jersey side we drove on for a while through Englewood, about 5 Terrafly. Then came home and Sweet & care on the Cramers, 1 W. 68. Found them at home and had a very pleasant call. After dinner we read some of those Astory.

an absorbingly interesting book and most wonderful colored, picturesque and dramatic times. We are going to read Weigall's life & Times of Cleopatra next.  
Tuesday, February 23.

I finished Dr. Hammond's portrait to-day and he is delighted with it. He shook me a long time by the hand as he left and looked so earnestly and gratefully at me and said that he would be a hard man to please if he wasn't delighted with that. When the frame comes which I hope will be by Friday I may do a little more to the lighting in the background that I don't think I'll need him again. ~~He~~ I shall miss seeing him as he is a most charming person with much a sense of humor. He said to-day that as he came up in the bus and got off at the studio he noticed a girl looking at him as if she knew him and as they got off she nodded him and then as they both went in to the studio lady, she ~~said to him~~ ~~he~~ said she had seen him going in there a few days after and asked if he was a model. He said "yes" and she said "So, I am I" and waved good-bye to him as he got off at her floor, all of which amused him tremendously. He told me a little story to-day about a man who wanted a mass and asked the priest about it but found it was so expensive he couldn't afford it. So the priest said "I haven't you any relatives who can pay for it?" and he said he "Ozley, a sister and she's an old maid man". You mustn't call her an old maid" said the priest. She's the bride of God". "All right", said the man. "I have the mass and charge it to my brother-in-law." When he left he shook hands with me long and earnestly and looked at me so gratefully and said that he would be a hard man to please if he wasn't delighted with the portrait. I will let him know when the frame comes so he wants to bring some people in to see it. So glad to have it finished and apparently so successful. The frame for Miss Galland's came to-day and I carried her up and arranged for her to come to-morrow for a last look at it. This evening we went to the <sup>American</sup> Social Society's meeting to hear a lecture by Alexander Forbes on his trip last summer to visit the coast of N.E. Labrador. It was interesting though there was a good deal of rambling in the pictures, aregleous views of islands and bay indentations coast line, all mountains and bleak country the very vegetation being a note of fireweed in places, but mostly rocks and snow and snow of Hebrum they met only 2 eskimoes. The drawing was done mostly by magnification from airplanes, two of which they had close, though a geological party did make some high island and climb some mountains. There is a schooner, the Rosa, named for



one of the islands up there was their base of supplies and at their farthermost point they were inshore and constructed a track for a deer across for the denuding of their plots. They found of course many parts of the work entirely unadapted and other wrongly as by the existing gun. claws.  
Wednesday, Feb. 24.

It looks as if I have a publisher for my book at last and though it will mean some more writing and work on it, I am of course delighted. I called up Mr. London of Isaac Pitman & Sons from the studio before I started in painting Miss Gailard to find out his decision as we had arranged and he said he would like me to come down and talk to him about it. So after luncheon at the Colony Club with E. and Mrs. Lambert (who asked me what I charged for a portrait and said she would love to have L.O.D. painted some day) I went down to his office, stopping at Kroedlers to get my album that I had left there with Mr. Cunningham. My talk with Mr. London lasted about an hour and a half but I think I made him understand more clearly the purpose of the book, convinced him that there was a need for it and by showing him my album and telling him some of the portraits I had painted (Adonis etc.) and where they were being and my position in art societies etc. made him realize that I had a standing as a portrait painter sufficient to make a book by me have some interest. I felt good in talking the way about myself and though my name has a certain position I always feel that there is too much "affection" in my standing, that I must justify better, but on the other hand of course people who buy the book ought to know the standing of the author so that they can tell whether his views have value or not. Mr. London's idea seems to be that the book needs to be made more readable. He wants more illustrations, more of them in color and when I showed him my album wants more of my portraits, which I suppose is all right if I leave out of the foreword the part where I say the illustrations are fine portraits chosen for their representational value. All the books that they get out are beautifully and expressively gotten up and of course I have no objection to that. I think he had expected something more technical, something that gave rules and receipts, what colors to use for flesh color etc. and had to adjust himself a little to my attitude before understanding the book. I think I succeeded in persuading him that there was a need for it that nothing being up the subject from just that angle had been written before and that that in itself would give him a good selling point. Anyway we decided that he would go over it again, notice

wrote notes of suggested changes or additions and brought up to the studio Saturday afternoon when I was having my people in to see the portraits. He seemed to like the idea and thought no artist was mentioned we parted with the understanding that he would publish the book. I got home and found that wire had not yet come. The people from the St. Paul Pageant were still at the office and he telephoned later that he would meet us at the Town Hall after dinner when we were going for a Warrington Historical Pageant. He was there when we got there and he had put his order for a press! a red letter day. It makes a tremendous difference just at this time as now he can go the books with an order to show as asset, also in spite of having no orders for 9 months owing to the depression, he has been able to show a profit of 37,000 imprints they have delivered during that time and he feels now that the worse is really over and he has weathered the storm. The Pageant was very nice. Well done by amateurs, members of old N.Y. families mostly, were beautiful old costumes and the George and Martha Warrington very convincing. I saw Miss Mary & Miss Sarah Andrews there as we came out. E. & I had lunch at the Colony Club with Mrs. Lambert and she is talking of having Dr. Lambert painted.

Thursday, Feb. 25.

Had Bob Bartlett for a sitting this morning. E. came down and had lunch with me. Bob was killing. He got talking about religion and some of the hypocrisies of it, and said among other things, "Look at the Pope! God, what a racket!" He is really a fine upright man, as single as a child, and I don't wonder he has loads of friends. After lunch I came back to the studio to wash my brushes and telephone to various people to ask others for Saturday afternoon and E. went up to Miss Bonnis. I joined her there later to try on my dinner dress which is very nice and then went over to call on Alice (Thomson) Somerville. He was not at home but I saw Polly and the baby, a big bouncing boy, and left a note asking Alice for Sat. Took a cross-town bus across the park to the West side again and was going to call on the Stadelys but forgot the address found some several blocks out of the way and there was a horrid west wind so I went home. In the evening I went to the Philharmonic concert with Mrs. Bonnis. Bruce Walter conducting and he also played the piano part in a Mozart concerto - beautifully. Brahms's Service Symphony and Beethoven's 9th were the main ones and I enjoyed the Snowflakes.

Friday, Feb. 26. #

Had the last sitting with Bob to-day and he is crazy about the portrait. He took me out to lunch afterwards and as he was helping me on with my work in the studio he said he thought he ought to leave some for sitting for it, so I went immediately and kissed him and he observed it he was very so pleased and joyful about it. He gave me the card which he had on the wall in the background and wrote on it along by his couch laid out in pencil "The Rossignols' course to the Washington August 1932. Bob Bartlett". I am so glad to have it and will put it up in my house. He is going to send me an autographed copy of his book too. He can't come to-morrow to the tea-party as he has a lecture down on Long Island. Such a shame! It would be just to have him here. Alice S. telephoned during the morning and asked me to go to the Phonographic with her in the afternoon. So I went and heard the same concert, enjoying it even more the second time, especially the organ. Waldo was in a box. Her little Polly and a Mrs. ? was it sends the name with us. Alice can't come to-morrow but may stop in at the studio Monday morning to see the portraits. I went up to the studio again (it is in the same building) after the concert to see if the frame for Dr. H.'s portrait had come. It was there and I got it unwrapped and almost up the stairs into the studio. (it was some job as it is so big and heavy) when Rose and I with Bob came. She helped me get it up the rest of the way and in the frame but the frame is a little too short for it and I shall have to take the canvas off at one end and cut down the stretchers. Got home quite late and we read the Mass Century book in the evening. Almost everyone I have asked for to-morrow afternoon has accepted.

Saturday, Feb. 27.

Wise came to the studio with me and helped me get all down the stretchers of Dr. H.'s portrait. We couldn't do a finished job on it as we hadn't time and the canvas is a little too loose at the top but it will go for the present. The rest of the morning I signed the three portraits and did a few little things to them to finish them, and got the studio ready for the tea generally. Mr. Quincy came in and got out some tea things for me to use and was very nice. He will move in Monday afternoon when I leave. Wise came back about 12.30 <sup>bringing cake etc. for the tea</sup> and E. & me and we went out to lunch at the Java Bunnies place, came back and got things ready for the tea. In fact were not entirely ready when the first people began to arrive - 2 Mr. Hall. (friend of Mary Hubbard's) Mary Hubbard, Dr. Quincy and Philip Coggeshall the others. As they were having Dr. H.'s come and



Then the bell began to ring every minute. A Miss Menden, a friend of Dr. H.'s whose sister may write a portrait, Mrs. Lambert, the Craner's, Constance and John Jackson, Alice (Perkins) Jones and her husband, Eleanor Mellon, Herbert Lee, and Mr. London. Wire let him in and said that when he heard the voices of all these people up in the studio he wanted to just leave my mess, which he was to bring with suggestions and notes for changing and enlarging it, and go. But Wire persuaded him to wait up and he had every good time and seemed much impressed with the portraits and general set-up. When he gave me the mess. he said rather cheerily that he hadn't found anything to suggest except that I had said etc. "said" to be taken up in another chapter" too many times. His whole manner was royal, I think since I told him about Alfred etc. and he is evidently keen about publishing my book. I arranged to stop in and see him Monday before I go down to Boston. But Bartlett couldn't come as he had a lecture engagement but he sent me two dozen roses, which was awfully nice of him. Everyone liked his portrait and the others. Dr. H.'s daughter and two grand children came and they thought it was splendid of him. Altogether a very successful wind-up and E. & Wire and I went home laden with tea flowers and things left from the tea and had a quiet evening finishing New Astronomy.

Sunday, Feb. 28.

2. Wrote and stayed in bed, as Wire & I took leave out for a walk in the Park and then went down to the studio for me to clean things up and wash the tea thing and Wire to fix Dr. H.'s portrait in the frame. Such a nuisance that the stretcher was made too long by half an inch. Home for lunch. Dr. H. telegraphed he would like to bring in a Mrs. Menden, a friend of his wife a just deal of money who may write a portrait and I met them there at 3. She was a very downright person and immediately looked at the portrait with the sole idea of what flaws she could find in it. She thought the likeness was perfect, except for some doubt about the upper lip but decided that the expression I had accounted for the slight change in its shape, thought the figure looked a little heavier than he. The hands were huge and lifted the whole scheme. She said it was much better than she had expected, not knowing my work or anything about me and seemed to like the photo. of there I showed her in my album. I think his uniform does make him look a little fatter, both because of the belt and because it doesn't fit as well as his other clothes and while he was there I skinned down the body from the armpits down on either side just

a little and I think satisfied her in that respect. Should have told Dr. H. that she didn't think he could do better, as I guess she liked it pretty well and he is delighted with it. When they left Mary Hubbard ~~and~~ <sup>was</sup> here. Now came out Dr. H. had some suggestions to make about the shape of the roadways cut by the folds in the clothes in the place on Bob Bantlett and in two places on Dr. H.'s hat on the whole seemed to like all three paintings. When they left I went home and took a taxi with E. & wife over to Julie Sturges's for tea. She has an awfully attractive little apartment way east on 72<sup>nd</sup> St. and her sister Mrs. Doster is right across the hall. They were there for tea too and we took Bob who did besticks beautifully and was killing with their two little Poles. Home again and read some chapters in <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ Dr. H. on Daisy's book on Wier's father, Percival Wood, which is still in press. Mrs. Daisy having left it with Wier to look over. The chapters we read were about his first term as mayor and give a splendid record for absolute success of his public spirit and efficient work and all backed for the city in the way of establishing a uniformed police force, putting through and developing Central Park, improving traffic and general vice conditions and trying to control the immigrant situation.

Monday, Feb. 29.

Waked down to the studio with Wier, walk with us walks through the Park, and spent most of the morning packing up my things and clearing up the studio. Alice (Thomson) Sommeriga was there when I got there and stayed about half an hour. She liked the portraits but we talked mostly about her daughters, now growing up and especially Joque-lise quite a problem. She is lovely and yet gets so depressed and is so emotionally unstable. Alice is going to send her to boarding school, probably Victoria. Alice is a dear. Mr. Quincy came in during the morning and I settled up everything with him and arranged for Buckmaster to call for the three portraits and take them to Jellys to be photographed, then Dr. H. + <sup>Miss G.</sup> ~~Sept.~~ to the Grand Central art Co. to the Academy jury, am also submitting the Finnish Girl to the Academy. About 12 I went to see Mr. London and had a nice talk. He will send the contract on to Bob for me to sign and I took the ~~map~~ <sup>map</sup> along to make what additions I can to make the book longer and he will use me of my portraits, perhaps the Pigeon Hairs for the frontispiece and he thinks he can get it out by summer. I'm so glad and feel things have gone pretty well this month in New York to get three portraits painted and a publisher for my book. Wier gave me a cheque for \$1000 the other night for Dr. H. and Bob Bantlett's portraits and I sent it on to name to

deposited it in my savings acct. and also asked her to get the \$800 out of my safety deposit box and put that in too. Now into the queue for the Lassing portrait I ought to be able to begin to move again. I met E. for lunch at Stern's and we went afterwards to the Grand Central Galleries where I got my steel life of the Japanese Lilies and we took it up to the Argosy Galleries of the Women P. & S. for a flower and garden exhibition. They are going to have. Then we went to the studio and I got my record and paint box and we took them up in a taxi to 145, changed our clothes and met Wile at the Private View of the Portraits Exhibition at the Anderson Galleries that day. Hearst got up for the Emergency Rationing for the Unemployed. Two of my portraits are hung, B. Oakes and Admiral Taylor and Admiral Taylor's is reproduced in the catalogue and they are both very well hung in the biggest, best gallery where the largest portrait of Rockefeller, the Seyfferts, Youngbushers, Gail Melchers, De Witte Lockman's etc. are hung. I am thrilled. We had a very nice time, saw the Youngbushers and Mrs. Y. and the Melchers Naugle. The art Editor of the American had been quite raving about my B. Oakes portrait. She tried to get him to bring him up but he had gone. Also saw Seyffert, met Mrs. Hearst and De Witte Lockman and Mrs. Y. introduced me to Maynard Wacker who was there. His portrait by Sam Gordon was hung. He is even worse than I thought, much a little snip and so evidently a light-weight mentally, though he has a certain charm of personality. He looked disappointed, his skin tough and reddened and I think he was a little bit tipsy. There were several photographs from the papers taking flackings of him in front of his portrait and of Mrs. Hearst. The room is large and varied - a lot of good things and also a lot of rotten ones. I believe they had to let down the bars at the last a good deal to please Mrs. Hearst for no reason or another, but I feel awfully pleased to be among the invited ones and in the catalogue. We went home quite tired and read none more of the news, of Dr. Deity book or Wise's father after dinner.

Tuesday, March 1. Wise's birthday.

E. & I gave him our present at breakfast time and E. Wille and Hope read him books. I gave him a new biography of Alfonso by the Princess Pile of Savoy and E. gave him neckties. After breakfast I packed my bags, E. & I went out for a walk with Bob, then took a taxi with my luggage to the station, letting her off at his orthopaedist. I had about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour to spare so took a street car up to 57th Street to see Mr. Whitman who I met the other day and who is at the Brounzel-Lambert Gallery this winter. He had gone on to Boston however to take charge of the Independent



delicious and I went back to the station and waited till E. & W. came to see me off for T.S. station, where they died about 12.20. E. bringing me some lovely violet, and W. some magazines. I have had most of a good time with them and have loved New York this time. It has made much a difference being settled in a studio and living just across the Park and I hope I have some more orders to take me back. I read Waegall's 'Life & Times of Cleopatra' on the journey and love it. It is so interesting reading I get after his name Antony, and never then all seem so real. Mamma & C. W. welcomed me home both looking very well and after sitting around a while after dinner I went down to the T. all 10 on my class and quite enjoyed it.

Wednesday, March 2.

Mamma had her Sewing Circle business to-day and I helped her get the table ready, arranged flowers etc. until about 12 when I took my easel and paint box up to the studio in a taxi. To my surprise I found Mrs. Bailey in possession and painting with her things tucked up in the walls. Mr. Wilson had told her I might be back any time but she insisted it was all right as he let her in and of course it was, though I have to turn the good thing out now for a week or ten days. I think I shall be going to Washington by the middle of next week however, as I called up Dr. Carson and he is still sick (his well developed interpres-sonia) so he won't be able to go for about three weeks and as I had a letter from Mrs. Fassing asking about the portrait I think I had better go on there right away and get that finished up. I will paint once or twice on my nude Marica (I have engaged Mrs. Dixot for Friday P.M.) and will get my book Mrs. in shape before I go. I left my things at the studio and after a little talk with Mrs. Bailey went out to T. Broome to a Sewing Circle business at Mrs. John Stevens. Afterwards went down town and got a Spring suit, hat and coat at Marshall's, which fits me pretty well for Washington. Came home and wrote letters to Lila Marlin and Ann Bradley to see if they can leave me, E. and W. who left for Chicago this afternoon, to be gone until Sunday probably Mamma's D.C. went very nicely. She had 16 just what we arranged places for. Wrote more letters in the evening. A terrible thing has happened. The Lindbergh's baby, 20 months old, has been kidnaped, taken from his crib late evening by some one who got in the nursery window by a ladder. The papers are full of it & where and everyone is furious and thoroughly aroused. Poor Mrs. L. She is expecting another baby in 3 months and the shock and stress is terrible for her. It is incredible that any one can be so cruel.

Thursday, March 3.

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No clue yet to the kidnapers of the L. baby. All kinds of reports and suggestions and tales of ransom demanded, \$50,000, etc. and the police all over the country are working but nothing found out. They have had a poster saying he was well and being cared for and instructions for ransom would follow but it is too terrible. Poor little one suffers. She certainly has had a lot to endure. She gave out his diet and he was published in all the papers in the hope that the kidnapers would see it and perhaps follow it. I went up to the studio and spent the morning there, going over my notes, getting things in order a little, telegraphing about the frame for the Pigeon design which has come but is the wrong tone, too light. Home for lunch. Went out for a little while in the afternoon to an exhibition of portraits by 13 other artists at the Legley Gallery (why didn't Mr. Bailey ask me?) I came back and wrote letters, did things to my clothes. Read and wrote letters in the evening and went over my notes some more. Saw Mrs. Sloan at the Guild and when she asked me about my book was so glad to be able to tell her it would be out next summer.

Friday, March 4.

Nothing definite known yet about the Lindbergh baby. The police all over the country are making a search, following up every clue and letter of which there are hundreds mostly from cranks. The strain is terrible and it is too cruel. The papers are full of snap shots of him and the Lindberghs though they will not have the police search called off have issued messages to the kidnapers in the papers that they will respond to everything they say and pay anything they ask. I went up to the studio early and stayed there all day, taking my lunch with me. Mrs. Tinsley came at 10 to two dress the frame for the Pigeon design and it looks fine now. When I left I got the studio ready for Miss Thistle who was coming to pose for the nude, wrote letters etc. She came at quarter of two and we worked until a little after four. Her hair is longer and much nicer for the picture. I pinned it back at the nape of her neck and it is a great improvement. Found the baby was a little boy is my painting and am getting in some gold and rose buccade in the background all of which improves it a lot. Went home, read the papers and wrote letters in the evening also went over my notes.

Saturday, March 5.

Still no news about the Lindbergh baby. The strain is terrible and the papers full of the chase. Thousands getting telegrams and telephones calls to the house. Hopedwell, N.Y. the little town nearest their house is having a regular boom. A new police station is set up in the Lindbergh's garage with 15 telephones, teletype machines etc. Mrs. Sloan is there with poor Mrs. L. who is suffering more than terribly and can hardly eat and sleep. The whole nation, indeed the whole

world's attention is focussed on the case, every automobile with a baby has been stopped and searched and questioned. 1100 people have been examined and questioned by the police and everything possible is being done. The report is that two other apparently genuine messages have been received by Lindbergh's beside the one found on the nursery window sill but of course their contents are not announced though it is believed the \$50,000 ransom has been demanded. It will be a wonder if poor Mrs. L. does not suffer a serious break down and the baby who is to be born in three months die with all the strain she is under. It is all too cruel. The little boy was a darling from his picture, with curly, yellow hair and looks like her. He was beginning to talk a little. I went down to MacFarland's for a fitting in my Spring coat, then up to the studio and painted in Secretary Lansing's portrait. Am quite pleased with it and think Mrs. Lansing will like it. The rest of the time I went over my book case. Came home for lunch and in the afternoon and did some writing on my book. I came in the evening.

Sunday, March 6.

Worked on my book all the morning, beginning the new parts which aren't very long. After lunch worked up to the studio with Hanna & C. D. for them to see Sec. Lansing's portrait before it goes to Washington. Also showed them MacFarland's and the Pigeon Dancer and the orange tree still-life. They liked them all. Got some N.Y. Sunday papers on the way up to see what they said about the portrait show. Am somewhat pleased with Mrs. Cortissey's review in the Herald-Tribune. He spoke of <sup>at distances</sup> for ages being the outstanding characteristics of the show, mentioned several as examples of the art then said that only a few had the "crowning virtue of composition" - an interest in the pictorial qualities as well - and named Cecilia Beaux, mine of Ad. Taylor and McWitt Lockman. I am delighted that he saw anything and meant to like them because I value his criticisms very much. When we left the studio I went down to the opening of the Independent's Exhibition in the Barn on Beacon Hill. Saw Mrs. Whitman, who has come on from N.Y. to take charge of it. Miss Brewster & Edmund Quincy there. Though the show very dull. The modernistic paintings like the Boninatti Museum has just bought were also shown and I think they are terrible. Home for tea and worked on my book in the evening. Nothing definite yet known of the Lindbergh baby. It is awful. Rogers says the Lindberghs has gotten in touch with two members of the "Underworld" and asked them to be go-betweens.

Monday, March 7.

Too rainy and dark to paint so I telephoned to Mrs. Muntz not to come and went up to the studio and packed Sec. Lansing's portrait to go to Washington. Had two letters from wife from Chicago, ~~putting~~ just into



his trip. He got back to N. Y. yesterday morning. Went down town before lunch to do some errands and after lunch got a mango and went and then next to Alice Lawton's for tea. Stopped in at Elliot O'Hare's exhibition at Wall & Richards and saw him & Mrs. O'H. There. His show is going pretty well. Had a nice chat with Alice Lawton. Home for dinner and we went to see Shamus' play, "Too True to be Good" afterwards. Very amusing and typically Slavonian, but not as good as his others. Rather forced and a bit too obviously trying to be clever in spots. Beatrice Hillier was killing. Hope Williams too amusing. The rest of the cast excellent. Still no news of the Lindbergh baby. Everyone is talking and guessing of it all the time.

Tuesday, March 8.

I heard from both Lilla Rossini's and Anne Bradley's today that they can leave me they wish them in Washington. Will go to Lilla first as Anne needs her spare room will be cold now. Will go on W. Y. Tuesday. Take my car. to Mr. Linder at 10 a.m. and go on to Washington Sunday. Mr. Pinder the Sec. of the State Roosevelt Memorial wrote Win that he had a letter from Lawrence Riley, the president's secretary, giving me permission to make the copy of the Sargent portrait of Roosevelt and saying that as the portrait can <sup>not</sup> leave the White House, the work will have to be done there, which is quite thrilling. I think it will be perfectly all right for me to have this. Sargent used to be Sec. of the portrait and as he is a great friend of Mr. Hoover I may meet Mr. H. and even the president. Anyway it will be awfully interesting to be working there. This morning I painted a good 2½ hrs. on Veronica, mostly on the reflection of her head on figure in the mirror. Got them as the I like it better, but it is some job. Home for lunch with Emma. Wrote letters all the afternoon. Went to the Folk dancing class in the evening. Philip came in for a while to tell us about his trip up to Plymouth last Sunday on the snow train and his day with TB song at the school. Wrote notes that Mr. Parker was elected in Dec., for men, and that the right of the building that W. had given his "painting" to his secretary so he may have the photo. He gave W. his telephone number and address and he is trying to get in touch with her. Still no clue to the Lindbergh baby though the papers report some progress in the negotiations with the Germans.

Wednesday, March 9.

Painted on Veronica again and finished it. I think I have improved it a good deal. Went out to Cambridge to a L. C. lunch at the Faculty Club. (Mr. Freshell's) back to the studio to work brushes, and some down town at Randolph's. My coat which came home yesterday is not right. We complained and I have ordered another which I like much better. We got a knitted dress for me at Radley's to wear in W. in the morning.

In the evening I did some sewing and read the papers. A report got about 12-day that the ship had been returned and the emigration office were more delayed in telegraphic calls than they have been at any time since the sinking of the Lusitania. It was denied, also, in the evening papers.

Thursday, March 10.

I went up to the studio stopping at the house to get my income tax return worn to. I have it sufficient income this year to pay an tax but had to send in the report to that effect. Found Mrs. Bailey waiting for me at the studio. I had written her that I was going to W. on Friday and the studio would be at her disposal but I signed the card yet in Thursday as I would like to see her before I went and wouldn't be leaving any model. I knew she would like to see me and we had a fine time I think just that. I just had to get the studio in order to leave and she insisted upon sweeping up while I packed my paint box etc. I did a few errands before lunch and afterwards went with Emma to the Vincent Club theatricals. They were very entertaining though perhaps a bit too long. Lots of excellent dancing and lovely costumes. Paid bills in the evening. Still no definite news of the L. Italy.

Friday, March 11.

Packed my bags, went out and did a few errands, and took the one o'clock to N.Y. Emma went over to the station with me. Read *Cherchez* in the train by Weizell. Wonderfully picturesque and romantic episode in history and he makes them all so real. Wise met me. Just talked with him & E. in the evening and read over to them parts of my book. Had a cordial note from Mr. Landon that he is expecting me to-morrow so I guess he hasn't changed his mind. Wise has heard nothing from Mr. Parker's secretary. We may have to have the plates made over again. Will try to get a letter to him tomorrow. Wise much encouraged about business. Jim telegraphed and we are lunching with him to-morrow. T.B. didn't come up. He is gone for Saturday, March 12, a dinner for Pres. Hibber, who is coming from Princeton.

Wise & I walked down through the Park to 51<sup>st</sup> street where we stopped in for a minute at the Argyle Galleries of the W.P.T.S. to see an exhibition of flower paintings they are having there in connection with the Garden Show. My Japanese *Lilies* is hung in the show and looks well. From there we took a taxi down 5<sup>th</sup> ave. and Wise dropped me off at 45<sup>th</sup> St. and I went to see Mr. Landon and left my ms. with him. He received me very cordially and we talked over the make up for the book and he will have the engraver see that my Louis portrait at the ~~flower~~ <sup>flower</sup> portrait exhibition and arrange for him to make the color print. Ideas he will have

more new leaf trees and I will get notes from Hoggins, I expect all young Huttons and leave them in the book. We will try a little more to get the plate from Mr. Parker and if we can't he will have them made over again. When I left him I went over to the Grand Central Galleries. My portrait of Dr. Hammond was not hung, B. was still up. I talked to Mr. Nelson and Mr. Wiseman about it and Mr. N. said that frankly he didn't like Dr. H.'s, thought it was not nearly as good as my other things, would never have known it had been painted by the same person. He said he liked B. is very much, that it had been much admired etc. I asked him if he had seen Dr. H.'s in the afternoon where he wouldn't be able to get away far enough to see it properly, it being so large and he and Mr. W. both said they had only seen it in there and they had the man bring it out and agreed that it looked much better in the gallery and Mr. W. liked it and Mr. N. better but still not as much as my others. I think it is because it is painted broadly to hang in a large place, as I told him, and not so "fiscally". Any way I think he really did like it better when he saw it out there and I don't mind much as every one else liked it so much and people have different tastes anyway. When I left the gallery I went to Herri's for lunch with E. & W. & Jim. and E. & W. & I went to the streets afterwards, - a very nice English drawing room usually "David always quiet". We signed it thoroughly, home for dinner and read the biography of Jefferson I gave W. for his birthday afterward - by his cousin the Princess Peter of Bavaria.

Sunday, March 13.

Cold and windy. We took a walk in the park with Dr. & Mrs. E. & W. and went down to the station with me and put me on the train for Washington. I arrived at 5, took a taxi to Lela's and spent the evening talking with her. She has visited my Bobby Jones & the exhibition to be held in Los Angeles next summer in her section with the Olympic games.

Monday, March 14.

A busy day but I accomplished a lot. I called up Lieut. B. at the White House after the breakfast and made an appointment to come there at 10.30 to see when I could make a call making the copy of the large portrait of Roosevelt. Then I wrote to Emma, E. & W. We went out a little before 11, stopped at the T.A., then walked to the White House. Went in the front entrance. The policeman outside wanted to know my name and business and when I



[illegible]

try and get his no. no success yet. Mr. B. and one very nice & close friend  
has been so poor. Went home and read the paper and talked to Leila  
in the evening. Still no nearer a solution of the Lindbergh's baby  
mystery. It is too terrible.

Tuesday, March 15.

I went down to the Concord Gallery early into very  
quite dark and got the portrait in a good light for Mrs. Lansing to see.  
She came a little after 10 and right away said "It's very good"  
and seemed quite moved emotionally, just then, as she must feel it  
is really like him. She had a few little suggestions about color of  
eyes, line of hair on his forehead, and a favorite ruff in  
garment in it. At this point I put a jacket, a vest, a coat, & tie on.  
She also thought it was an excellent likeness and they both left.  
Mrs. L. thanking me with really gratitude in her voice, and she will  
bring some people in Friday morning to see it, the Warrens and some  
others. After they had gone I pointed in the magazine which we left  
with me and was going, stopped in at the office to tell Mrs. Ireland  
I would like to leave it there a few days longer and she told me  
she had just been talking to Leila on the telephone and that she was  
coming down to see a Gifford & Seal exhibition of water colors and  
things and they couldn't see all have been together. When we  
saw Leila coming down to see the portrait first. I think I should  
tell though she said very little, she never does. I can tell better  
when I read what she writes about it in the paper. She had me  
in two very good suggestions, after carefully comparing it with the photo.  
as to position of jaw and light on chin. After lunch I came home  
wrote letters and put down it & at the Mayflower to go to a  
Theater house where Leila had given me two tickets too. We en-  
joyed it, as out of the house I saw it. It was fun going into it and  
the most interesting thing for me.

Wednesday, March 16.

Worked all the morning at the White House, tracing  
the enlarged photo. of the portrait. I stopped in at Woolley the photographer  
on the way down to get the enlargement and he assured me it was just  
the size of the portrait so I told them at the White House when they were  
getting me settled, fixing some boards on benches for me to use for a table  
etc., that I wouldn't need the painting itself until to-morrow as I knew  
it would take me all day to trace it and transfer it. When I came to  
transfer it however I discovered that it was too large for the canvas and

realized that the enlargement must be larger than the painting unless  
 another artist, it being as the artist seemed to be about right. So  
 I went out to lunch, where I got at the lunch counter in the State Lodge.  
 I had to get a first call so that I could measure it up and when I  
 got back asked to have the portrait brought down. I had to wait a  
 little while till Pres. & Mrs. Hoover came out of the dining room and  
 then the head figures and one of the men brought it down and I saw right  
 away that the head and figure were smaller and by measurement the  
 head was  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch smaller. Also when they took the canvas out of the frame  
 it was 2 inches wider and 1 inch longer than said. I sent 15 inches &  
 I had measured it from the frame allowing  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. for the rabbet and  
 the original is in a frame with a very wide rabbet. So I had quite a  
 lot of work to do. I had to have another enlargement made  
 and I had to hold me up another day, waiting to get another canvas which  
 would mean perhaps a day, as the artist's house had to be made. I  
 finally decided that I would copy the portrait while it is in the  
 frame and when I have my copy get a frame with a very narrow  
 rabbet. Then the two pictures will be identical in this size measure-  
 ments. Thus my canvas is all right. As for the enlargement I decided  
 not to have another one made but to trace direct from the portrait as  
 the most accurate method anyway. I had thought I couldn't do that as  
 I was afraid the pressure of the pencil point might make a mark on the  
 paint. But going home in the taxi (about late for Annie's tea) I figured  
 out how I would do it. I will get some celluloid or cellophane and slip  
 it between my tracing paper (luckily I brought plenty) and the painting  
 and to protect it and with my blue ink, paper for tracing, making  
 a good dark rubbing. I am so very, very anxious and hardly left  
 a mark. Annie's tea was very nice, about half a dozen people there  
 including Miss Seymour whose sister brought my portrait a little  
 while years ago. Edna asked us to tea on Sat. Came home, had  
 supper with Lida and went to a lecture on Italian Villas and  
 Gardens by a Mr. Alvarado under the auspices of the Warr. Society  
 of F. I. C. N. M. I. He is forming a society of American Italian  
 Garden lovers to enable Am. tourists who are Garden club members  
 to see little known and visited gardens in Italy. Elliot telegraphed  
 this evening. He is in town on business and we will have lunch to-  
 gether to-morrow. The guards, policeman, servants etc. at the White  
 House are very nice and helpful and interested. A young man is  
 working on a frame in the same room and we get on nicely. I sent



Butter stopped in and also Mr. Lawrence Riley, the Pres. Sec. One of the colored men-servants was with Mr. Stratton. I thought he looked familiar and he recognized me and stopped and had a little chat. He said Morris Parris got him the job by applying to President. Butter but he didn't seem very about it and said he missed not being at Mr. Stratton's. Leila went to N. Y. to fight on the next night for the Victor's meeting of the Am. Fed. of Arts. She will get back Friday night or Sat. a.m.

Thursday, March 17.

I got my carbon paper and chloroform and made a careful tracing of the lead and bands again, in fact the whole thing and transferred it with the carbon paper and it went beautifully. Then I led them into the portrait hall in the parlor and started painting. Met Ellist and Mr. Welford who is with him at the allies and we had a very pleasant lunch. He said he wanted me to paint a portrait of his wife and little girl and gave me her address and I am to send photos, prints etc. and see her when I am on my way south. It looks as if it might come off so Ellist told me he had plenty of money (he got a chance to say a few sentences privately while we were getting our coats on) They took me back to the White House in a taxi and I got a lot more painting done. All day, sailing over I think. All the morning there is a steady stream of visitors who stop in the doorway by the red cord we have put across and say, "I like nothing another one", or "A portrait of Teddy Roosevelt," and the White House staff all show their feeling for T.R. by saying, "Raid the Colonel," "No one like him". One man I think is a house detective brought me a drawing he had made from a photo - that was yesterday when I was in the midst of my measurements and calculations - and wanted to know what was the matter with it. I wanted to say "Everything", but pointed out a few things that were out and told him how he could make off a photo in squares and enlarge it by making off a larger area of the same proportion in similar number of squares etc. I came home about 7, and fully tired but after resting awhile walked over to 18th street to call on Mary Wagon. I knew she probably would be at a concert that evening and was going to visit afternoon but I wanted to make some effort to see her <sup>before</sup> and she came with Mrs. Loring to see the portrait to-morrow. I spent the evening reading and writing letters. Miss W. asked me to dinner and to go to the theatre Sunday night. I got a letter from Mr.

London to-day enclosing the contract at last with his signature and saying to have Bradworth deliver ad-Taylor to the engravers so that they can start work right away. Am so relieved and thrilled that my book is really coming out at last. Letters from E. and Wise. He has gone to Chicago again until Sunday. His day suit is finished was today and because of his fortune and the circumstances of the last years in contrast to his early life there was a lot in the papers about it.

Friday, March 18.

Got down to the Corcoran Gallery early and did a few little things to Sec. Lanning's portrait that I think improved it. Charles & Nancy Warren came a little after 10 and Mrs. Lanning a bit later and they think it is fine and she is delighted with it more even than she was the other day. I was so relieved that I was kind of as much as he is a bit decided and in his opinion to say the least and I don't think really knows anything about painting. We arranged for me to have it photographed to-morrow and for Mrs. Lanning to call for it about noon and I go to the house to see about having it hung at 2 o'clock. So I hope I can wind up the whole job this. I am really quite pleased with it and so glad that she likes it. I left the Corcoran about 11 and went over to the White House and worked on the copy, except for going out to lunch, until I had got the canvas all covered. It is coming finely and I am really enjoying doing it. It is so much more interesting copying work that has such a fine, direct painter-like technique and I think I am going to get real benefit out of studying Sargent's approach. It is really exactly the way I look at things myself and I can remember his mind and eye and had made each stroke. I of course always found at the White House these things remarkable. I hope Mrs. Hoover comes in before I go. I feel says she thinks she will. I get the feeling that the Pres. is not progress with the staff. One man was talking politics with the janitor Sullivan his (in blue overalls) saying he had it my own like Teddy said etc. and a group of the others it was being provided he said. "Can you tell me if it by taking notes" when he was told that he would stay for 2 or 3 hours instead of playing golf and ball etc. but he was still as a matter of fact coming back to the reception. This man doesn't seem at all. It never troubles him". There was no respect in his tone whatever, and evidently Hoover is lacking in personal following and human appeal.

When I left about 4 I went down town to get some comfortable low-backed upholstered sofas as the present floor is awfully tiring. I sent some nice white cards that I can wear next summer, and for the Fall evening class. Then went to a lecture at the Mayflower that Leila had given me a ticket to, on Gothic and Renaissance Cathedrals by Prof. Kleander of Princeton. Rather technical but interesting. Home for supper, wrote letters and read the papers. Leila telegraphed she will be home for breakfast tomorrow morning. I saw the Fitzhughs at the tea room where I went for lunch and they asked me to lunch with them on Monday at Pierres.

Saturday, March 19. Leila got back about 8 o'clock this morning. Pretty well exhausted. Painted all the morning at the White House. My white cardinals are fine. Mrs. Cook Knox stopped in with one of Mrs. Hoover's secretaries, evidently to see some old fans and she asked me again to be sure and send her a photograph of my copy with the facts about it written on the back for the Trick Library. She also wants one of Sec. Lansing's portrait. I went out to the Lotus Eastern for lunch then walked up to Mrs. Lansing, 1328-16<sup>th</sup> and the portrait was there and the man to hang it and arrange the light over it. Mrs. L. and I oversaw the proceeding and I am much pleased with the way it goes with the color scheme of the room and Mrs. L. is very delighted with it and wants me to send her bill for it right away. I will stop in some morning this week and put in a suggestion of a sketch on one of the pages as the date. He was always drawing caricatures of heads and Mrs. L. had several of them there for me to see and she and Charles both thought I ought to suggest one of them on the pages on his desk in the portrait. When we finished I walked home, changed my clothes and took a taxi out to Secretary Stimson's home on Woodley Road to leave a note to Mrs. Stimson. E. had sent me with my card. Then went to tea at Miss Day's in Strickland Court. Home for dinner and went with Leila afterwards to a meeting of the Literary Society at the Washington Arts Club. Mr. Bush-Brown the nigger, gave a lecture on his negro the painter and sculptor H. K. Brown. Lydia B.B. was Mrs. Head there and I was always to meet her. She looks a lot like Estlin Corant. After the lecture when there was general discussion of the subject, Mr. Arnold of the University of the Club presiding, and calling on different people to get up and say something, all of a sudden he called on some young man who had a painting portrait of a man whose



since he would like to leave on H. K. Brown's method of determining his price. This was the amusing statement that he charged \$10 for pretty girls, \$20 for older girls and \$40 for wrinkles which the lecturers had told is about. I got up and just said that I didn't think the method would work now-a-days as lecturers would not desire to be divided into classes. They were all pretty girls and as for wrinkles we didn't paint them even if they were there. Some are laughed out a few clapped and I sat down feeling that I had got out of it very easily. He telegraphed me to-day on his way home from Chicago to congratulate me on getting my contract for my book. He accomplished a lot in Chicago and seemed well pleased with his trip.

Sunday, March 20.

Went to church with Lilla and walked home.

After lunch went out in the street car to the Catholic N. Hill Mission in Brookland where Elizabeth's wife is. The old one of the sisters that one saw at the end of the car line. She wore a long black serge dress with white pique collar and cuffs and a black felt hat. Gets her regular habit (grey) later. She seemed particularly excited about my coming all glad to see me stayed there about an hour, had tea with her and some of the sisters walked around the garden, just laid out as the place is new, and one of another sister drove me in town. She says he is very happy there but I feel her moments of indecision about it and said she hoped she would be sent to India soon as she wasn't so happy about the place there. It is out in the country in a region where there are several Catholic institutions and colleges, although there are woods and open rolling country around them the soil is sandy and yellowed and there are bare sand pits in places which gives a rather bleak aspect to the country, although I suppose it will be better in that respect when the trees and grass are green. She is kept very busy on a strict schedule of housework (she was cook for the first 3 months, she and one other assist in the kitchen, for 17 people) study and prayers and is looking very healthy, more so than when we were last but I feel is still not entirely settled in her mind about it. The lack of real home-making must be the saddest thing about it, having to take the place of all her friends and family. The mission was set for beauty but in reality, and simplicity, of a few plain brown classes of humanity made up of different nationalities, two of the residents were white and one

Another, she says makes <sup>very</sup> interesting. I don't think she would  
 wear off nose and she would feel very lonely sometimes. Of course  
 she was very anxious to hear all about every new news in women.  
 I really felt a sense of relief, of being released from a prison where  
 I got back and don't know how she is going to stand, but can I  
 understand how she can be made herself that this is making the best  
 use of her life in the neighborhood and her brother. I hope she will  
 get a realization and disillusionment and perhaps come to her  
 senses. She did tell me about a few very dear friends, who had  
 settled down on them apparently religiously at the mission  
 and vainly said she hadn't realized that the sort of thing would  
 happen. She has to be a woman and a case of course not to  
 recognize facts in time, I hope. When I got back, Leila's brother  
 Fred & Freddy came to call. Leila & I got our ruggies out  
 and talked in the evening. She is having a rotten time at  
 the office with Mr. Whitney who is doing everything he can to get  
 rid of her, <sup>how</sup> (I guess). It is getting so bad now and getting  
 her health. I wish I could see her. I will, yesterday, she is down here  
 to oversee the placing of the Peck fountain figure in front of the  
 Folger Memorial Shakespeare Library.

Monday, March 21.

Painted on the Roosevelt copy at the White House.  
 It is almost done. One more day on it I think and then I will leave it  
 for a day and go back for a last look. Went out to lunch at Pierre's  
 at Mrs. F. F. F.'s invitation. I find it was evidently a luncheon party  
 12 ladies there and I must have been quite of hours so that on Mrs. F.'s  
 right. Delicious lunch and very nice time. We went up stairs to Mrs. F.'s  
 apartment afterwards. I talked chiefly to a Mrs. B. who knew all  
 the story ladies, then I saw Mr. and Mrs. Poe who has a home at  
 York Harbor for the summer, knows the Harbors and where I should be a  
 first cousin of Jim's friend but not in the picture. After lunch I went back  
 to the White House but it was raining and so dark I wouldn't walk home.  
 Came home, waited for a while, and went out to Miss's for dinner and the  
 theatre. We had dinner in the restaurant downstairs. George didn't  
 go to the theatre with us as he was coming down with a cold. We saw  
 Geo. White's Scandal, rather amusing and not so unpleasantly vulgar as I  
 had expected. Perhaps our seats were way up in the balcony and we  
 couldn't hear some of the jokes as the words of the songs were well seen so  
 perhaps just as well. Leila went out to the hotel she likes for dinner and then

Tuesday, March 22.

Painted on the Roosevelt copy until about four. When I went out for lunch I stopped at the women to get some photos. Miss Mary had left them for me at home to wait to get his photo. Of Sec. Loring's portrait. Very fair. Came home early as I was tired. Read Agnew's biography while Leila came home. She had gotten a new spring coat that didn't fit. Will go in with her Thursday to see about having it fitted. She had Frank Henderson her stenographer come in the evening to take down her art notes for the paper and I read Agnew's biography. There have been terrible tornadoes in the South, lately in Alabama, over 200 people killed and villages destroyed. Dr. Eric Cope's portrait has been accepted at the Academy though I am not sure yet. Had a letter from Buckmaster in which they said they had had the Finnish girl returned and not returning Cope's. But as I hope he can talk. Will send the Finnish girl to the art week in Boston. She is at Gordon's studio in April. Anne Bradley telegraphed and asked me to dinner to-morrow night.

Wednesday, March 23.

Leila went to Richmond to-day; will be back to-morrow. I took my paint box over to Mrs. Loring's and painted in some sketches of heads on the west of pages on the desk in the portrait from some grotesque drawings of Sec. L's. Mrs. L. was there and a friend a Mrs. Valentine or Ballantine, who is staying with her and they were both very enthusiastic about the portrait. There were two little places where it was a bit dark, in the corner of one eye and under the lower lip, but I fixed them with just a touch. Mrs. L. said she would try and get Mrs. Gillette in to see it before 5 o'clock. From there I took a taxi over to Mrs. Gillette's and spent the rest of the morning taking her portrait off the 24x30 stretchers and putting it on a 25x30 so that it would fit the old frame they have it in. Had to get paint down the sides of frame. Luckily there was plenty of canvas left to re-stretch it. They have it hung over the dining-room mantle and it looks very well. Mrs. Gillette came in while I was working and we went to lunch together afterwards at the Parrot at the same time as Mrs. L. and I. Then I went to the White Horse and worked on my copy for a while, taking a tracing of the head in the original and sketching up on it. Will surely be able to finish it to-morrow. Went to the Ticket Office of the Penn. Railroad (between P. & B. & 1<sup>st</sup> St. C.) and got through working and got my ticket to N. Y. Did some errands and came home tired. Found a message from Mary who was asking me



to come over for tea, so I made a hurried change and went over. Mrs. Eopley Amory and three or four other people were. I was so late that they left soon after I got there but I stayed awhile with Mary & Charles. They were very pleasant. I stayed until about 10 o'clock. On the other day all the guests liked it so much. We are trying now to get Mrs. Gilleto to come and see it. Went to the Broadway to dinner and to a movie with Ann & Suzanne afterwards. Suzanne may be married the end of this month. A card from Mrs. Stinson asking me to tea the Thursday, 10.4.\*

I painted in the Roosevelt copy and finished it. I have done absolutely the best I can with it and though it seems to me an excellent copy as far as the likeness goes it is not exactly Sargent's technique and there is a little something about it that makes it more like T.R. than Sargent's is. Several of the people who stopped in the doorway to see it said "The copy is better than the original, looks more like him". And I can not make out what the difference is. Perhaps it is just because the paint is fresher, not mellowed and turned brown the way the Sargent has. I didn't want to copy the back of his head because I knew mine would darken with time and weather, and I thought I ought to allow for it. Anyway I have done the best I can with it and in places the technique is quite Sargentian. Met mine for lunch at the Lotus Restaurant. Went to Leila's office afterwards and then to her with her to see about a coat. After trying on all the coats in the place we finally got one that will do very nicely for her. Then I took a taxi to the White House, got my paint box and belongings, came home, dressed and went out to Mrs. Stinson's for tea at "Woodley" the lovely old house they live in on Woodley Road. Two other ladies were, Mrs. Parnallee, a neighbor of Mrs. D. and a Mrs. Boston whose son is in the consular service in Australia. A very pleasant time around this tea table. Mrs. D. is charming. The conversation was mostly about the Lindbergh kidnapping (nothing discovered yet) and the prevalence of crime and lawlessness and what to do about it. Mrs. D. didn't mention my feelings of course I didn't say anything about it. Mrs. T. & her brought me home. She is a friend of Mrs. Stinson who put it to you. I suggested a quiet evening with Leila. Her son came to see Leila is leaving some gain and his infant and presence in the region of the West and I don't like the sound of it. The Mr. Stinson's things are ragged out of the things for lack of good time and serious attention as his indicated by both women, we don't know what to do with her system generally. I heard of Mrs. Gilleto and don't know when to come.

Friday, March 25.

Spent the morning, going in a leisurely way, with  
to meet at 10.30 were out to the same laundry to be mended & a  
gift to make a nice quilted, then to Mrs. Gilbert. She was very  
cordial, showed me the portrait of her mother & she will send me  
one of her father to be a note to (size 22x28) and a lot of recent  
photos. of famous people in diplomatic and official life, friends of  
hers and Mrs. Gilbert's. - mostly large portraits. She will not  
leave the portrait done at present however. Has been sick, troubles  
with her eyes and nervous breakdown and doesn't feel she can afford it  
at present. Walked home and got a taxi and went for my train.  
Not feeling very well as I have the beginnings of a cold, sniffle  
& sneezing, a cough and tickle in my throat and feel generally  
rotten. Gen. Harding & Mrs. were across the aisle from me in the  
train. Had quite a talk with Gen. H. about his painting etc. Will  
meet me. Sat round at hotel and went to bed rather early as I felt  
rotten. I have gotten the invitation to the Academy private view  
no longer. It is to be held all night and will called him up and asked  
him to dinner with us to - morning as go to the Triangle and also  
arranged to send B. & Jim to - morning morning.

Saturday, March 26.

Mr. Parker's secretary, Miss <sup>Eileen</sup> ~~Frances~~ <sup>Johnson</sup>  
brought in the half-tone plates for the illustrations for my book  
last night. We had succeeded in getting in time with a bit late.  
She lives at 4502 - Langston Ave. N. Y. C. Oliver 2-8311  
The delay in getting from me was simply because she had waited to  
hear from Mr. P. before writing. She is very patient and we will get it  
later. She said Mr. P. was in the South trying to get an adoption of  
one of his school books. When I can get the list of books she ordered  
me, both in advance I will have cleared up the whole thing, now. Will  
& I took the plates down to Mr. Landon after breakfast and I arranged with  
him to go over to have a look at ad. Taylor's portrait to see if it needs  
varnishing or any thing before it is reproduced in color, on Sun. & Mrs. I  
felt too rotten to do it 15-day. Met B. & G. at 10.30 third in dress  
with B. for a while then went up to the Academy. Capt. Bob. is here  
in the with gallery, not in the room, but opposite the door and  
in a small room. Saw Charles B. Steiger, there and he introduced me to  
several of the artists - Harry Hoffman, Elvyn Warner, Prellwitz etc.  
So many old academicians wandering around it was rather de-

pressing and I didn't think the show was anywhere good. Perhaps it was because I felt rotten with my cold. Took a bus down to Lord & Taylors and tried on a few more dresses as I feel I must get one to wear with my Spring coat. met B. & J. & E. & wife and Capt. B. for lunch at the Belmore and E. & W. & Capt. B. & I went to the academy afterwards. J. & B. lost tickets for the theatre and couldn't come. I am going down to Princeton on Monday, 4.10 train & B. will meet me. The academy private view was rather fun except that I felt as rotten. I saw the Grey-Hustons there and Capt. B. saw lots of people he knew. He was thrilled about his portrait. Home to lie down before dinner and most of the evening.

Sunday, March 27.

Stayed in the house all day, lying on the sofa and organizing my books. Had a sub-normal temp. Began to feel much better after lunch and almost all right by bed time. My throat got no much better but I read aloud in the evening. The biography of affairs by Prince's Peers of Bavaria. Julie Sturgis and her sister, (Mrs. Scott) and Alice Schmeigle are coming to lunch tomorrow. Wrote to Sheila and Katherine (to ask if she could leave me Wed. & Thurs.) and to the Security Storage in Wash. & read the Roosevelt copy to B. instead of J. & J.

Monday, March 28.

Felt a good deal better this morning but still not quite all right. Wife took me in a taxi with my paint box to the Powers Reproducing Corp. 205 W. 39<sup>th</sup> where I was to meet Mr. London at 10 to see if Mr. Taylor's portrait needed varnishing before they reproduced it for the frontispiece of my book. The people there were very nice taking pains to get the portrait where I could work on it and I put quite a lot of retouching varnish on it and experimented with the photographs in getting the light right when we put it in front of the camera. They do very good work and I guess will get as good a color reproduction as any one could expect. The I walked over to 5<sup>th</sup> ave. and looked for dresses until it was time to go up to 145 Central P.W. to get my bag packed for Princeton and get ready for the luncheon party. Mr. London insisted on taking my paint box along and sending it up by a boy. The luncheon party was very nice. Julie Sturgis and her sister Mrs. Scott and Alice Schmeigle. After they left I went for my train. E. went down with me to see me off. B. met me. A high wind was blowing and the misty looked quite bleak and dreary. Found a lady for my fur Hilberg's. Thinking it all home being in their selfish world. This place is about 3 miles across the country from J. & B.'s. There have been some pretty hard



quising clues and development later, if we can judge from the papers that the body has not yet been returned or even located definitely. I am in great good fire with J. & B. today all the evening. Elliot called me up to wife of David came over to Phila. Wed. instead of Tuesday as I planned so to thought he would arrange to have Mr. Wieford lunch with us then and take drive the portrait.

Tuesday, March 29.

Wrote some letters after breakfast and went out for a while with Brookline over to the farm and did some digging up of the red around some jaguils. After lunch sat and read the paper, went out and fixed some gossies in the red frame and arranged them for dinner to - signed about 4 P.M. & J. were in to Princeton for tea at the Present Way club where B. had invited six ladies to meet me. Miss MacArthur was having the private view of her exhibition of painting that the same afternoon, as I saw her too. The dinner party in the evening was quite entertaining. Mr. & Mrs. Van der Spelt, Mr. Prestis, J. B. & J. were the party. I still feel rotten with my cold so couldn't take much but being so small the conversation was general anyway, and I seemed better. They discussed Princeton affairs, Pres. Hilders and a possible mission, and a meeting, a sort of religious revival. Since those friends of mine had a dance up in P. - apparently the latest fad, rock the garden etc. thing, an old song.

Wednesday, March 30.

B. drove me to Princeton Junction and I took the train for Philadelphia stopping at Trenton. K. met me at the Broad Street Station and we did a few errands, got lunch, and drove out to Merion for me to take to Mrs. Wieford about a portrait. I showed her and her mother Mrs. I sent my album, looked over rooms where we might paint it (the only possible one is a spare room, rather crowded quarters and not very good light) saw the children, the little girl, aged 5, is probably the one to be painted (pretty light hair, and blue eyes with dark circles, but a turn-up nose and admirably looking nose.) Mrs. W. is nice looking but not willing to paint. The home comfortable and up to date but is small evidence of much cultural background. She liked my things very much, would want it done this spring but is afraid my price is too high. I told her 1500 for the two in one portrait. I left the album with her to show her mother and K. & I drove to the children's school and got cream and drove home. Then went to the parish room of the church where the stage

was out for the dress rehearsal of three plays. K. & E.'s dramatic club is giving and they are overseeing. We fixed some stage room on a window in the o'cessary and went home for supper. Judy came with us. After getting the children to bed we went back for the dress rehearsal. Elwell coming straight there from Phila. as he didn't have time to come home for supper. The plays were not very interesting in themselves and rather amateurishly acted things some of the best things were good as the first play was quite well done. The third, written by one of the members of the club was quite amateurish. Anna Porter was here, better than I expected after Talbot's death. I am going to see her tomorrow after we go to see little Katherine's baby have his bath.

Thursday, March 31.

Katherine and I were just about to go over to see the Stable baby have his bath and call on Anna Porter when the telephone rang and it was C. V. telegraphing from Boston that Emma was seriously sick with bronchial pneumonia. It is now Sunday and I haven't had time to write in this since the last few days have been so full and so anxious. C. V. and she had been in bed, also since Tues. having had a cough and cold a few days before that. Then, right at dinner time her temp. suddenly went up to 104°. It had been 101 in the a.m. and Dr. Barry had seen her and said just to stay in bed and take care of herself but he evidently did not expect pneumonia then as he went over for dinner only saying he would call up his name later to see if there were any messages and poor C. V. had a terribly anxious evening trying to locate him and waiting for him to telephone. When they finally got in touch he came right over and sent a nurse and arranged for a day nurse to come in the morning. Emma's temp. had gone down and she was a little better in the morning, Wed. was Wed. and C. V. wrote to K. & me and T. B. rather optimistically, which letters we had not received when he telegraphed Thurs. when he died because she had been so weak and prostrated after he wrote that Dr. W. thought he had better just see at least, so I was coming over anyway, to see him. K. wanted to go too and we gathered our things and made arrangements to see little K. & Anna Porter about the divorce, called up Jim at Princeton (B. J. knew was in N. Y. for the day) and he got T. B. at his desk and told her we would enter suit. Her at the T. B. and in N. Y. at one o'clock or thereabouts by then. We caught a 10.45 train from Trenton, little K. driving over with us to take the car back (he is a fine kid, out of character and a good head) and we got up to N. Y. at one.

We called up B. from the others and she said that Maurice Jim had called up B. and talked to C.V. and the Drs. and they both thought that it might be better to have K. come on, as B. had decided she wouldn't. So ~~that~~ I ~~called~~ called up W. again, I had telegraphed him from K.'s and C. had had what things I had left at 145 percent and I caught the train down to the Grand Central and we met them for lunch at the Belmont & K. called up C.V. and decided not to go on for the present. They put her in the 3 o'clock and K. wrote the night with E. & W. and I arranged to call her up in the evening after I got home. C.V. met me, quite on edge, for or was, and said I shouldn't have anybody to help take charge. Dr. B. came down after I got to the apartment. I saw Maurice for a few minutes. She was fine - even the fear, giggled up in giggles and laughter, but more definitely and with giggles in her chest but her heart was strong and she was perfectly natural and wanted to know about my trip etc. and the nurse said had taken quite a bit of liquid nourishment. The general feeling was that she was holding her own very well. I went out to the Riverside to call up Katharine at E. & W.'s and arranged to call them again in the morning as K. would decide whether to come on or go ~~to~~ home to Townsend. The night nurse Mrs. Lullen came about 9. The day nurse's name is Miss Davis and they are both excellent. Mrs. Lullen I like a little better, because he is kinder, more careful about shutting doors etc. Helen had been sleeping on apparently with the housekeeping etc. I didn't sleep much of course that night as Maurice was very restless, and her breathing was not terrible. The nurse was right in the job except the note and I knew there was nothing I could do as I didn't get up, but I was more or less unconscious of her all night and C.V. didn't sleep much either.

Friday, August 1.

Maurice seemed better this morning in spite of her uncomfortable night. Her temp. was a little lower and her pulse still strong. She was looking all right. The fact we was finding the hindering baby, but as I say she seemed better at breakfast time. Nevertheless the Drs. was not as satisfied as we, said that there was no oxygen that was especially bad but yet he did not quite like the general look of things and that he would like to call in Dr. Fitz in consultation and is evidently after I forget to and for the others and I felt that but not but ~~know~~ <sup>mean</sup> know that they were hard. I decided to wait to telephone them until after Dr. Fitz had seen us or to give them his report. It was 12.10 when I heard that Dr. B. had said that he thought I had better get the nurse, I stopped by all



day of course right for a trip to the drug store and to telephone K. and to Mary from the Washburn. Have to go out to telephone as it is right near her door here. C.B. came home for a while in the middle of the day and we sat in my room. I got my check-book balanced, bills paid and a lot of letters written. When I telephoned K. at 7.15 she said she would come right as the right. Tommy said she would take a train in the middle of the day next day and I was to give her the latest report in the morning and Brookman said she would take it over with Jim and telephone K. and decide whether to come or not. A little quieter right as they gave her orders. Dr. Fitz was somewhat reassuring. He said he didn't think she was as sick as he expected from what George & Mary said and they both decided that she was holding her own wonderfully. Have called up wire sight and arrangements. He has no doubt and even at the margin. They were in the way they rallied round in N.Y. E. has a touch of gripe and they had to give up a visit from Hoge they had planned. To Mr. C.B. & I slept a little more to right though I got up three or four times to see the chart, speak to the nurse in the hall etc. She is wondering in her mind but seems happy and comfortable and says some interesting things.

Saturday, April 2.

C.B. & I were back up a little after ten and to meet to the station to meet Katherine, but she took another train from the one we expected and we thought she hadn't come when we turned up where I was in the visitors doing the housekeeping with Helen. She came straight to the apt. and went up and by the elevator boy and down behind some door and she came in as yet by passage's door without her things in the mirror. She is so tight up in her mind now it would only confuse her to see K. She is a little better this morning. Temp. a little lower, pulse still strong. Chart cleared up a little and she seems stronger. Tommy arrived about 11. I telephoned her (K. & I went over to the Washburn to get a room for her) and found she had left on a 7.30 train. We talked to Brookman and she said she was coming on in the one o'clock. K. & Tommy & I sat in my room having something etc. C.B. came home for lunch and joined us. The Drs. came about 2. Thomas is a little better but will have an operation here to be on the safe side. Hanna is always delighted to see him or she loves him so much but it worries her when to have him here as often and when she spoke of it to him he said jokingly "Don't you like to see me?" I said "Yes, but I'm waiting for the first of next month." which amused him and was rational enough. When he said you can see that, he said "I am but my knees aren't so strong as when I did my famous gymnastics." I was

in the room with them at the time and it was funny, when I told the others ~~that~~ of course they thought it was sailing. B. stresses as her remedy is to not quite so bad <sup>not</sup> after we all feel under the same pressure. Her heart is as strong as ever. is coming down gradually. The worst of it is that you never know what sudden change may occur but it is absolutely no use to let yourself think of ~~the future~~ <sup>the</sup>. I ~~wondered~~ <sup>thought</sup> of this. On the way home to Hong Kong from a realization of what it would mean if she should just stop. The day day to do was just not to think of that kind of it as any material aspect of the situation. B. & K. arrived at 6. We all there. K. & B. & I. tried to meet B. at the Black Bay but made a mistake of calculation of time and getting home late - when I had 2 stopped down a right ~~and~~ and missed her by a few minutes. She had just straight to the Mendon where K. found her and they both came over for dinner. B. & I. slept in the window seat in my room. C. B. in her room & K. & B. have a room together at the Mendon. There is no loss of the slightest suggestion they are here and they may even go back when we are out of danger. I am a little better now so she will be a week or so but it is not for her to see them. We all felt distinctly encouraged about her tonight. I went over with K. & B. and called up E. & W. to report and sent a wire to E. & W. in answer to one she had sent. I stopped in at the Tule for a minute this P. M. when I was out getting the tea - when I telephoned Roy. He was not to come to the - ~~room~~. He is well again but may be able to give in the week days as he isn't sure whether he will be strong enough to take on his job regularly. Got a cheque and a very nice letter from Mrs. Lanning. The party is an unqualified success - also stopped in at Moss for minute with K. this morning so they had winter one that <sup>the</sup> want to take leave for a longer stay from my leave. Told them I wouldn't want to be in a few days when B. & K. was better. She is now in perfectly rational. Leaves me about the P. M. at the academy and about Roy. Lanning, saying "all these things are right. You have to make things happen or believe them. But the next time she will be way off again, as being disappointed person etc. She insisted on getting on her feet and red dress and earrings to - day so of course we let her, and I got her a little pink woolly hat - jacket which she is quite pleased with. She ~~enriched~~ <sup>enriched</sup> C. B. one time and thought she would be passing when I had been out at last as she had been out. I didn't look for her. She said what day you were to go for me and "I haven't been packing" and she said "Well, that's something". And she keeps



asking the nurse how are is. and when I asked her if she like him, she said she very kind she liked was what they leave at the corner store made with eggs, which I guess amused us as he especially likes that. The nurses are crazy about her. He is so sweet and amiable. To-night was about the same, though I think I slept a little more and C. V. did. TB very kind he was perfectly comfortable on my window seat. Mamma was very excited and they had to give her several injections of morphine - I think,  $\frac{1}{8}$  of a grain at a time. He is taking liquid nourishment very well, drinking lots of water and was very uncomfortable <sup>all</sup> night from bladder irritation which Dr. Barry does not seem to think serious.

Sunday, April 3.

I got Helen to come at the same time as on week days this morning as the day nurse arrives at 8 and I know we would all be up early and wait breakfast. The Drs. came about 9, thinks he is looking her over and that every day gotten through is that much to the good. I went over to the Hotel to telephone E. & W. and to tell K. & TB how she was. They were at breakfast. I got some N. Y. Sunday papers as I thought the Academy would be written up and it was. Mr. Conroy in the Herald Tribune mentioned my portrait of Bob Bartlett as among the portrait in "more substantial vein" as "greatest likeness" and it is reproduced in the N. Y. Times Photographic section. I went back to the garden almost immediately as C. V. & I are the only one who camp in Mamma's room if she wants anything while the day nurse, Miss Quinn, is getting something ready for her to eat in the kitchen. K. & TB came over later and we all sat in my room, and revised, read the papers etc. They came in quietly and slipped by Mamma's door when it is shut and we keep the door of my room shut and the dining room door while we are all at meals. They stayed for lunch but not for supper as Susan gets rattled when there are many to wait on. C. V. had a friend of Helen's in to help her last night and to-day and I am getting on nicely with the housekeeping. Helen is such a comfort so steady and sensible. K. went out to see the Chardlers, TB very to Mrs. Gray's and in the evening they all went up to the Honaness for a while. I went over to telephone to W. and read a night letter to E. W. The report is better though Mamma is more & more delirious and the bladder trouble is worse. Still her temp. is lower and her pulse still strong as the lungs clearing up. So K. & TB. have decided that if the report is good in the morning they will go back to - tomorrow. K. has to get back as Elliot wants to go off on a business trip and TB left Jim worried about his stock market investments and wants to get back to him. It would be too bad not to let Mamma see them at all but really the wisest thing as it would just puzzle and excite her to see them now.





She got more excited when they were trying to get her settled for the night so they gave her an injection of morphine but it only made her worse and at 10 Miss Cullen called up George Deary and he went to give her luminal and C.V. went out and got more but she hardly quieted down all night. Her temp. went down however almost to normal so it can't be the fever and it went lower than the morphine that excited her so. She got a little sleep about an hour at a time two or three times during the night but had to leave the bed pan almost every 15 minutes and talked incessantly.

Tuesday, April 5.

Quieter but very weak this morning. Still wandering in  
her mind. Slept most of the morning however and the Dr. much pleased  
with her when he came. Temp. almost normal. Bony went out to do some  
errands, come back and got her bag and went for the one o'clock train for  
~~Holderness~~ <sup>Plymouth</sup>. She was as much quieter during the afternoon that I lay down  
for a while and went to sleep and so did C.V. Such a relief to have her better  
and apparently out of danger. I feel all in thrall with the reaction. Went out  
for a little while in the afternoon to take the label for my picture for the  
Jordan Marsh Store (the Finnish Girl) to Mr. T. B. Rice, who was going to replace  
the broken piece of stretcher, but decided it didn't need it. Stopped in at Rose's  
to explain to Mr. Thompson why I hadn't been able to do anything about  
making plans for my show. There is plenty of time. He got mixed in the dates  
and thought my time was in April which is why he wrote. Went out again  
after dinner to the Randome to call up Bony and read a right letter to  
K. & Brookzie. So relieved and feel <sup>now</sup> ~~decide~~ have a fine right to right.  
They are going to try anything. Still talks rationally but remembers that  
certain books were due to go back to the library and asked C.V. to return them.

Wednesday, April 6.

Not a good night last night - after all. She wriggled so badly and talked wildly and tried to get out of bed several times. The night nurse ~~and~~, in spite of amylob and codine, I was up several times and so was C.B. but of course there was nothing we could do. The poor night nurse was upset anyway because she had just had word that her brother was dying and she had to go of course. So this ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> her last night on the case and when George & Mary came this morning and heard what a distressing time we had had and that Emma tried to get out of bed he arranged for two nurses to come to-night. She was much quieter during the day, slept a good deal, with occasional spasms of coughing but is still very excited up in her head. ~~Thinking~~ He is in Egypt with "all these furniture" and had an awful dream of "them all" coming at his wife's bed post and hitting her over the head with them, due of course to the uncomfortable

[illegible]





seemed so much better that when we had a cup of tea and were given  
 food and butter at C.D. C.O. and I went in and sat with her while she  
 ate it. She wanted to know what the news was and what had happened  
 in the world while she had been sick and gave a sigh and a weak smile  
 and said "this is so nice", meaning our being there while she had tea and felt  
 better, and I thought how near it came to never having been again and  
 it got me a little but I didn't show it I think. She is so sweet and  
 God I'll just show her now how much I love her and we'll do lots  
 of things together. She was so sick of the rumps they have been giving her  
 and I suggested some aspirins so that we were having <sup>the</sup> dinner and  
 she liked the idea and had some but was so weak I had to feed her.  
 She said "good" and really enjoyed it and it is a great thing to have her  
 begining to think about food, though she still has a little thing <sup>100<sup>th</sup> right</sup> ~~right~~  
 can't really have certain things. She says she wants a steak and a baked  
 potato to-morrow but the nurse says not. She is only to have one  
 ounce to-night. She protested to "George" about the tea and they really  
 don't necessary now that she's perfectly rational. I went down town  
 in the morning to get her another bed jacket and in the afternoon to  
 order a hair cut. Mrs. Piers and yet some notes for her from Will as  
 she is able to take in flowers now. I stopped in at Mrs. Agnew's who  
 had telegraphed about her, having just heard from Mrs. West that she  
 was sick, and sent letters to K., Tony, & E. & W. giving the latest report.  
 I have the funniest feeling when I go out. I feel as if I were in weakness  
 which I suppose is nerve or reaction from the strain and which is rather  
 pleasurable into its sense of relief and relaxation - that and as if I had  
 been in another world and had was working around here like a disem-  
 bodied spirit. I suppose because I have been so entirely removed  
 from my ~~outside~~ <sup>outside</sup> thought or ~~inside~~ <sup>except</sup> ~~from~~ <sup>from</sup> her and her condition  
 and the job of running things at home and reading with letters and telegrams  
 I had to. God, I am a nervous wreck! ~~I~~ I suppose it must happen  
 some day but not yet - she ought to have 10 more years at least  
 and I'll do my darndest to make them happy ones. Mary Jeanette to-  
 night and we will finish in early. I got a lot of bills paid this afternoon and  
 others written and can read now. I don't keep my mind on a book before a new  
 one. I am glad of the paper which was so nice.

Not quite so quiet a night as we had hoped. She had  
 some bad coughing spells and is complaining of pain in her right side and  
 throats to the back. A hot water bag relieved it a little however and she is  
 entirely rational and more like herself though terribly weak and suffering. When  
 the Dr. came at 9 he said her condition was about the same and that the



gain was only muscular, that it wouldn't yield to hot water bath if it was pleurisy. I went up to the studio in the morning to get photos. of the French Girl which is being shown at the Jordan Marsh exhibition for one week in Boston which goes to -morrow. Mrs. Bailey not in the studio though Mr. Wilson says she is still coming off on on. Had thought I might possibly paint in my Pipe again to -morrow morning if she was distinctly better, but decided I was too old in to do good work. C. B. came home for lunch at the rest of the day. Mamma had part of a baked potato with a turkey beef juice on it, some apart of a slice of trim garden bread and butter and tea for lunch and coffee and muffin for breakfast and egg and orange juice during the morning. She is extremely weak and yet most of the time won't let us feed her. While we try to eat her potato the gain got no much worse and her breath as short that I called up the Dr. and he came around and put his stethoscope on her again at this time could hear that she was pleurisy. He says it frequently develops from this type of pneumonia and ~~may~~ clear itself up meanwhile he will keep her down as that she can stand the terrible gain. We gave her codliver right away and it made her comfortable so that she slept most of the afternoon and her morale was better when we woke and she had a cup of soup; milk bone and tea. The Dr. said to give her an injection of morphine if the codliver didn't work but thought that that at intervals during the night would enable her to sleep, which it did, and in spite of this awful gain when she is so weak she seems to be better. Her temp. is almost normal  $99^{\circ}$  about 5 and lower at 9 and her general morale better. I went down to Josie's about 4 to take the photo. of the French Girl, which is well hung but looks very fairly well. I don't think the light in the gallery is very becoming to any of the pictures. A peaceful night except for two or three wailing appeals and times when the gain got worse and she had to take codliver again.

Sunday, April 10.

Mamma still in gain most of the time from the pleurisy but her temp. stays down as Dr. Wilson thinks the condition can not be serious and that it will clear up before as much fluid collects that he has to draw it off. She seems better, more interested in things and I decided to go to the Private View of the exhibition at Jordan Marsh so as to tell her a little about it and because I know it would please her to know I had been. A telegram from Wire told a. m. asking me to call them up this P. m. or evening. They got back from Chicago today. Went out after lunch to telephone but they were not there. Got them later in the evening and they had been to Mrs. Robinson's for lunch. E. returned to Royal Academy she are critic and League of importance of Cape. Bch. in the academy as a perfectly convincing portrait. So glad he liked it. Saw a lot of people I knew, mostly artists at the Private



view, also the Townsends who were very sympathetic about Mamma. Two or three people told me they liked my Financier quite much. Mamma somewhat better but had some bad coughing spells in the night. Slept from 2.30 to 6 hours.  
Sunday, April 11.

Pouring rain. Mamma a little better. Pleurisy has left right side and gone to left but pain is not so acute, and though still terribly weak she is more lively herself every time I see her. I went out in the morning to get birthday presents for Peter - coins and a book - and some flowers for Mamma from Eliz. Mrs. Townsend sent some calendars in the P.M. She is able to enjoy them a little now but is still asleep into the day so is in pain. I struggle sometimes. She opens her eyes and looks at them. C.W. came home for lunch and stayed all the P.M. I went out again in the P.M. to Woods' to take the list for my catalogue. Will have left Bob's portrait on the cover and go over again on Wed. to talk to their men who care about their catalogues and publicity. Mrs. Thompson gave me the name of some people who may want their children painted. Mamma much quieter and more comfortable, less coughing. So eating a little more. Temp. very 99<sup>4</sup> to night. I sent postal cards with reports to K. B. & B. Sat in my room with C.W. reading and writing titles under photos. in my album of trip to Italy and No. Africa. Thing much more peaceful. Valant Charles stopped in to see how Mamma was. Sat. eve. all Mrs. Emory and her maid came every morning to ask Helen in the kitchen. Feel the things are getting back to normal. Such a relief.

Tuesday, April 12.

A very quiet night last night. I was only up twice and found everything serene. Mamma coughing hardly at all and though moaning in her sleep evidently kept quiet by the drug. <sup>at the nurse said slept 9 1/2 hrs. in all.</sup> She felt much better this morning and George says the lungs are clearing up. He told her to-day what she had told me and she was delighted to know there had been cause for her feeling as well. She told me "It was hundred pneumonia and pleurisy" and waved her hand feebly for hurry! "Now you can tell people I had more than just a cold." But of course she won't know for a long time how sick she's been as that the others all came on still raining and dark this morning. Poor Lindbergh. Has paid a ransom of \$50,000 and the baby has not been returned. Some slip-up is to have been "double-crossed". He has given out the number of the bills in the ransom money and they are in all the banks and newspapers in an attempt to trace the people. It seems the most of the arrangements were made through a Dr. J.T. Condon of N.Y. City who carried on a wiretapping through ads. in a Bronx paper signed Gophie and others as I's agent - that is if you can believe the papers. It does not seem as if it could be just someone tricking them as the messages Dr. C. received were signed with the

some symbol as the note left in the baby's crib and there have been other means of identification but no baby was found in a boat near Mattain's ~~Boat~~ and as they said would be 2 hrs. after they had received the money. The paper this morning says that a woman started to pay for some things in a bakery in Greenwich Ct. with a \$20 bill <sup>the serial number of</sup> which the proprietress recognized as one of the Leslieburg's bills and that when the proprietress exclaimed, the woman grabbed the money and fled and they have only a description of her and her clothes to go by. It may be only another of the many newspaper stories. I wrote letters all the morning. C.B. came home for lunch and stayed the rest of the day. Mr. Horner called me up from Rose's and wanted me to come over to make plans for the catalogue, book stock etc. to show me. So I went and we decided to have the Pige Hags on the cover as I will have to hurry up and finish it in time to have it photographed and the cut made before the catalogue are sent out. Emma is as much better (slept quietly all the afternoon) that I think I can get on now. So I called up Major Carson and he will go to Norway, no thing begin to come back to Norway again. When Dr. Henry came at 6 he said Emma was getting on finely as all is well. Mrs. Townsend sent flowers yesterday and Mr. & Mrs. T. urged to-day. Read the Grand Duke Alexander's biography in the evening. Tremendously interesting and makes the Russian situation leading up to the Revolution so clear.

Wednesday, April 13.

Emma had a quiet night. Got the housekeeping done and up to the studio at 10. Major Carson arrived soon after and changed to his uniform while I tried to get Mrs. Bailey on the telephone to tell her I was going to use the studio. Finally got her daughter later in the a.m. She said she had not been in since April 1. gave the studio up then as that's O.K. and I suppose she will come in for the few things she has left. I also called up Mrs. Rose and arranged to meet her at the Galleries to-morrow at 3 to talk over plans for the tea in connection with my exhibition. Helped "Jock" get into his plaid. He allowed me how to please it and wind him up in it and we painted till 12.30. It is coming all right I think but still has a lot of work in it. All will be well if he doesn't get a job as carpenter at Scammon's College that he is writing for, right away. He left his things at the studio and will come again to-morrow. Walked home for lunch. Emma much better but of course still weak and still has creeping sores. George is satisfied with her progress though. After lunch I went over to Rose's to see a lay-out for my catalogue that Mr. Horner called me up about. It will be O.K. I think. Then I went to the studio to wash my brushes and study my things so as to get an idea of what I want to do to them. Home about 5.30. Read the Russian Grand Duke book in the evening and finished it. Emma is much better to-night. Letters from K. & Tommy and Will and E. to-day. B. will go to Atlantic on Thurs. for Convention of Garden Club.

Thursday, April 14.

Mannered ~~two~~ or three bad creeping agues but on the whole a good night and feels better and is a little stronger. So much so that Dr. Denny may come once to-day, telegraphing in the P.M. to see how she was. We are beginning to tell her some of the things she said in her wanderings but won't tell her for now time that the others come on. She is beginning to realize how nice she has been. I got the housekeeping done, plants watered, flowers fixed with fresh water, beds made and up to the studio at 10. Got quite a lot more done on the Pigeon signs and he hasn't got a job yet as it looks as if he could go right along till I finish it which is fine. Home for lunch. Out again to see Mrs. Rose about the place for my tea. She will take charge and I shall probably have a caterer named Fortes that we had had before. Up to the studio again to wash my brushes. Home for dinner. Read and wrote letters. Had Saxon. Day late to finish the ivory. I didn't put in anything of mine for the week and will have to wash mine myself but the nurses use on many towels and sheets and pillowcases that we had all we could do of those, though we do send the sheets to the laundry. Everything is going very smoothly however with the housekeeping. Emma had some lovely flowers to-day from Mrs. & Mrs. A.V. Birney and Mrs. Small. Yesterday <sup>John</sup> Mrs. & Mrs. Burgess.

Friday, April 15.

Emma is getting on finely. She has some bad creeping agues, especially at night but is perfectly comfortable in between times. I got up to the studio at 10 and painted on the Pigeon signs. Mrs. Bailey came in about 12.15 and a girl who wanted me to take advertising space in a program for the Wisconsin Dance school ritual, which comes off about a week before my show opens. I took \$6 worth. Home for lunch. I stayed at home all the afternoon going over and revising the list for my show. Telegraphed to Voss to find out why the envelopes have not come. V is telegraphing asking me to call them up this evening. Did so about 7. All going well. Mr. London had called him up to ask what had become of me as I had expected to stop in and see him in N.Y. before I came home. He is making the proof of ad. Taylor's portrait for the magazine, and can not start leaving the book out until he gets the two additional photos for the book. Will try and see Mr. Hopkins to-day and probably go on to N.Y. the last of the month to get one from Deffert and for the chairman. Dr. Hammond wants to give me at the artistic club. Emma had more flowers to-day some from Miss Gray.



Saturday, April 16.

Was a little late getting up to the studios this morning because, being Saturday, I had to plan the meals etc. for two days but the men were there all ready to be helped into his chair, which we place, each holding one end of it (it reaches way across the studio) and then I held my end and stood firm and he turns around and leans forward pulling against it as he wraps it around his body unless we can then I fix it and pin it on his left shoulder and the long and long way down behind. He is so tall I can only just reach to pin it on his shoulder and father his shoulder strap over it and he always says "Don't you want a rein to stand on, Miss Brown?" I got along nicely with the painting to-day and am quite pleased with it. I think it is going to be all right and have just the striking effect I wanted. It is so nice to get in so much detail and get it right or of course it has to be and yet keep it broadly painted and unified in effect. He is coming more more for a last look at it Sunday and then I will have it photographed. Went home for lunch and afterwards went on the hunt for birthday presents for Bob. Tried Sears Roebuck first for a cowboy or policeman suit. He has andadies one that he loves and I thought he might like another, the luck and the air was terrific there, so stuffy. Got a little lunch into an outboard motor for him from one. Then went down to R. W. White and found the policeman suit and got it for \$20.00 + C. O. to give him. Then again and dressed to go to the Townsends for dinner. A girl named Barbara Wood was there. Her father is an engineer in Russia, one of the Americans captured for by the Soviet gov. to help get the machines going for the 5 year plan. Came home early, mamma much better. Had a very peaceful day. Slept most of the time, though her cough still bothers her sometimes and she still has a little temp. at night. The color proof of Ad. Taylor's portrait came out - it is fine. A bit too yellow but in the whole I am  
Sunday, April 17. much pleased with it.

A very quiet night. Mamma slept from 1 o'clock to 6 and feels no more better. Stayed at home all day, wrote letters, washing and ironing some of my underclothes that I haven't got in the wash because I used to have so many towels, pillow cases and nightgowns for mamma to do. Did a lot of addressing of envelopes for my list. C. O. helped me and we got it almost half done. Dr. Deary thinks mamma will be able to do without a night nurse after two more nights. Being telegraphed this evening to get the latest report.

Monday, April 18.

mamma had a fine night and we think that

possibly we can let the right nurse go to summer and keep Miss Quinn on 24 hr. duty, which means that she will go out in the P. M. and I will take charge. Mamma had a very comfortable day too, sleeping most of the time and seeing no more of strangers and like herself. I went up to the studio after doing the housekeeping and had my last sitting or rather standing, with Major Carson. His son and a friend of his came in to see it and thought it was fine, also his friend and brother's brother-in-law who is "jointed" out of Simmons and came in before came again to give the once over for correctness of details and after shifting the garters a little so that the red tabs just cut across the red diamond in the gleam in the front of his stockings" and a few other minute changes he pronounced it O.K. He says told me none of his war experiences or his standing and the circumstances of his getting his boy fingers all of which material I wanted as, as to be able to tell the newspaper people. He was in the 25th British Columbia Battalion, Canadian Highlanders, was in most of the engagements in France, Vimy Ridge, Frezenoy, Sommes etc. - and went into Germany with the army of occupation. His fingers were blown to pieces when going over the top at Vimy ridge and the officers of his regiment raised a fund for new ones which were presented to him at Aldershot after the war, by the Prince of Wales. He has travelled as a piggy for one of his stunts with Harry Lauder in this country. We were damned lucky to finish just when we did as he has heard from his job at Simmons and had to report there this P. M. I came home for lunch, went out for a while in the afternoon to do a few errands, stopped in to see Eleanor Crowley and she asked me to dinner Wednesday. We may go to the theatre afterwards. Got some flowers for Mamma from Wire and came home and addressed envelopes for my exhibition in the evening. Wrote to Day after to ask for a photo - of one of his portraits for my book and sent Mr. Stephenson this morning and asked him. He seemed much pleased, also wrote to Boyd Edwards to ask for his portrait for the show.

Tuesday, April 19.

Sunny and springlike but still cool. I went up to the studio and did some last painting on the background of the Piggy page. I home for lunch, C. 10. at home for the holiday and did errands rising the route of the Marchioness race along Corn. ave. and Exeter street. After lunch Miss Quinn went out and C. 10. and I addressed envelopes for my exhibition, standing by in case Mamma wanted anything. She slept most of the afternoon, just waked once or twice and had the orange juice & egg miss Quinn had left for

her. I worked on my list all the evening too and got it all finished, about 725 names. I had a letter from Mr. Maynard of the Ogunquit Art Center asking me to come on the jury of award for next summer's show. We will be glad to do it. It will mean just driving down once for the day and I can take Emma along for the trip and we can have a picnic lunch, or lunch in a tea house where ever she likes best.

Wednesday, April 20.

Emma had a pretty good night though I think Miss Quinn didn't get much sleep as she was restless and talked a good deal in her sleep. She is still having trouble for her cough and to quiet her and may be it is better that she has to talk. Perhaps it will go better when Miss Quinn is more used to sleeping with her. We will try it one more night and then if it doesn't work Miss Quinn will sleep in my room and we will rig up a bell wire between the two rooms and C.D. will go over to sleep. A lovely, warm day today. I went up to the studio where the photographer was coming at 10.30. am trying a new one, I know, reasonably well. He seemed to know his job and I hope gets a good photo of the Pipe Organ when he gets it. I wrote to Wise who has gone out to Chicago again for a few days, came home and took my addressed envelopes over to Roz's. Home for lunch. Someone came for someone from Grace Edger. Stayed with Emma all the afternoon. Miss Quinn was out, at 6 went out for dinner and then theatre with Eleanor & Dorothy. We went to the Seville restaurant, afterwards walked around looking in shop windows and waited theatre time and then saw George Urban in "Confidential Service." Only fair.

Thursday, April 21.

I went down town this morning and got a new dress to wear under my spring coat. Home for a while then met Grace Edger for lunch at a tea room on Broadway St. We came back afterwards and saw Emma for a minute. I stayed at home all the afternoon with Emma and got the redignette that is to go under the illustrations of my book typed to send on to Mr. London. Margaret Scott came for a while and saw Emma too for a minute. I gave her some of my old clothes as she is having a hard time, can't get any work to do. Mrs. White met Emma on road. In the evening I wrote letters. We all get retired early as Emma does. I like it much better today. A lovely warm spring day. Will be glad when we can get out in the sun.

Friday, April 22.

The photographer of the Pipe Organ didn't come yesterday.



from Shaw no 5 telegraphed and they promised it for 10 o'clock this a.m.  
 at the studio. I went up there and got together the photos. of things in my  
 show to take to the Herald Photogravers Section and waited for the other.  
 Finally telegraphed and a girl said that Mr. Shaw had gone out and she thought  
 he must have taken mine to deliver. I had her look but she couldn't find  
 the print so I waited a little longer and finally left a note on the door  
 saying to deliver the photo. at Beacon St. if he came. Saw the man soon  
 who collects the photos. at the Herald for the Photo. Sec. - Mr. Paul  
 Waitt - and he is going to use two, Miss Gailard and mine, as he thought  
 they would make the best cuts. He is much interested in portrait painting  
 and photography and was just talking at art schools for his daughter and  
 I told him something about my book and he seemed interested and wrote  
 down the name. After that I wrote up to Davis to see the proof of my catalogue  
 I had told the printer I would 0.10 it there and he could go ahead and not wait  
 for the cut but when I saw it I decided that I couldn't be sure about the  
 lettering he had used until I saw it with the cut. Called up Shaw the photo  
 ographer from there and found that my photo. was nicer there. They agreed to  
 send it right now to 259 Beacon and it was there when I got home  
 but was absolutely no good. all light spots where the camera had moved  
 and under appeared as something. I called them up at once and got the man  
 who took it. He confessed he hadn't even seen this print and he made another  
 and called me up again in 15 minutes or so but said then that it was no use  
 he couldn't make it better. So then I knew it would have to be taken again  
 and I got hold of Mr. T. B. Rice there and had them call for the picture and  
 take it over to Davis, called up Davis to see if he would do a hurry up  
 job with the studio to see then to let the man in when they came for the  
 painting and the printer to tell him not to send up for the photo. In the  
 middle of the P.M. I left mamma with Helen and went up to Davis's to  
 varnish it out and see the light. he had it in. I guess he'll get a good one  
 and will have the print ready to-morrow morning and the printer ought to be able  
 to get it all done, cut and printing, next week. So it will come out all right  
 but it makes me sore to have things messed up the way the Shaw people did.  
 About dinner time mamma had a sudden pain across her heart that ran up  
 into her neck. She said something about having had it before when she was just  
 coming down with her cold and I would see that she didn't like it going up  
 into her neck and had angina in mind. It didn't seem possible though when  
 heart has been so strong all through and if Dr. W. had <sup>thought of</sup> ~~been~~ <sup>troubled</sup>  
 that when she had these earlier attacks I should think he would have been more  
 worried about her heart during the pneumonia. He is away for a few

days on a fishing trip and he left the case with Dr. Danks who was coming in to -morrow anyway. But I called him up and he came right round. The gain was better by the time he got here and he gave her some advice for it and it was gone in about an hour and she had a good night. He said he didn't think it was heart, just more of the lung congestion, not serious.  
Saturday, April 23.

As now I got the housekeeping done I went up to Davis to see the photo. of the Pige Major and thank goodness it was O.K. I saw difference between that and the Shaw one. I called up the printer and arranged for him to send for it and have the cut made and bring me proof of the whole thing to Davis by Tues. and then write down town for a magazine and have I had made an appointment for at Stearns'. Got a birthday present for K. on my way home to dinner, a jar. He waited at Carlsons' stayed at home reading all the afternoon. Wire & E. telegraphed in the evening. Wire just back from Chicago where he had a busy time. His deal with the middle people seems to be going through but he had a strenuous time with his press books behaving badly owing to their putting green press news on it. The Loefflers sent mamma some flowers and she is much pleased.  
Sunday, April 24.

at home all day. Wrote letters in the morning and got a lot of material, press clippings and photo. of the paintings I shall send to the exhibition of my things at the Speed Memorial Museum in Louisville, Ky. The show opens May 15 and I know they will want material now. Maria Howard stopped in after lunch with some news for mamma. Read most of the rest of the afternoon and evening. Stokes-pear's Julius Caesar, & Astor and Cleopatra. So interesting after reading Weyl's biography. Shakespeare & Bacon certainly knew his history. A special from Wire gave me more details of his Chicago trip. A terribly strenuous time and he is a wonder the way he handled it.  
Monday, April 25.

Went out and got a wedding present for Suzanne who is to be married on Saturday - better still I take her linen out, stayed in brown and a pretty-colored gingham quilt dress with a brown edge to go with it. I saw Mrs. Slegard there and told her about mamma's having been sick. She says mamma is looking for a little house in Squam for next summer. Up to the studio to get my nail and go over pictures and photo. for my rows. Home for lunch. Stayed with mamma all the afternoon reading and writing letters. Went in the evening to a lecture at the Lyceum Society on the Hill from Professor Italy by Mrs. S. Lee. Photo. good but lecture poor. Quite a crowd there. Saw Roy & Alice.

and the Titmunks and Frank Hales. asked Roy & Mrs. T. and Julie Hale all to  
 join at my tea on May 9. all accepted except Mrs. T. may have to go to  
 Phila. I have called up Marie Peary's tofford and asked her too and she  
 accepted. Thought it a good idea as Bob Bartlett's picture will be  
 taken. He is going to give a good one and it will be a monument  
 to Peary, native tire and arduous labor is getting a lot of publicity  
 now-a-days.

Tuesday, April 26.

Got some wedding present for Emma & C. W. and B. W. &  
 to give Suzanne, better dish - crystal and glass and silver better knife. The  
 printer sent up the proof of the half-the rest of the page design and it is O.K. and  
 stopped in at Vire's later and saw the rest of the proof, all O.K. Boy &  
 Edwards sent me a list of names to send invitations to. The portrait  
 will have to be done in the last week in May for the close of school. Don't  
 what I'll get in the new in place of the one I'm fix now. A letter  
 from L. A. I demand asking when I would be in New York again as he wants  
 to give me a dinner at the Athletic Club and have E. & W. there and  
 some people to meet me. He has telegraphed W. before about it. De-  
 cided to go on on Friday and stay until Sunday. Emma will be all  
 right to leave except in the afternoon and she will have an <sup>attendant</sup> ~~attendant~~  
 nurse in then if necessary. It seemed best to go because I'm not  
 not mean a portrait it might. Went up to the studio for a little while  
 & later yesterday from Miss Gray asking for the photo, and shipping same  
 out her. I'm better today & am out trying to do any painting  
 now-a-days. The mornings are the only time I can go out and there are  
 always a lot of little things to be done and things to be attended to.  
 I haven't any thing special to do except a few little things to two or three  
 pictures for my own but will do those next week. Home are the after-  
 noon reading and writing letters. Got into bed early in the evening and  
 read as usual and the nurse got settled early at C. W. & I did too.  
 E. is getting on finely. Will probably be allowed to sit up a little  
 tomorrow. L. A. I'm very fond to leave and everything O.K. when he  
 came yesterday thought I would see by the tension in his face that he  
 didn't like it when I told him of his going Friday night that went up  
 into his neck. However that was before he'd seen me and afterwards he didn't  
 seem worried about it and said he didn't know what it was, might have  
 been too something. Lovely flowers from Mrs. Wood (Hudson School)

Wednesday, April 27

Went out and did a lot of errands in the morning.



Home early to see Mamma get up and sit in a chair by the window. It didn't tire her too much or have any bad effects. Stayed at home reading all the afternoon and evening. To bed early. Am reading "My United States" by Mrs. Fred Stearns, Boston, Bradburn, Howard & Co., who was ambassador to the Argentine - a lawyer and writer. Really and interesting. While the General last night to tell me about a lecture Bob Bartlett was going to give for the Epileptic Club, Marie Peary & Mrs. P. to be there to raise money for the memorial project and Le (Wise) wanted to have my portrait there, wanted me to come on a day early for it. So Thurs. I couldn't do that of course and as soon as I had hung up I began to think I didn't like the portrait being there. Too much dropped in and would distract attention from the main purpose of the gathering. While Wise explains how I felt and he it seemed as he said yet it easily ~~to~~ <sup>this</sup> evening. He is having a thrilling time with the public's conversation and a wonderful article about his press in yesterday's N. Y. Times. Almost a whole page. His history is a wonder. He telegraphed me to the studio Thursday, ~~agreed~~ that he had decided not to read left. It is possible before my letter came. I guess recent thoughts were lost. He is crazy about the Pigeon. I sent him the proof of the letter before we Thursday, April 28.

A letter from Barry yesterday, suggesting that maybe the boy, 15 yrs., Billy Wolgate, who is making a model from the artist's drawings of the new school building and his model might make something around which at manuscript article on the school drive for funds for the new building would be long. She said he was coming to Boston next week and could bring the model if I thought the idea feasible. So this morning I went down to the Transcript to see how they felt about it. Had a nice talk with Mr. Quincy who was very cordial and glad to see me as usual as he introduced me to Mr. Ratcliffe the school and college editor who was very nice too and will use the story and send the Transcript photographs up to the studio to photograph the model when the boy brings it down. Mr. Quincy said he would use it in the magazine edition if Mr. Ratcliffe couldn't. I have heard rumours lately that the Transcript is having hard sledding financially and Mr. Quincy talked at length about his plans for the future, retiring to a farm in the country etc. where he could write, and when I said, "But you wouldn't leave the Transcript." he told me that it was in a bad way and that if it was sold it would probably see new editors etc. It will be too bad but it is too valuable a property not to have one so buy it and hang it on. When I left I did a few errands and went up to the studio to get a photo of Sebastian.

to meet to Mrs. Tobey for her daughter who wants to write a composition on the portrait. Home for lunch and stayed with ~~me~~ in the P.M. She sat up to-day twice for 15 minutes in the chair by her window. Read most of the afternoon and evening and went to bed early. Alice Law telegraphed to ask me to a farewell dinner they are giving for Willie Wain who is going home to England, Sat. Oct. 27. 30.

Friday, April 29.

Did housecleaning, put away laundry etc. packed my bag. Went up to the studio to see if appts. I am expecting from Mr. H. G. Lewis had come. Back to my good-by to Emma, who I left cutting up by her window get my bag and go to the T.B. for the one o'clock for N.Y. arranged for an attendant nurse to come in the afternoons while I am away. Mrs. Minot Weld not next to me on the train. She & Eliz. W. and her granddaughter, Maria <sup>aged 13</sup> came on this way to N.Y. to sail to-morrow for France and England. Had attendant nurse along as she has heart trouble. Had a nice talk with her and read to some stages, a novel by Clemence Dane about several generations of a theatrical family. E. & W. met me. We stayed at home in the evening and "D's" Yarn, who has just come back from a cruise on the Stella Polaris through the Sound of the S. Pacific, came up with her husband. She had just landed and wanted to return some books to E. and tell her about the cruise of which she was hostess. It was quite interesting though a good deal of it must have been hot and uncomfortable. Call up B. but they were out. Saturday, April 30.

Suzanne's wedding day, also a wedding in T.B. when the Kendall girl which I had accepted but was mishapening on to New York. I called up Mr. Parker's secretary, Miss Jenkins before W. & E. were ready for breakfast and arranged to go out and get my party when she was in her apt. in the Brown having secured it from his office when he had to leave. She said she had no address for him now as her last letters and telegrams had been returned and she had not been able to reach him. My letter asking for the list of people who ordered my book and part first in advance. Also his wife didn't know where he was and she was moving back to her mother's room. It's an awful mess I guess. Also talked to Brookline on the telephone. They are well but not coming up to N.Y. to-day as I won't be there this trip. After breakfast I tried to get Judge Hayes to get permission to borrow the Norris portrait for my show. Out of town. Wife got Pat looking the painter who has got the right not want to let the portrait go and so they are getting some official permission for ~~the~~ my 14. Wife tried to get from Mr. Cullen who stayed at Judge Hayes's office might give permission



he had. went down with wife when he went to his office and he dropped  
 me off at 53rd street to go to Barriere to order a plate for the Pige days.  
 B. has moved to 153 E. 54. worked very hard there, much trouble over-  
 coming poor man, gave him the order, took a car down to the Grand  
 Central Galleries. They wait. Then for their Foundry Show and to  
 reproduce in the year B. over as I can't send him to Louisville, arranged for  
 Bradworth to get the other three. B. over & Susan for Louisville and finally  
 for Boston. called up Bradworth and gave him instructions about all the  
 pictures. Went to call on Mr. Landon. Very nice, led me to writer's car to  
 Boston asking a book which is waiting the style and size of mine. Says  
 my no. and plates mailed a day or two ago in the American Farmer  
 which goes straight to London. The book will be printed in Pittman's  
 Press at Boston and we ought to get proofs in 3 weeks or so. afterwards  
 went over to the Billings where I was to meet wife for lunch and had time  
 to get a parcel wrapped in their Beauty papers before lunch. after lunch  
 W. & I took a taxi and drove way up in the Bronx and got my pictures.  
 Saw Miss Jenkins and gave her another order for the plates made out to  
 her as we had not been able to get Mr. Parker's endorsement on the other  
 2 gave her. I will try and find the list for me in the office. brought  
 the pictures back to the apartment, picked up E. who had been lunching  
 with E. Diller and going help and we went to the Times new building to see  
 Wires press all the autographs which was to begin the day's run at 5.30. It  
 didn't begin until after 6.30 and we had to leave to dress for Dr. Hammond's  
 dinner which was at the Athletic club at 7.30 as we only saw the autographs  
 machine at the Home Presses morning. They were so clumsy, beside this.  
 The dinner was superbly nice. Dr. Hammond led to in a private dining room  
 upstairs with portraits for the ladies and gentlemen for the men and I suppose  
 18 y-o. and the 2 had bought before publication, the, and others in  
 a rather better before dinner. The people that had been to the club were  
 Mrs. K. Kelley, the lady who came to the club to see his portrait, his daughter  
 and Mr. John. and Mrs. Kennedy. He is pres. of the club and it is his portrait  
 in a large room. Dr. Hammond's dinner. It is by Wayman Adams,  
 a portrait, not bought at first. I was supposed, planned to the  
 way, Dr. Hammond had it. just right for the place in color and size  
 at home and it is a very fine one and apparently a great success  
 among the club seems to like it. Major K. says it is much better  
 than the one at the club. This is the first time I have seen it. I  
 him. The dinner party was very informal and nice with plenty of laughs  
 and Dr. Hammond made the nicest speech of appreciation and much



were awfully nice thing about me and my work. Major K. talked very entertainingly all is a very able, enterprising man. His wife is ordinary, better over dressed type, younger than he, big nose, loads of money spent on clothes and very admiring of him. "Darling," every other minute. They have a handsome apartment with roof garden terrace next door to the cricket club and wanted us to come around there for music afterwards but we declined. We managed to be the last ones to get into a taxi and went to the Times Building again to see the press and this time it was raining and we saw the posters change rolls once and it is simply wonderful. The week has been a real triumph for Wile as his machinery has been the talk of the Publisher's convention in N.Y. this week and lots of the newspaper people came to the Times to see it Friday afternoon. The Indianapolis News is taking garden presses and the agreement with the middle western books very promising. Wile is tired but feels he has almost reached the end of his financial worries. They came on to London next Saturday and go down to Squam for the summer on Tuesday the day after my leave opens. There was a parade and pageant in N.Y.C. by celebrating the Washington Bi-centennial but we didn't see any of it.

Sunday, May 1.

Raining this morning, heavy showers. As we stayed in all the morning and I read aloud from the book about algebras by the Princess Pileas. Miss E. just called up Mr. McCullen to ask for the photo of portrait of Major Kennedy and Dr. H. to arrange about borrowing Dr. Hammond's. Mr. McCullen told me to send him a letter about it about he would read to a meeting of - no more right at Tannery and he seemed to think they might like to go in spite of their calendar. I hope we as I'm counting on it. E. & Wile came down to the train to see me off. I need to know stages. Got home at 8.20. Some letters for the night as I didn't see her but L.B. and the nurse said she was all right. Though she had had a little rise in temp. perhaps caused by getting up a little too long on Saturday. So glad to be home again though it was a good thing my going on to N.Y. and Dr. Hammond's dinner was so nice and may lead to something. He wants Mrs. Martin to have me again but I don't believe she will though she evidently likes my work and asked me to come and see her at the St. Regis. She probably doesn't write a portrait of herself though and he is so self and not particularly modest.

Tuesday, May 2.

Got the house-keeping done and went up to the studio for a while. Saw Mr. Hopkinson and arranged to use his portrait of Prof. Beale of which Davis has a photo. He allowed me the portrait he has just

painted of Calvin Coolidge. It is in his studio and he spoke of doing some more work on it, "bringing out the clothes", but somehow he can improve it one way without his notes and in different surroundings and light from those in which he painted it. There was a little sketch of the head, life-size, and I wonder if he did it from that and didn't have nothing for the whole thing, though he did some of the work I know at Haverstranger from Coolidge. He is using under-painting and glazing now-a-days, he told me and I don't like his color or general technique as well, but he seems delighted with that method. Closed up the studio, got some rough notes. Ready to sail to Louisville and come home for lunch. Stayed with Mamma all the afternoon, balanced my acct., wrote letters, read etc. The W.C. didn't let her get up to-day as she still has a little limp. So disconcerting. The weather is so lovely and warm and springlike outdoors I wish we could get her out in the sun. Read in the evening, a book on Russia, "Russia - My Home," by ~~an~~ American woman who married a Russian in the consular service, telling of their life in Russia before the war and the Revolution and their escape from the Bolsheviks. My mother's plates came for my car to-day. Will have it all by Wednesday.

Tuesday, May 3.

Went up to the studio after doing the housekeeping etc. got the pictures all ready to go to Louisville and the studio arranged to work on Narcissa again to-morrow. I still feel I can improve it a little and have enjoyed this visit for one more go. Went down to Crawford Hollidge to a Reunion. He says they are having and tried on a few new dresses but didn't get anything. Home for lunch and stayed with Mamma all the afternoon, reading etc. In the evening type wrote a ~~little~~ few paragraphs for the pages about my tea and Private View, the names of the powers etc., chiefly about Marie Perdy and Bob Bartlett. Will take it to Paris to-morrow and get them to read it down to the pages. Will telegraphed to-day that he got the two portraits there was some letter about, W.C. Hammond and Norris, as all is O.K. from New York.

Wednesday, May 4.

Got up to the studio a little after 10 and painted on Narcissa until 12.15. There I improved it. Mrs. Brice had called for the pictures for Louisville, so that off my mind. Got home for lunch stopping to get crops for Mamma and at Paris to have them make a print of the Hoffman portrait I want. Had a letter this morning from a Mr. Hestings of Haverstranger, Conn. is agreed to a portrait. He said the committee would be in Boston to-morrow and to give him a list of I could see them at my studio and show them examples of my work. I wish him I would be there between 10 and 1, though I haven't

much to do with the recent photos. just now. Stayed with Emma all the afternoon. She is still in bed with a slight temp. caused the Dr. says now by fighting or gas in the kidneys. I suppose the same old lung settled state. It is not discouraging at all she is afraid she won't be able to even look in at my Private Land and I don't see how she possibly can, even if her temp. will be normal to - normal. She does seem stronger and more like herself but would never be able to pick up so quickly as that. At 6 when Miss Quinn came home I went up to the garage and got my car. It looks lovely, quite like new, all ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> minimized and so on & tried to leave it out again. I drove it down to the house and left it in front where I went in and dressed for the party at the Lewis. Had a little trouble starting it as I had forgotten about the choke. Was not too late getting out there though. The party was quite good fun. about 20 people there. a farewell, stand-up dinner for Willy Weiss who is going back to I think for some months anyway. We sang around the piano, and did not forget some real, very badly, and Chalmers & Murray played the violin very well. I slipped away about 11.30 without saying good-bye to anyone except Rozie as I didn't want to break the party up and yet felt I must go as Emma would be worrying and I didn't know how late the garage was open. I thought out me in my car and saw me off. I stopped ~~there~~ at the garage and took a man along to take the car back and he said it was a nice little Ford and it runs is.

Thursday, May 5.

I couldn't get to sleep last night until after four, don't know what it was, cold air or coffee or indigestion, but have felt tired all day in consequence. Got up to the studio at 10 and stayed there all the morning, except for a short trip to the P.O. for stamps as that I can't mail the rest of my invitations to my row, expecting the committee from Downham to come any time. I tried several times without success to get Mr. Brine on the telephone to find out if my pictures had come from Buchner as I had practically nothing at the studio to show them except photos. Had a little painting portrait of Miss C. is gone for the row as I didn't like me hand write to wire and get photo. ready to send him of the two portraits as he has written Dr. Langton about the collection as this seemed a good time to interest him in it as he can see Admiral Taylor's portrait at my row. A letter after 12.30 when I had about given them up three men appeared. Mr. Hestings, a Mr. Rogers and I don't remember the 3rd. The portrait is of a man of 78 who would be a good subject for a house in Downham. I would go to Dr. to paint it, probably done in in the last half of early in June. I showed them my album. They didn't seem to know much about painting, said my name had been given



Monday the State College committee - I suppose miss Rentson or said a good word for me. I told them I would charge 15.00 and later said 10.00 when they said that was about the amount they thought they could afford. I tried again while they were there to get Mr. McBride and get a man, a friend of his who had happened in who went and looked and found there was a box from ~~Smith~~ Bullwartz. So I felt sure it must be my pictures and we arranged to meet there at Mr. McBride's at 2.30 and I decided I'd get the box opened somehow. If I had to do it myself. They drove me home and went to get some lunch. They had driven up from town 43 miles. I hurried through lunch and back to Mr. McBride's. Miss Quinn stayed in the house for a while and I was sure I'd have a letter after 3 and we would be all right till then. When I got to Mr. McBride's I found no one there as I started opening the box. It was my pictures. I was relieved to see when I got it open a letter. I got the top off but found they were all locked inside and the nails holding the boxes were too hard to pull out so I went out into the alley and asked the farmer of some building that was going on, opening the boxes on the same Saturday evening. If he would let me have a room for 2 minutes to pull out a few nails and he did and we had the box open in a jiffy and in 10 minutes we opened them all and looked at them. I wrote some down from upstairs and helped me get the pictures in a good light and I had everything ready at 2.30 exactly. The pictures were Capt. Tob, V. Morris, Ad. Taylor, Miss G. and Miss A. I discovered when Mr. McBride turned up later that Boyd Edwards was there to regard. The committee didn't come until about 3.15 but they seemed to like the portrait though they didn't show much enthusiasm. They asked me a lot of questions about where I would place it, how long it would last, how we would get a frame etc. and took away with them some pictures. I gave them 3 negatives from them and then again I may never hear of it again. Mr. Hastings called to see the one who was running it and he was the one I talked price to. When they left I wrote home and stayed with mamma and lay down for a while as I was awfully sleepy. Read in the evening and went to bed early. The Transcript late night and the Herald this morning quoted the story about them about my box, and saying it a matter of course to get about as I sent it in.

Friday, May 10.

Didn't get up to the studio until 11 this morning as the house was fixing, fixing laundry etc. seemed to take longer than usual. Mamma's temp. is a little lower but is still above normal as she lies to sleep in bed still and is feeling no discomforts she begins to realize she can't be able to come to my tea on Sunday. At the studio I

sent off a telegram to the Springfield Art Assoc. as my artist life progresses  
 likes that I wrote for the same limit case. A woman from the Port,  
 Miss Carry Cassin in to see if I wanted to put an ad in. We decided to for  
 next Sunday as it will help Miss Lawton out to have it on the page and  
 was glad I did when Miss Carry said that a friend of hers wanted a por-  
 trait painted of her husband from a photo. and had said she wanted me  
 to do it. She asked me my price and I said \$100.00 and she said her friend  
 had plenty of money as it may come to something. She is abroad now  
 but will be back this summer. When we left I took down part of the  
 hangings in the piazza and got the pictures for the Vore now stacked up  
 ready for Mr. TBine to call for to-morrow morning, leaving two 25x30's  
 to take down myself in the TBattery. The put the Priestley portrait which  
 will wait a photo. of for Mr. Longtin in the middle of drive out to S. S. S. S.  
 to the "Jock" Carson some of the invitations to next some of his friends and  
 then to go over to leave the Priestley portrait to be photographed, left the  
 car at the garage and walked home for lunch. I stayed with Nanna all  
 the afternoon. Walter Thomas came to call and brought me flowers.  
 Read *Reverie* - my home in the evening. A letter from Mrs. Vore about  
 the tea and I have heard from the S. S. S. S. club that they are expecting me  
 to give them the talk Tuesday evening. Lovely warm Spring day.  
Saturday, May 7.

After doing the housekeeping etc. I went up to the  
 studio, stopping on the way to get the car. Miss Carry from the Port  
 came at 10.30 with the proof of my ad. When we left I drove out to  
 Brookline and got Elizabeth's mother's portrait from her sister Mrs.  
 Bigelow's, back to the studio got Gayatri Devi's picture and the Orany  
 The I still life and took them all down to Vore's. Back to the studio  
 to wash brushes which I hadn't had time to do since Wed. I left the  
 working in water though as the paint hadn't hardened and I got them  
 clean easily, then to Hatfield's to get some varnish that I have used  
 at the Gallery Monday a.m. or up at the studio when I bring wine &  
 E. to see the Roosevelt copy. Then left the car at the garage and walked  
 home for lunch, met Mr. Greenbaum who is in town for a few days  
 and he wanted me to go to the Pigeon to - right and then on. He also found  
 me a lift home. He is coming to the tea on Monday. I stayed at home  
 with Nanna in the afternoon until 4.30 when Miss Cassin came  
 home early so that I could go over to Long Bay and when I did.  
 They had all the pictures up in the gallery when I got there and we  
 got it planned out in a jiffy and I was home for a few minutes.



before going to the station to meet Elizabeth & Wise & Lois. They were all well & things were looking good. Went to the hotel with them and stayed for dinner and the evening. Mamma is better but still has a little temp. She is to be allowed to run up to - tomorrow though. We decided to drive down to Squam for the day to - tomorrow if it is a good day. Mamma had insisted that I be free on that day any way to go off with E. & Wise and so I telegraphed and got an attendant nurse for her for to - tomorrow and Monday when we tea comes off. So now a chance we can't be there.

Sunday, May 8.

A nice day, though sometimes a little clouded over and cool. I made sandwiches after breakfast, had the car sent down, drove down and got E. & Wise and brought them up to see Mamma for a minute before we started for Squam. She seems much better to - day. We got started about 11 but had to leave round for a place to buy chicken sandwiches as E. wanted to get some as we didn't get a chance away for Squam till about 11.45. Got down there about 1.30 and drove straight up to Sleepycocks. It was lovely. Quite a lot of twigs and jonquils in bloom and we had lunch on the bench in the garden gate where it was warm and nice in the sun. Tony came to see about some plants he had left out and we went over the garden with him, then down to Cove House stopping at Mamma's for a minute to see that everything was all right there. Cove House looked fine, it was all in order and Tony has trained the roses so that they spread out over the roof of the piazza and will be lovely when they bloom. Little grape hyacinths out there and up at Sleepycocks and we picked some jonquils to take home to Mamma. Started home about 3.30. Found Mamma feeling quite lively and cheerful and E. & W. stopped and saw her for a minute, also Philip Aspinwall. When we picked up as we were crossing the bridge across the river at Charles street. I went down to the hotel and had dinner with E. & Wise. Came home quite early as I was tired and wanted to be rested for my tea to - tomorrow.

Sunday, May 9.

I went to the gallery a little after 10 and they were just putting up the last of the pictures. Got the numbers on, Miss Landon came in and took several photos. To me, one to - tomorrow and others on her last page on Sunday. E. & Wise came and liked the room very much. Were very enthusiastic about the Pigeon and he really looks coming at the end of the gallery. Am quite pleased with it all and think it is the best room I've had. Arranged details of the tea with Mrs. Rose and she went out



and got flowers, candles etc. up to the studio to get photos. ad C. & W. came with me and saw the logs of the Sargent household and were delighted with it. So glad. Back for lunch at the hotel, then home to dress and get to the gallery about 2.45. arranged flowers, table all red and lit with five. Mr. Foster the caterer was a nice, common English type with a good-looking brother and the table all beautifully set. Was for tea at one o'clock, coffee at the other, Mr. Foster came in, Miss White telegraphed for a photo. for her pages. Flowers came from C. V. & Maria, Mrs. Marie Hall and E. & W. brought me some gardenias to wear. I wore my new figured silk dress with black and green cast. People began to come a little before 4 and it was the biggest crowd I have ever had and most the next tea and everyone was so enthusiastic. The people who joined were Grace Edgar, Julie Hall, Sally Saffat, Maria W. Leach, Katherine Honors, Rozie Law and Marie Peary, Stafford. "Joak" came in his white and blue jacket and tan - o - shoes and made a great hit. Gayatri Devi came in a coffee colored "sari", and the Durini two and Marie Peary was a great addition though she came rather late. I can't begin to remember all the people who were there and they were all most enthusiastic. Mr. Rose, his son and his daughter Mrs. Thompson were all fine and the whole thing was beautifully run. They had a cloak room fixed up by the elevator door and the tea was perfect refreshments all cases delicious and most good service. Everything first class and I didn't have to give it a thought except to see that the people who joined relieved each other after enough. Gov. Ely sent a note to Mr. Rose that he had hoped to attend but had been prevented at the last minute. I think Boyd Edmunds must have written to him and asked him to come. Hope he gets in later before Boyd Edmunds' <sup>one of the people I remember best</sup> goes. Also Mr. Thompson & many, Mrs. Higginbotham, Mrs. Charles Anony, Mr. & Mrs. Tucker Burr, Mary Forbes & Mrs. White, Mrs. W. S. Smith, Miss Julia T. Beale, Miss Sarge, Kate Biggers, Raymond, the Lawes, Mr. Titcomb, Mr. & Mrs. George, Rand & Lea, Mr. & Mrs. Alice Kerball, the Hurd's, Corbin Howard Raynolds, Mr. & Mrs. Arthur H. Jones, Mrs. Robinson & Philip, the Tallentirellis, a group from the folk dancing class etc. etc. Mr. Rose drove to my turned up unexpectedly in the middle of the tea. Mr. Rose drove us home with the flowers, tablecloth etc. from the tea and C. & W. came for dinner and Philip came to call on Tony afterwards. It was all perfect except that mamma couldn't do this and I feel quite bewildered by everyone's enthusiasm about the pictures.

Tuesday, May 10.

A nice write-up about the tea in the Herald social column this morning and the Alice Lawton had a news story about it with E. & D. Wright's portrait in the Post and will have a regular review in the Sunday Herald. I felt quite exhausted and had to get my wife together to give the talk to the Simmons College Club to-night. After doing the overhanging went down to the hotel to see Elizabeth. Wife took the midnight back to N.Y. Last night but will come on again Friday night and I will drive him down to Squam Sat. a.m. F and E. & D. very careful but still eating breakfast. I went up to the studio to get my nail and send off photos. of the Higginson & Seyffert portraits to Mr. London for my book. Met E. at the gallery. Quite a lot of people in. Went over to the museum to get some eggs for lunch. Then home for E. to call on home who is sitting up again. Then we went to "Straw's" for lunch and stopped in on the way to the train. B. & D. left about 4 for the train and I wasn't used to the fact that I would settle down and try and get my talk straightened out in my mind. I was as tired I couldn't concentrate as I lay down for a while. C. V. came home early with a cold. I had my shirt half an hour to read over my diary about the sitting with Alfred, B. & D., Morris etc. before I had to dress. The supper was at 6.30 at the Women's Republican Club. about 15 girls there but 75 or 80 for the lecture. It all went very easily. I talked for about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  hrs. just informally, generalities mostly and they seemed to love it. I wasn't nervous at all but was awfully tired afterwards. Got home about 10.30. glad it's over. <sup>Met this morning. He never got his invitation to the tea</sup> Morris Paris came in the gallery while E. & D. were.

Wednesday, May 11

Stopped in at the gallery to see how things were going. Quite a lot of people in there. Then went up to the studio to see if I had any nail and got the photos. of the Priestley portrait at 10 o'clock. They came out very well. Back to the gallery again for a little while before lunch. Doves Stevens came in. Home for lunch and stayed in the room all the afternoon. Wrote letters, darned stockings etc. and went to bed quite early. Mrs. Philpott had a fine review of the new line Boyd Edwards portrait in the Globe. am much pleased with the things he said about me and my work.

Thursday, May 12.

A letter from K. saying that he is planning to use me for a week and after next. I had arranged with Ruth Anderson to have a questioning meeting of the arts & literature committee of the N.Y.S. I love at Mr. S. Woodlands in Gloucester but suppose we can put it off till the week after. Didn't get out



till about 10.30 with housekeeping and things to be done. I stopped in at the gallery, then up to the garage and got my car and called at 10 mins for the Priestley portrait and took it over to the studio. Found Mrs. Bailey there. She had brought in a daguerreotype and an old photo book of which she wants me to make portraits out of - just heads and shoulders in oval. Of course she can't pay much but I said I'd do them at odd moments next summer and in the fall we could decide what she wanted to do about them. I mentioned 150 apiece which is very little of course. Took her down to the gallery again for a few minutes and then got some crops for Annie's lunch. Went home dressed, took the car up to the garage again and walked down to see Mrs. K. F. French for lunch. One of the other Charlotte Wares, Mrs. MacAusland, K. French, me, K. French cousin that the lunch was given for and a Mrs. Edward Ingraham who is getting up a Scout's Festival for the Y.W.C.A. in Cambridge and which "Jack" is going to play. She asked if we could use the photo. of my picture of him, have it reproduced in the papers and was going to the show after lunch. So I told her to get me there. The lunch was very pleasant but I had to leave immediately afterwards to get home while Miss Quinn went out. Annie is much better, sat up twice to-day for 45 minutes each time, and walked to the bath-room twice to her great satisfaction. To-morrow she is to go in to the front room and lie on the sofa. C.W. was at home all day, in bed most of the time with a cold, sub-normal temp., sometimes a little above, feeling better but was better to-night. I felt awfully tired all day down most of the afternoon. After dinner we heard the news boys calling extras and got one and it said that the Lindbergh baby had been found dead near their house at Hagenwell. It seems authoritative as it was given out by Gov. Moore of N.J. who got it from the head of the State Police, Secretary Tamm and the statement was made that the press had been asked to the house for an official announcement to be sent out. It is too terrible and the public indignation against the people who did it and responsible will be terrific. We will get more details in the morning. K. French has taken a horse in Annapolis for the summer. - Beaumont Graham.

Friday, May 13.

The poor little baby was found in the woods half buried with leaves and debris about 5 miles from the Lindbergh house. He had been struck back of the ears and his skull fractured. He was so badly decomposed that they think he must have been there for weeks perhaps even since the night he was stolen the night of March 1. It is the most terrible crime and everyone is so furiously indignant about it, and feels so



very for the poor Lindberghs and the sorrowers. The paper too - right  
 say that the Pres. will leave the secret service and every possible means  
 used to find the murderers. His nurse, Betty Gow, went to the morgue and  
 identified him though there wasn't much left but a skeleton and <sup>his</sup> hair and  
 the little band at wrist that he wore. The kidnappers had taken his right  
 arm and evidently that was what they used as identification before Lindbergh  
 turned over the \$50,000 ransom. How anyone could be so absolutely  
 heartless and cruel I can't understand. It is too terrible. I went over to  
 the gallery about 10.30 after doing the housekeeping, fixing laundry, etc.  
 here. To see the proof of our Ad. I am going to have in this Herald. It  
 didn't come however as I went out and did a few errands, then back  
 again and waited a while talking to Mr. Thompson. A rainy morning  
 and practically no one in. Finally called up the Herald and when they said  
 it wouldn't be up till 12.30 as I had it sent to 259 and went  
 home. Found mamma sitting up in the front room. She went  
 back to bed for lunch but sat up again in the afternoon and  
 went back to bed at four when I went out to take Alice Lawton  
 out to Brighton to an exhibition of pottery at the Paul Revere  
 Pottery. I called for her at the Art Museum and drove her down to  
 the Port afterwards. Went over my summer clothes, did some  
 sewing and paid bills in the evening and went to bed early. E. tel-  
 egraphed to ask me to bring down some cakes from the Union to Emma  
 She is spending the night at Mrs. Dale's. Alice Lawton's things in  
 the Pottery exhibition were very nice. C. H. Stille at home but his cold is  
 better.

Saturday, May 14.

Wise arrived about 8.15 for breakfast and left a  
 letter before 9.30 for an appointment with Mr. Barnston. I got  
 the housekeeping done and my boy packed, got the car at the garage  
 and sent him at the studio, where we loaded on my camera, mailed  
 photos. of Ad. Taylor, Eliza Roman, Lursey and the Priestley portrait  
 to Mr. Compton, Pres. of Tech. Wise had written him about the Tech  
 collection asking photos. would come later. Then stopped at 259 for  
 our bags, said good-bye to Emma who was sitting up in the  
 living room having a cup of soup, went over to the gallery for  
 a minute, then stopped at the Union for cakes. E. was out and  
 finally got headed for Square about 11.30. When we got to  
 Roundabout the car gradually stopped and I wrote it down again, as  
 Wise called up E. who was eating her lunch, but came out for us in  
 the La Salle and after lunch we went back and Wise tried clearing out

the gasoline feed-pipe, which did need to be straightened up, and finally we called up the Ford garage and a man came over and he discovered that some washers had been left off that held the distributor in place and it had worked loose and there was no electrical connection. He fixed it in a few minutes. Mr. Stoddard came along as we went there on his way over to see me and stopped and talked and we arranged for a meeting the week-end of the 30<sup>th</sup>. Mrs. Temple (Ruth Anderson) had said when I telephoned this morning that she could come then and I can't come next week because K. will be here probably, so I'll call her up again in town and that will be settled. After my car was fixed we drove a little way along the road to see the house E. & W. are thinking of getting for E. Winter's practicing, then back to home where we unpacked the little tea table W. & E. gave me for last Christmas, then I went up to mamma's and set out a little operating plate I had bought down from 25¢, then up to sleepers and W. got some copies of the Transcript to see Mr. Cochran's review of my show. It was rather pleased with the look of it. He said I might be known as an "occupational portrait painter" because I incorporated in my compositions accessories etc. to indicate the sitter's character and tastes and achievements. He seemed to think I had done it more successfully in Admiral Taylor. There is money the other the backgrounds were too busy - he may have been thinking of Peter Piper's which I meant to have somewhat overwhelmed by the details of his ship. He reproduced the Commodore and evidently was interested in the show as gave it a good deal of space. We read in the evening a book on Charles V. by an Englishman William Lewis. So lovely and peaceful down here now. Taylor set out a border of La Harne roses which bloom all summer in my front beds. It will be lovely. My grape hyacinths are out but not the narcissus yet.

Sunday, May 15.

A warm, lovely day. We got the Sunday papers after breakfast to see the reviews of my show. They all had something and all printed pictures except the Herald which had already had Miss Gailand in the obituary column. Miss Lawton's write-up in the Post was very nice with the Pigeon sign in the center of the page, Miss Hughes in the Herald was attractive and seemed impressed and Mr. Cochran in the Transcript printed the Commodore and seemed in his review to especially like adm. Taylor & Bob Bartlett. He wrote at more length and as if he was much interested and seemed to be seriously trying to estimate it. He gave me as an "occupational

portrait painter." because I usually incorporated some objects or accessories in the composition which indicated the sitter's character, tastes and occupation, which I usually do in most portraits especially. He cited Holbein's portrait of George Gising as an example of the precedent there was for this approach. But thought that sometimes in my work the backgrounds were too prominent, though not in Ad. Taylor which he liked unreservedly. As there isn't any other portrait in the collection except Peter Piper's which has so much background detail as Ad. Taylor's I think it must have been P.P.'s that gave him that impression. The surroundings are rather over-elaborate in that but I meant them to be, just as he himself is over-elaborated by his shop and the details of his life. However they are all the best notices I've had and I am much pleased. We stayed round all the morning and then went on a picnic to the cedar pictures on the road to Crown Point. A lovely, lazy picnic all we day round in the sun quite a while after lunch, then came home and took ~~logs~~ and about 5.30 I got my car out and polished it up. Read an awfully interesting book on Charles V after dinner.

Monday, May 16.

We picked up flowers, ~~several~~ tulips etc. and for me to take up to town and I got off about 10.10 and up to 259 in just an hour and a half. Herman was sitting up in the front room. He is getting on but Dr. Leary doesn't want her to go out until Thurs. as she still has a little temp. caused by the Pyelitis or bacteria in the kidneys. They are trying to clear up this condition ~~water~~ by having her drink lots of water. I drove the car up to the garage after arranging the flowers I had brought up, some lovely apple blossoms etc. stopping at the gallery for a moment, and at the studio to get my mail. A letter from Miss Gray in Louisville saying my pictures had arrived all right and they were much pleased with them and will send me a photo. of the gallery when they are shown again yesterday. No show at the show, about 6 people in while I was there, looked like students. Home for lunch and stayed with Herman in the afternoon, wrote letters etc. Very hot. 93°.

Holder May 16 in record. Did some altering of a dress in the evening and went to bed early. The papers are full of morbid details about the Lindbergh baby but no definite progress in tracing the murderers has been announced yet. Pres. Hoover of France was shot a few days ago by a crazy Russian and yesterday the Premier of Japan was assassinated



by officers of the army and navy because he was against their policy of imperialism.

Tuesday May 17.

another warm day. This morning the papers with big headlines announce that Curtis, a man who has claimed to be in touch with the kidnapers of the Lindbergh baby and who with two other men of Norfolk, Va, a clergyman, the Rev. Woburn Peacock and a retired naval officer, Rear-Admiral Burrage, to whom he has conducted a campaign by ship and airplane to make a contact with the kidnapers who according to him had the baby in a boat at sea, Lindbergh had joined in the hunt and the U.S. Coast Guard boat had too. Now he says that there was nothing in it, that he had made up the story in order to sell it to the papers and the movies. The police forced this confession out of him after hours of questioning but now is mysteriously fishy about it to read it. It looks as if he had simply resorted to denying the whole thing as a figment of his imagination when he found he was getting too involved and in too much danger of giving away something that might incriminate those guilty to his own danger. It certainly is the wildest thing but the terrible central tragedy of it all is real enough to the poor Lindberghs. Brooks writes that the place where the baby was found is only a few yards from Tassie's farm and bus stop on the road to Hopewell and that though he doesn't live there being in their farm house he has had to postpone his usual visits because of the crowds of people. The road is blocked with cars and hot-dog stands are doing a thriving business. It is incredible the number of married women there are in the world. After doing the housekeeping I went over to the gallery and stayed there for a while. Several people in art and I met and talked to a Miss Smith who is curator of the art museum of Bowdoin College. She had just come from Washington where she had been for the Convention of the Am. Fed. of Art and now Seilmeier. About 12.15 I went down to the Stables for the Professional Women's Club luncheon. Quite a crowd there, about 200. I stood in the receiving line next to Mrs. Kelson, the acceptor, while the reception committee on which were Mrs. Philip Sallens and Mrs. Hatcher, Mrs. Edward's daughter, brought up members and introduced them. Sat at the head table only two from the Pres. Mrs. Flagg on my left, next to me a poetess Dr. Bertram Gale and on my right a woman Dr. Dr. T. Burrows. The proceedings and speakers were not particularly interesting. There was a plaque proposed to represent the

"Silver years", it being the club's 25 anniversary celebration. I had to leave before the meque was over but wasn't sorry. The guests of honor were each called on by the Pres. to say something. I didn't say anything before and in introducing us about how long we were to speak and I spoke too long. I had been talking about five minutes, a little about myself, a little about Bobby Jones and was going on to Morris, when he stood up and I said "O, I'm talking too long" and finished it off as best I could and sat down, after that are limited each one to one minute. It wasn't so hot and I hope I was no bother. They won't want me again. I had resigned from the club when I got the invitation to be guest of honor and as they were all to be members I had to join for another year. Came home afterwards and stayed with mamma, sewing etc. both in the evening and afternoons. Wire telegraphed. He goes to N.Y. 15 nights for a few days. A letter from H. saying he will be here this morning. Wire has a nice letter from Pres. Langston about the Irish collection which he is sending me. He is all right and will go to see Ad. Taylor's portrait. Had not received the photo. when he wrote.

Wednesday, May 18.

Went over to the gallery for a while in the morning. Not very many people in. Read and wrote letters and received in the afternoon and evening. Wrote Mr. Langston saying I would like to meet him at the gallery when he came to see Ad. Taylor's portrait.

Thursday, May 19.

Mamma went out 15-day for the first time. I took her and Miss Quinn for a half hour's drive from 11.30 to 12. E. drove up in a taxi just as we were starting with a lot of tulips and other flowers she had brought up from Squam. He had an appointment with Mr. Bowdler and then met me at the gallery before lunch and took photos. of the exhibition. We then read at the City and while we were there I was called to the telephone and it was Morris Parris saying that Mr. Langston was coming in to the gallery at 4. Della Rogers and Lucy (Sturges) Goodale and her husband were lunching at the next table. Della looks finely and seems entirely well again. She wants me to write to Mr. Phelps G. De Normandie in relation to ask him to come in to my room as she is trying to persuade him to have his portrait painted. After lunch I went right home to be with mamma. E. came after doing a few errands and we left her in bed later and went back to the gallery to meet Mr. Langston and Morris Parris. Mr. Langston is younger than I realized and seems rather lacking in force and self confidence to be president of such an important

organization as S. S. T. He was very nice and seemed really delighted with artist Taylor's portrait and the whole idea of the portrait collection. Said that they had some bronze medallions after the heads of famous scientists set in each window in the new physics-chemistry laboratory and that he felt the more they had of the kind of thing the better. He would like to leave the presentation with a tea for the faculty and board next November and suggest Treason of Providence and Dr. Medicine the candidates for the next two. We would like him to try and get Orville Wright to sit but I doubt if he can. When they left the gallery I took E. to the train. Her drive home to see how Nanna was, then up to the garage to have the car. K. comes tomorrow.

Friday, May 20.

Katherine arrived this morning at breakfast time looking very well and Nanna was so glad to see her. The Drs. said she would go out for an hour this morning, as after I had done the housecleaning, been over to the gallery for a while, got some flowers for Bony to send to Mrs. Grays funeral, (she died on Wednesday at the age of 79) having been failing for quite a while) and for Nanna from little K., I got the car and drove K. + Nanna out to the Island. They weren't at home but we sat out on the terrace in the sun and they came just as we left. Nanna lay down for a while when we got back and then came in to the dining-room for lunch. After lunch she went to bed for a while and K. + I went to the exhibition and then down town for her to get a car, and I looked at rummages at Filen's no luck. Home to be with Nanna and we all went to bed early as K. was awfully sleepy having taken the train at 1.45 last night and got in at 7. Yesterday a man named Reginald Poland, the Director of the San Diego Art Museum, came in to see Mr. Rose and Mr. N. took him in to my room and introduced him and jollied him about having the paint his portrait etc. He is very nice and seemed to like my pictures, especially the oil and asked them in the catalogue he took away with him. Converses and the Still lifes. He had been in Wash. for the Convention of the Am. Fed. of Arts and seen Leila McKinn. Mr. Rose says he is very influential in the Pacific Coast and would be a help to me if I ever went out there.

Saturday, May 21.

A rather unsatisfactory day because other people didn't keep their appointments. Billy Colgate, one of the boys at Bony's school was asking bringing down the little model he had made of the new school building in order that I could have it photographed for the papers. I had called up the Acme newspaper and made the appointment for 12 o'clock



at the studio and thought I would finish the whole thing up before lunch but the man never came at all and all my other efforts to get photographs failed. We arrived for breakfast and left afterwards for his apartment with L. T. B. and others. I did the housekeeping and other jobs here as quickly as I could, got the car and drove up to the studio where we wanted to see the Roosevelt portrait again. He was there when I got there and went with me when I went to the train to meet Billy Colgate. He is bigger and the model smaller than I expected, a lovely boy of 16. We went first to the gallery and left with them talking to Mr. More, and planning to take the 12.25 for Squem. We got up to the studio exactly at 12 and waited until about 1 for the same newspaper man. I telegraphed once to find out what was the matter but he had been out for some hours and they didn't know anything about it. Finally I went home for lunch and Billy went over to the corner to get something to eat and I left the studio. They with him so that he would have at once and the delivery boy was to let in the photographer if he came before Billy got back. While I was at home I called up the Associated Press. They were interested but had no photographs to send, suggested I get one of the Boston papers and then they might get a picture from them. Called up the Globe, would do the best he could to send some one. Called up the Post he promised to send a photographer at once. So I went back to the studio and waited there again for an hour. Then called them up and they said they had had a news break and had to send their photographer on that. They might have let me know. Then I took Billy and the model over to Davis Studio. Closed. 8 A. P. M. Then leave as drama + K. were going out to the 10 o'clock in the car at 3.25. It had turned colder however and drama had a little temp. so they weren't going. I did some more telegraphing then, tried the Times + the Herald and talked to Mrs. Davis while Billy showed the model to K. + C. D. + Emma. Then gave it up for today and K. drove me up to the Agley Society where I was to give tea and took Billy to the station to go out to Waban to spend the night at his grandmother's. He was going back to Plymouth to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock but will stay over and we will try again to-morrow. The A. P. thought they might have a photographer there if I would bring it down on the car and I'll do that and try the same newspaper again just because it was all their fault and if I can get hold of the man I'll make him come in and take it. I made the appointment with him before I told him it was all right to have Billy and Emma and it is a long and expensive trip. The Agley Society tea was rather nice. a jolly

These two were not winners and a man played the piano. He had a lovely, fresh, natural voice but very intense nervous expression. I poured tea until 6, and read the paper in the evening and we all went to bed early. Miss Quin thought Mamma had better not get up for dinner. So not out to get that model photographed. Must do it tomorrow. Amelia Earhart Palmer has flown the Atlantic alone in 15 hrs. She had to land in Sunday, May 22. I liked because there was a leak in her fuel tank. A wonderful thing for a girl to have done all alone.

Billy Colgate came in about 10 and we went down to the

associated Press office in the Globe Building and found the office open with messmen waiting for more news story in connection with the airplane flight. He had no photographs but called up the City Editor in the Globe and made an appointment for Billy to come down again in the afternoon and admit he thought it would make a good picture. So I came home and he went back to his grandmother's in Wabash again. I got back just after Mamma - K. + C.W. had left in my car to go out to the Waltons for a while as that Mamma could not outdoors in the sun. Miss Quin went to sleep while they were gone so I was left alone and played the piano until they came back. Wrote a letter to Lila before I left to go down town with Billy. After lunch K. + I went round to call on the Waltons. Gladys then drove out to Brookline to see an old friend of Mrs. Waltons', Mrs. Emerson, who K. wanted to talk to about celebrating Mrs. + Mrs. Waltons' golden wedding anniversary which came off this June. In the evening K. + I went to a movie, Elsie Lendi in "The Woman in Room 13". She was very good and very attractive but the picture wasn't good enough for her, though better than most movies. Mamma was up for both lunch and dinner but went to bed for most of the afternoon. She is so much better. I called up Billy before he left for his train and was relieved to hear that they were the photos all right. Hope the A.P. does it over as well as the Globe.

Thursday, May 23.

Ralph May telegraphed this morning and asked me to go out to the Country Club with him for tea, saying he would call for me about 5. Also Louise Scott who we had tried to go out and call on on Sunday. She wanted us all to come out to dinner Thurs. night but K. was leaving to-day and of course Mamma couldn't go. So he asked me anyway and I am going. I went up and had the car sent down about 11, went over to the gallery for a minute then came back and drove K. + Mamma and Miss Quin out to the Waltons, where Mamma sat in the car, while I parked my car. Miss Quin helped me and K. talked to Mrs. Waltons who was in bed with a cold. We got home just a minute before lunch and after lunch I

took K. over to the train. So sorry we had to go. Saw Horace Gade at the station and he joined K. for the journey. Then I took the car up to the garage and went down and stayed at the exhibition for a while. Not many people in and I am beginning to feel sure that I won't get a single order, in spite of the fine way the show started off. People simply aren't ordering portraits now 3 years. They all seem to like the show however, and it may lead to something in time. Came home about 4.30 dressed and Ralph came exactly at 5. So was busy out at the Country Club. We had tea and then played croquet and wandered about the grounds. When we got home Ralph stayed to dinner. Nanna is as well as better. She came in to dinner and it didn't tire her at all having company. Don. & Henry come this morning and ~~then~~ we can probably let Miss Simon go in a day or two. Also Nanna thinks she would love to go down to Squan next weekend and stay at St. Agnes and it will be fine for her I think. Poor Ralph's matrimonial venture with a widow and two children has all crumbled up. He told me a little about it, evidently very sore and mad. Said it was an awful mess that she used him and he did not ~~wanted~~ it. I felt he was in the right as he is not an earnest, well-meaning soul and so conscientious. I can't even understand her not being able to stick it married to him but I would, with friends she could up to get rid of him. Wise telegraphed. He had a letter from Morris Parris saying that Mr. Conpton was crazy about the Taylor portrait and very enthusiastic about the whole Taylor portrait collection idea. Wise goes to N. Y. to-morrow night, will come back Friday and go down with us on Saturday. Will send something to stir things up at the exhibition.

Tuesday, May 24

A lovely day. I tried to get the car early to take Nanna out but the elevator had broken down at the garage so we took a taxi instead over to my exhibition. Mrs. Rose talked to us quite a while and a Miss Guthrie came in to see the Pigeon's portrait. She is with Charles Murray in his photographic studio and is recommending me to Mrs. Logan who may have a portrait painted of her husband Gen. Logan of whom they have just taken a photograph. Also she may write an article on "good" wives for the papers and I gave her a photo. of the portrait to use in it. Also they are taking a series of photos. of gardens and I told her about St. Agnes and she may go down before long and take some pictures. I talked to her a little longer than I meant to as I knew Nanna ought to go and finally broke away immediately when Mrs. Rose came and told me to forget Nanna



was getting tired. He is so nice and seems really enthusiastic about my work and to be trying to get me sales and commissions - not a contrast to Mr. Bailey. Mamma wasn't really tired and wanted to stop in at Bookers and see if she could get a straw hat, which we did, and then walked slowly over to Commonwealth Ave. and sat on a bench for a while and then walked home. Quite a morning but she was none the worse for it, sat up for lunch but of course went to bed afterwards for most of the afternoon, while I went out and did some shopping for summer clothes. Got two waists and a dress at Macerain's and a dress and hat at Cusumano's. Stopped in at the Gallery for a moment too. Must try and be there more or I think that is the only way I will get an order. Mr. More wants to keep the pictures on next week. When I got home I found Mamma up and dressed again and she came to dinner and stayed up till 9 o'clock. We will let Miss Quinn go to-morrow. A letter from Mr. Rowland congratulating me on my exhibition.

Wednesday, May 25.

I got the commission to paint the man for the bank in Norwich, Conn. This morning when I stopped at the studio to get my mail, when Mamma and I were driving out to the Island I found a letter from Mr. Huntington saying the committee had decided to accept my offer to do it for \$1000 and they were sure to come on and do it early in June. I will drive on in the B. weekly but I hate to leave Mamma just now when she ought to be taken out into the country every day and also will need someone here to help with doing the apartment before we move to Squam. I am hoping B. may be here before we go to Dublin but anyway Mamma insists that she can manage perfectly well with Helen and I won't be going for a week which <sup>will</sup> make a <sup>big</sup> difference in her condition. So I wrote Mr. Huntington this evening that I would come on June 1 and he will write me directions about the shortest way to drive on. I'll take my usual paint box and canvas in the trunk and it will be rather full. I hate to leave Mamma and to be away from Squam at this lonely season. I have to be back for the N. Shore July June 15 and think it won't take me more than 10 days anyway. Am so thrilled to get the commission. We started out quite early and left Miss Quinn and her bag at the Nurses Club where she works. She has been very ~~there~~ in many ways but Mamma was not crazy about her towards the end and it is a good feeling to be back to normal again with just the

family. After we left Miss Annan and stopped at the studio we went to try and find a lot of masses again. They went to two places on Marlborough Street, without success, as I thought she was getting tired. So we drove out to the Loaves and we lay on a bench in the piazza while I looked at seagulls. Mrs. & Mrs. W. not at home. It was lovely out there, with the birds singing and the smell of lilacs, lilacs of the valley and pines was delicious. Home for lunch and Annan went to bed after and I went over to the exhibition and stayed there all the afternoon except for a call on Miss Guthrie at the Craftsman photographic studio. She is very nice and enthusiastic about my work and thinks we can get some more orders. I told her I would make a business arrangement with them and give them a commission if the coast did. Wrote letters and paid bills in the evening. Gave money out on 2 Dec. with wishes for the success of my drive. Ran a day. I

Thursday, Dec 20.

Still very warm, hotter than yesterday. I took mamma out in the car after doing the housekeeping etc. and we drove over to Lupton Square, after leaving our boots at the library, and she went to some hat shops there and got a very becoming dark blue hat, while I stayed at the gallery and the bank. Mrs. W. wants to keep my pictures another week and it is all right except for Dr. Hamner & Woodhull. am not quite sure about keeping them longer but have written wire to ask his opinion. Very few people in this hot weather and I decided it isn't worth a line putting on as in the papers about the show's being attended. After our errands we stopped at the studio for a while and for mamma to see the Roosevelt copy. Then drove out to the Loaves and had half an hour out there in the lawn under the trees.

It was lovely. Home for lunch and then mamma went to bed and I went out to do a few more errands and to be at the gallery at 3 o'clock when Mr. Thompson expected Mr. Abbott of Westford, who he thinks is a good bit positively. While waiting the wife him a terrific thunder storm came up and the lightning and sheets of rain in Lupton Square were quite a sight. Mr. Abbott came about 4.30. Nothing doing I think. Rather, however, like and not interested in portrait especially. Went home, dressed and drove out to the Howard Scotts in Cambridge for dinner. Young Woodhull there and a prof. & Mrs. Hooton, prof. of anthropology and in the Peabody Museum of which Woodhull is director. Also Louise Scott's mother, Mrs. Scott. (deadly) It was awfully nice seeing Woodhull and he is quite keen about having me paint him and Woodhull in a portrait together, as I did when they were 3 and 6. Mrs. Hooton was intelligent and nice but Louise I met

had such an atmosphere of striving to be charming and nice and I could not Prof. Hooten stayed talking in the dining room all the evening. So it was not so hot. Also another my head felt tired and I felt paralyzed by Louise Scott's artificial manner. I didn't sleep well afterwards. Think my shoulders and neck have got stiff again and will have to get in an appointment with Dr. Barstow before I go away. Don't realize I'm ever going to get everything done in the two days I have left in town if I go to summer on Wed. - say to-morrow and Tuesday as we will be in Squam over the week-end. a telegram from Wire saying he had had a telegram case from Mr. Bentley of the Chicago W. from Chicago, saying his board had approved of the consolidation with Wire, which is great.

Friday, May 27.

Went over to Dr. Barstow's as soon as I got through with the housekeeping. My back and shoulders have got stiff again but the treatment helped them a lot. and once more, on Tuesday, will fix me up I think. Came back and got morning and we drove to Chandler's for her to see if she could find a summer dress wanted, which I looked for a lot to go with my new chiffon dress without success. Then we went and sat in the Public Garden until lunch time. After lunch I went down town and got a mango and wave at 8 teams, and a lot at Chandler's and did some other errands. Wrote letters in the evening. Ralph may send me a copy of his book "Old Portsmouth History", and I read a little of that before writing to thank him for it. He has done a good thorough job and by the use of well selected poetical quotations has shown his feeling and imagination. Had a letter from Mr. Huntington giving me the route route for my drive to Dover on next Wednesday and enclosing me from Mrs. Huntington asking me to spend the first night with them. She knows Gretchen Rogers and her sister is her best friend. It begins to look quite promising in the west. I said I will say it is a lovely old town and I think I shall enjoy being there. Mrs. Huntington says there is a room in the house I wish I had for a studio and that Mrs. Barstow will go every day after 3 o'clock. Miss Guthrie called me up while I was out. Will try and get her in the morning.

Saturday, May 28.

Wire came for breakfast and we got off for Squam about 10.30, though we had to stop at the Guild and Wall & Peck and the train for miles after that we didn't get down there till a little after one. I had a letter from Mr. Stoddard in the morning mail saying that he hadn't heard whether Mr. Hall would give the story for the hour. Shore is out and suggesting Stanley Woodward as an alternative possibility. So I telegraphed and tried several times to get them on the telephone and finally



got Mr. Hall who refused, then got some of Stanley Woodhouse's strings from Doll & Richards as as to have something to talk about at the meeting. Very nice drive down and got there just in time for lunch. Mamma stood the trip very well and went to bed after lunch for two hours or so while the rest of us went down to Cove House and Halfway House. Everything lovely and E. has pleased my window boxes for me. E. & V. went up to Shegworths again and I got some spray ready for my roses and set out some of those E. gave me. Up to Shegworths for tea with Mamma and got her settled in a box in the garage. Polished my car and after dinner we just sat around and talked, read the papers etc. and went to bed early. So lovely and quiet down here.

Sunday, May 29.

A beautiful day, rather cool, N. wind. Got Mamma settled in the sun on the terrace and E. & Wise and I drove down to Manchester to take a whole plate of some lovely gorse and white dog wood trees on the edge of their garden, with white crosses in it. The light was very low however. When we got back we found Morris Paris talking to Mamma & E. & V. He is down for the week and will sail tomorrow and is going abroad in July with his sister, Mrs. Gill. When he left we took Mamma down for an inspection of Halfway House and Cove House and I sprayed my roses. In the afternoon after sitting in the sun on the terrace for a while I drove over to Mr. Studdards for the meeting of the Arts & Exhibition Committee of the St. John's Association. Mrs. Temple, Mrs. Peyton, Mrs. J. & I were there meeting. We decided to ask Harrison Lady to supply the strings with Stanley Woodhouse for next time. I left as soon as I could as I wanted to get over to the Sturge's where I was to meet E. & Wise for tea. Had a very nice time. Mr. & Mrs. J. & Julie there and Mrs. Mrs. Bates. Such attractive people all of them. Home for dinner and read about the book on Charles II. after Mamma had gone to bed. It is going her as much good here and she and E. & V. are coming down again for next week and as I shall be in & out of it. Got my car out tomorrow for the first time.

Monday, May 30.

Sprayed my roses and did some gardening at Cove House while Mamma and E. & V. sat in the sun at Shegworths. E. & Wise came down with me. Called up Mr. Lodge about the Bartlett affair for the Bridge and to wait to see it. Called up Miss Gysin in Gloucester who will write it and took the material over to her before dinner. It will come out July 1 and my tea will be July 9 with Bob Bartlett present as the chief interest. After dinner we sat around on the terrace and looked up notes to give to E. & V. in my drive on which I am there and we will drive back together to Shegworths. About

Tuesday, May 31.

10. I'd be checking and making up bills & with it was tried to get me Tuesday. She said she had heard the Pres. Lefebvre of J. Lefebvre is to have his portrait painted and suggested I find out the name and go after it. I don't see that I can do anything except I don't see up with my well yes. of the J. Lefebvre's that I <sup>hope</sup> ~~thought~~ before and about but I don't know anything about it. She didn't but would try and find out the chairman and let me know. Don't think I can do anything though. If they want me they'll ask me, and they will think of me because of Miss Arnold's portrait. Got the car down and went to see Brian to give him directions about all the pictures from my show and to Ball & Richards to return Shirley Woodward's things. It was a good thing and I we drove down town and he sat in the car by the corner where I got some white linen jump and some cotton ones. I went to the gallery, C. not there. Finally went to Dr. T's. having to take her 11.45 appointment and leave her mine at 2.15. F. and her were having her hair done. Went back and got some and I went out to the store and had about half an hour with them in the garage. Home for Mrs. L. and me. I left right after for my appointment and spent the rest of the afternoon getting my things to the studio and to the office and getting some things for home for the English Friedberg. Paid in the evening. Was a little tired, advised me to





light and background and then Mr. Huntington drove out to his house  
 and I followed in my car. He lives in Tiptonville a suburb of Knoxville, Tenn.  
 H. met at home when we got there. I washed and changed into work clothes  
 and in a while just as I was dressed and we had tea. She is very intelligent  
 but rather nervous in her manner, and I discovered is an aunt of Mr.  
 and the headmaster of Henry's school. After tea she was going to mail  
 some letters at the P.O. in Knoxville and took me along to show me the  
 town. In 8 min. we came to Henry. It is very attractively situated, on a  
 hill overlooking the River, a nice, new Colonial type bldg. and  
 by 3 am by 30 min. to Knoxville and the committee has arranged  
 for me to stay there. I am glad as I would much rather be inde-  
 pendent and not feel that I am on people's minds. Had dinner with  
 Mr. & Mrs. Huntington and Priscilla, about 9. To other other daughters  
 are grown, one married and one graduating from Vassar this year.  
 I then went out and talked after dinner and I called up Emma. Dr. Henry  
 had sent her in his car and I had talked to him, over the telephone.  
 She had been out and even walked to the library, stopping to rest on a  
 bench on Main Ave. and her voice sounded fine and strong and I guess  
 is all right. Went to bed at 9 o'clock. The Huntingtons would  
 like to get married or do something else beside take to me.

Thursday, June 2.

I got my bags packed before breakfast and immediately  
 afterwards got loaded into the car and drove to the Knoxville Inn to leave  
 them before I went to the studio. I felt that Mrs. H. had a lot of  
 things to attend to and anyway I wanted to get to the <sup>bank</sup> studio early to  
 see what Mr. Butts and find out what clothes he was going to wear and  
 get some stuff for background. Mrs. H. gave me a piece of gold blue-  
 green damask and a dark blue evening wrap and though I spent quite  
 a while trying to get something to match the damask as to use it all the  
 way across I finally used the evening wrap in the Madison on the river  
 and wore <sup>the</sup> the blue gauze and green silk, the best match I could get, below  
 the damask to make it big enough. I went out to the Inn for lunch and  
 am perfectly delighted with it and my room. It is so clean and new and  
 pretty and a lovely location, a mile outside the town, on a hill overlooking  
 the river with golf links around it, garages, apple-packing places, a  
 garden and terrace and everything so nice and well run. Mr. Butts came for  
 his suit at 2 and we made the dress. He wore a dark blue suit and I  
 think it will make a nice picture although I saw him later at the  
 Inn at a big dinner he was giving for the clerk of two of the banks

here. One of which is Pres. and the other one of the directors, and he had on a light gray summer suit which was very becoming. However, I think the dark one is better for a formal bank portrait, but he will bring the light coat to-morrow for me to try. When we finished the sketch he got Mr. Huntington and Mr. Tivrell, <sup>another</sup> ~~two~~ members of the committee to come up and see it and they approved of the composition and color scheme though of course I had to explain that in that tiny scale I had not expected to get a likeness. Mr. H. stayed afterwards while I figured out the size of the big canvas and seemed interested in the process. It is very nice and at breakfast I discovered that he is a cousin of Jimmy Huntington in Boston. After washing my brushes in the bath-room, in the floor with the trades, (we decided to use a room on the top floor instead of the Directors room as the light will be less changing and I can leave it uninterrupted) I drove out to the Inn, put the Butterfly to bed in one of the shed garages, and went in and got unpacked and settled. In the evening I wrote letters and got into bed early and read a novel by Booth Tarkington, "Claire Ambler", not much good. I feel I am living in the days of luxury here and that I am at last reaping the reward of so many years of work. Certainly when you get to the point where your work is sought and people will do no more for you to have you paint a portrait, portrait painting is a profession <sup>not</sup> takes you into pleasant places and a comfortable life. A telegram from E. G. day saying that a letter had come from Mr. Maynard about the O'Connell show with a message on the outside that the pictures have to be there the 5<sup>th</sup>. I had already arranged with Mr. Bliss to send Jop, Lilies & Dine, but it was recent of her to telegram. Hope she and Wize come on. I think they would like the Inn but I haven't seen much picturesque material for her to photograph yet.

Friday, June 3.

Foggy with showers this morning but it cleared by the afternoon, so the light was all right for painting. I spent the morning getting the canvas stretched, it is 32 X 37, and getting the figure placed on the big canvas from the sketch, doing a few sketches etc. Mr. Huntington came up from office downstairs about noon and we discussed fences a little. Came back to the Inn for lunch and had my sitting from 2 to 4. Got along all right except that Mr. Butler talks of going to a ball game Sun. and not being able to go on Monday. He said he isn't at all interested in having it done, though I think he is flattered by the idea, and is only doing it because

the committee urged him and ~~also~~ I can see he is bored by the posing. I shall have to advise him more and will have to get him to pose every day as far as possible in order to finish it next week. I'd like to get it done by Friday as Mr. Huntington goes away then to be gone until Tues. and I absolutely have to drive home to Squam Tues. noon to be at Glenview on Wed. the 15<sup>th</sup> for the meeting of the jury of the Dante & Horace Socy. I can do it all right but not if he doesn't sit for two or three days at a time, to say nothing of the committee having to pay my expenses while I lay around doing nothing. I mentioned that and I think that is the argument that will have the most weight with him. I stayed until after 5 painting in background, though I don't like to do it without him. I wanted the committee to be able to decide on the frame to-morrow though as I can telegraph for it and they will have to meet in the morning before our Sat. P. M. meeting (which is to be a short one unfortunately) as Mr. H. and probably some of the others are going away over the week-end. I brought some mouldings from Boston and arranged with the Copley Frame Shop to make it and ship it on in three days so that I can have it nearly dry the end of next week. A quiet evening at the Inn. Read in bed. Finished Claire Asables, quite good and rather excellent I think. Read an interesting and original novel by a Scotchwoman, Lorna Raa, called 'In Mrs. Greenes'. Had letters from Menzies, Wise & E. this a. m. Dr. Barry said there was no reason why I shouldn't have gone, as he can't be worried about his heart and I guess it must be all right. He & C. W. go down to Squam to-day for the week-end.

Saturday, June 4.

To-day is the Talk-Wasiny Party at Mrs. Storro's. Sorry I had to miss it. A lovely, warm day. I waited around most of the morning in the "studio", reading magazine I found in the room next door which Mr. Butts has had fixed up as a rest room for the women employed in the bank. About 12 the three gentlemen of the committee, Mr. Huntington, Mr. Threll and Mr. Rogers came to see the moulding I had brought from Boston and decide on a frame for the portrait. We selected one and I sent the order by special delivery letter to the Copley Frame Shop. The committee of course had to see the portrait to judge of the frame which I didn't want them to as I had only had one sitting on it. However they seemed pleased with what I had done. Drove out to the Inn for lunch and came back for a half past one sitting with Mr. Butts. He grumbled a bit at being made to work on a holiday but doesn't really mean anything by it and we got along beautifully. He is 78 and has lived in Rome in all his life. So a Republican but not



keen about Hoover. An anti-~~prohibitionist~~ prohibitionist, says Conn. never voted for the amendment anyway. would like local option. After the sitting I drove him out to his old house with wide lawns on the main street of Norwich town. He showed me the garden and asked me in for a glass of iced ale with cookies and then I took him over to the crowd cages where a ball game that he had planned to go to was going on, left him there and drove out to the Inn where I polished my car a little. After dinner read Huntington a little, finished "Six Mrs. Greenes" and talked to a Miss Brown. Met Mrs. Pope the manager introduced, a girl who used to live in Norwich but who now comes to the Inn for the Spring and Fall and has a house on Cape Cod for the summer. A Miss Pope her sister in Scarsdale in the winter. She has a little car and drives around. The lot of the independent opinion is certainly never pleasant nowadays. Went up to bed early and read Miss May's book "Mother India" as much of it as I could stand. Those poor wretches are far worse than animals with their dirt, disease, ignorance and sex perversion. As she says their "slave mentality", lack of initiative, all strong leaders are due not to British rule but to their social habits and sex customs of child marriage etc. It is the plague spot of the world all right and I never want to go there.

Sunday, June 5.

A lovely, warm day. I sat out on the terrace in the sun after breakfast, reading the Sunday paper and a girl in Miss Brown brought her paper out and joined me. Later I went to the garage and polished my car and came in and wrote some letters. After lunch drove in town for a sitting. Mr. Butts was waiting for me on the sidewalk at the side entrance of the bank and let me in and we went up to the studio. I worked on the head and somehow have got it out of drawing and it didn't look like him much when I left it. He is rather a hard rigger as he is rather nervous and gets a set expression and stiff position of the head when he is posing. However I'll get it I know and will have to talk to him more and make him forget his posing. Also it was hot up there and I never feel so much like painting after lunch. I wish we were doing it in the mornings and may have a morning sitting to get the head right if the light seems better then. The afternoon sun strikes on one street outside and on a building across the street and reflects into my eyes and though I have got a shade it doesn't come low enough to shut it out completely. I get a right nose now of course and am hoping that I may finish it by Friday before Mr. Huntington goes away and won't be back until Tuesday. It is going to Pouffelegue for his daughter's graduation from Vassar, and as I have to drive home to Squam Tuesday. I ~~would~~ would like to get it finished before he goes. After our sitting I drove Mr. Butts home

and he suggested taking a drive through Strehagen Park, a wooded re-  
 creation, with lakes and a picnic ground with some animals in cages, a deer  
 park etc. Very pretty. When I left him he asked me in for a glass of  
 ginger ale on the piazza and I met his sister-in-law, Miss Palmer, who  
 keeps house for him since his wife's death a year or so ago. He hadn't even  
 mentioned the portrait to her and though he is really pleased and flattered  
 at being painted he keeps saying he doesn't like the idea will move  
 his desk if they lay in his office, wishes he hadn't given it to the committee  
 and consented to sit for it, which is a little disconcerting for me, or  
 worse, he if I didn't know that underneath he is pleased. He is very  
 fairminded about things and though he grumbles a bit about his leg  
 going to sleep etc. I don't think he really minds it. I left his house  
 about 5 and drove out to the Inn. Wrote to Emma, talked to Miss  
 Brown a little after supper, went up to bed early and read a novel,  
 Summer Lightning by a non-read. Hummel or something. A wild,  
 adventure of an American newspaper man who gets mixed up in a  
 murder in Romania political situation in the Balkans with a beautiful  
 Albanian woman as heroine etc.

Monday, June 6.

Quite hot with <sup>at the end of</sup> thunderstorms ~~at~~ this afternoon.  
 after breakfast I pressed the hem of a cotton dress I had returned in  
 the housekeeper's room. I asked the chambermaid, such a nice, neat-  
 looking woman if we could do it and she told me there was an electric iron  
 there that I could use and the housekeeper was very pleasant and the room  
 as fresh and neat with piles of clean linen in the hall. The whole Inn  
 has such a pleasant friendly attitude and is so neat and well run. When  
 that was done I put my dress on, the new brown and white piece I got in Boston  
 and went in to the studio and did up and mailed the corner piece of  
 paper that the copyer gave me for a bag. Then sat a few  
 more minutes till time looked at dresses in a little dress shop and came home  
 for lunch and got back for the sitting at quarter past two. I waited until 3.15  
 before Mr. Brown came and when he did he was tired and hot and the light  
 blazing with the thunderstorms coming up and I didn't accomplish much  
 though I did get one head pretty well in before we stopped a little after four.  
 It makes me wild to have to wait around all the good part of the day and I  
 simply must get it like him, which it isn't yet. Also this afternoon  
 is bad for painting because the whole illumination of the room then is  
 the reflected sun light from a big yellow office building across the  
 street, making his flowers too yellow and my canvas shine, so I

told him this afternoon that from now on we would have to work in the morning, even if we were interrupted sometimes and explained all the reason why the afternoon was bad and he is coming in to - tomorrow morning as early as he can, probably before 10 and we give me what time he can. I think that is the very thing to do and hope to goodness I can fix it right up now. He is a very nervous artist and gets on my nerves. His mouth gets wet and his leg goes to sleep all every time I wake up to the sound to paint. He uncrosses his legs and shakes his foot and taps it on the floor so that I am conscious of his discomfort all the time. Then he continually makes little remarks about not wanting to have it done anyway and not knowing nor caring whether it looks like him. Though he did say to my surprise yesterday that when this was done after would never sit for a photograph again, would have it photographed and use there. I'll give it out of course and I suppose it would be too much to have my notes and painting conditions perfect here as well as the living conditions as pleasant and comfortable. Back to the 3rd for dinner and read, The Perennial Bachelor by Anne Parrish and The Education of Henry Adams. I asked to Miss Catherine Brown a letter. She is a good deal of a braggart. Letter from mine and one from Boyd Edwards saying that he had written Pres. Jefferson and suggesting that I send him photographs of some of my portraits. To-morrow is my birthday and I must celebrate by getting the portrait to look like Mr. Butts.

Tuesday, June 7.

I've got the likeness all right and feel quite comfortable in my mind about finishing the portrait satisfactorily and in good time, provided Mr. Butts can give me nothing to - tomorrow and Thursday and the frame comes promptly. I got down to the studio about 9.15 and waited and waited, reading magazines and sometimes pacing up and down as I was as crazy to get at it. Finally a little before 12 when he still hadn't come up I went down into the back to see what I could do about it and he was there and apparently hadn't understood that he was to come up though we certainly talked enough about doing it in the morning yesterday and I know we left it that I would get there early and he would come up as soon as he could. Of course I couldn't show any impatience would only say I knew he must have had a busy morning etc., etc. He said he hadn't particularly and would have come up if he had known I was there which was exaggerating. However he did come up in a few minutes and sat for an hour and it was as much cooler and the light no much better than I got the head much more in drawing and it looks like him at last. He gave me another hour



afternoon and I got the right hand practically finished and he will try and give me at least an hour to-morrow morning. I think I need him realize why I wanted to work on it right away and he was really very about this morning and is beginning to get interested in the picture. Also the jester, a Yankee named Champier, things to look exactly like him and on did a young clerk who came up to give him a message. It isn't the expression I want yet but the hand is too big but I think two more times will make it ready for the committee to see. I had birthday telegrams from Wm & E. and Maxine & C. V. When I got home in the afternoon I dressed a dress and ironed a new waist I had worked in the morning, wrote a letter to Tony and read the Perennial Bachelors by Anne Parish. Rather false and superficial but written with a popular appeal and a feeling for the physical aspects of things, scent, colors, textures etc. and a rather amusing portrayal of the changing aspect of dress and customs from 1850 on to the present. I had quite a talk with Miss Brown. She has travelled abroad quite a bit and ~~studies~~ <sup>went to school</sup> in Munich. She comes to-day after breakfast early in the morning.

Wednesday, June 8.

A cold and clear N.W. day with big white clouds going over. I got to the studio a little after 9.30 and met Mr. Bates just going up in the elevator to see if I was there. He came up about 10 and paid a visit about 11.20 when I told him I thought we would stop. I have very little thing to do now all over to finish it and would like to wait till the frame comes. Mr. Huntington doesn't go away till Friday afternoon and then gives up two mornings. I called up the Ugly Frame Shop in Boston to hurry up the frame and Mr. Tansberg said he had almost finished the carving but that he thought he would get it off this afternoon. I don't see how he possibly can with the jelling and coats of white, all of which have to be rubbed down and the jelling tried. However I may have succeeded in hurrying him so that I get it Friday and I guess the best way is to have a sitting to-morrow, let the committee see it without the frame and Friday follow out their suggestions for seeing they were fixed and have them see it again finally in the frame. Then if all is well I can beat it for Square Day. and won't it be a grand and glorious feeling when I can beat the butterfly home-wards with the portrait accepted! Home for lunch and afterwards read a while, changed my clothes and went to call on Mrs. Huntington and at home. I decided to drive to Black Point to stop by Alice

Somerville, though I don't know whether he has moved down or not. It is about 8 miles beyond New London and a cloudy spot. I found it all right by asking the policemen in New London, got off the road as directed back by some man working on the road and when I got to Black Point had to ask for Alice's house of course. Some girls told me it was one of those on a hill, so I drove up and at the back of one was a Ford station wagon with a man and girl taking some trip down, evidently just moving down and as I went across the grass to the back door I heard the girls' voice giving directions to a deaf man and recognized Alice's voice. She had just driven down from D. Y. with nothing in a car belonging to a Black Pt. neighbor who was already there for the summer, Bob Oligrant and he asked me to his house where his wife was expecting them for tea and when Alice was to spend the night, going back to D. Y. tomorrow and he isn't moving down till next week. It was the greatest luck my listing on the day and catching her there few minutes he was at the house. I had a very nice time at tea at the Oligrants and discovered that they know K. & Elliot. He was in the Keynote Co. for a while and I vaguely remember K. writing about him. I was home in  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour or less had dinner and talked to Miss Brown all the evening and showed her my album.

Thursday, June 9.

The committee have seen the portrait and it's all right and I think I can surely go home Saturday. I am so thrilled because they really seem crazy about the portrait. The frame arrived early this morning. I saw the Express note near the bank so I got there for my fitting and thought I recognized the box by its size and shape and asked the driver if it was for the Seaside Savings Society and it was, so I carried it up in Mr. Huntington's office on the way upstairs and tell him the portrait frame and all, would be ready for the committee to see after 12 o'clock. He said he would get word of the others and they would all come at 2. So I had my fitting and fixed quite a lot of little things that needed it, turned down the frame as it was too light a gold and it all looked fine and I was quite thrilled with it when I went back to the Inn for lunch. Mr. Huntington telegraphed while I was at lunch about .35 and said they were all there so I hopped in the car and when I got there I knew by their faces as soon as I came in the room that they liked it. Mr. Huntington had no criticism at all, Mr. Dwyer thought the shadows on one side of the face might be a bit dark, and it maybe, and Mr. Tirrell had some very good ideas about the eyes and thought the lenses of the glasses didn't look quite the same size. They all agreed that it was an excellent likeness and

liked the configuration, pure, and lands very much, also the color scheme and  
 frame and I can see she really drifted into it and I am so glad. Mr.  
 Butts was really thrilled and has asked me to suggest it his house to-morrow  
 night. I can do the little things it needs easily to-morrow morning and they  
 are to see it again for a final inspection and then I can clean up and pack my  
 head for Squam Saturday. Pretty good to finish it in exactly 9 days, near  
 home and picture, and I must write Mr. Tansberg and thank him for getting  
 the frame. Love myography - It made a lot of difference having them see it in  
 the frame. When they left about 2.15 I scraped my palette etc. and then hopped  
 in the car and drove over to Lyne, about 25 miles through lovely, green country,  
 hills, ditches and roads beside the roads, to see Fritz's Boring and his husband  
 and children. I met them just coming out of the drive, but they turned back  
 and we chatted for a while and then I went into them to see some cows at a  
 dairy farm about 10 or 15 miles away. While living there and he being out of a  
 job they have decided very sensibly to make what they can out of a place  
 and are selling their extra milk and vegetables and turning farmers in a small way  
 and they seem to be much interested in it. We watched the cows, a registered  
 Ayrshire herd, being milked by machinery and some of the time Fritz and I  
 sat in the car and talked, chiefly about Constantine's affairs, then we drove back as  
 the children had gotten up from their naps and I went into the little boy, 4½ and  
 little Constantine, 3, to watch their father milking and to call on the pigs and chickens.  
 They are darling children and the baby, 8 months, a perfectly good baby and Fritz  
 seems to take them all very casually and quite sensibly. I read aloud to little Bo  
 the story before supper and we all got to be great friends and the little girl when  
 I went in to say good-night to her in her bed at her request and she wanted me to sleep  
 there with her and the little boy said apropos of nothing "I like Margaret". It is so  
 easy to get on with kids, and just by doing things with them and enjoying them  
 from their point of view and they are such good company. I really like to be with  
 them and talk to them better than I do most grown people - far better. They  
 never bore you because ~~they know~~ you never know what they're going to say and  
 they have such a deliciously fresh and direct outlook. After supper when we  
 rather late as our milking took a long time, Fritz's husband whom he calls "Bo"  
 too not being a skilled milker yet though an awfully nice boy, we inspected  
 Fritz's flower garden by flash-light trying to identify some of the seedlings and  
 then I drove home getting there a little after 10. (It's about 25 miles) Miss  
 Brown followed me upstairs when I came in to say good-night as she leaves early  
 to-morrow to drive to N. Y. for a while. Sorry not see Betty & Tansy at Lyne.  
 They will be here to-morrow for the summer. Constantine was decided not to  
 go back to Charlie's Cotting and is looking for a play to produce next season.



Friday, June 10

My last day in Norwich and still lovely weather, cool and sunny with big white clouds in a brilliant blue sky. I drove in to the house and left the car <sup>at a garage</sup> to be greased, water put in batteries and turned out up preparatory for the drive to Squam tomorrow. Also wrote drama, a.e. & wise right after breakfast that I was writing. Had about an hour's sitting with Mr. Butts and Mr. Tinnell was right in saying the shadow in the corner of the eye was too dark. Fixed that and did the glasses more carefully and then waited around for the committee to come and see it again. I signed it and got it in a good light in the big store room at the back and Mr. Butts two sisters, maiden ladies, about 70, Adelaide and Matilda, came at 12 to see it and liked it very much. They had no criticism, or at least offered none saying it was very good and very much like him. Mr. Tinnell came a little later and he was very enthusiastic, said that as far as his voice in the committee went he would vote twice for it, liked it best of any portrait he knew, Mr. Huntington and Mr. Rogers came a little later when the Butts ladies had gone and they saw nothing at all the matter with it except a tiny change in the landscape that comes from his pocket, and when the others were gone and I was clearing up Mr. Huntington told me to send my bill and to leave my expenses at the Inn charged to him for the committee. So it is all done and on schedule time. Mr. Butts asked me to supper this evening and invited me to come back about 3 when he was going to and the girls' clerks were back up to see it. He is really awfully proud and pleased though he still pretends he doesn't like the idea. There is something very boyish about him even at 78 as he is as active and lively as a cricket. So I went back to the Inn for lunch and came at 3, but the private view with the dozen or so women clerks up from the bank and loaded my point box and ran into the car and drove out to see the Slater art museum and H.A. The art school was set with the Norwich Fine Academy of which Mr. Tinnell is head. The museum collection consists chiefly of a very good collection of casts collected for Mr. Slater who gave it to the town by Mr. Robinson who before he died was pres. of the Metropolitan Art Museum. There also is a group of photographs of Norwich residents which I didn't see as the auditorium they are in was locked. Back to the Inn and rested for a while, then dressed and went to the Butts for supper. A typical old New England house. We inspected the old-fashioned garden and lawn after supper and then went to bed. I did a few daguerotypes and talked old Norwich. Home early to pack. Will call me up from N.Y. soon after I get in. He goes to Squam to night as well. Between when I get there and I surely will be glad to be home again.

Saturday, June 11.

A perfect day for my drive to Squam. I got my bags all packed before breakfast and got off at 9.15, stopping at a filling station near the Inn for oil and gas. I went from Norwich to Basildon by a different road this time. Route 12, the main road to Worcester and it is 6 miles longer I discovered by my mileage was 30 to Boston and not nearly as pretty country. From Basildon I went through Putnam, Crepechet, Woorsocket, Wrentham, Waagoll, <sup>now Wood</sup> Wadsworth, ~~Wadsworth~~ to Boston. drawing up in front of the studio at 12.45, exactly  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hrs. 102 miles, an average of about 30 miles an hour. Not bad. I almost never went over 45 miles an hour and the roads were splendid all the way and the route very clearly marked. I looked in at the studio just a minute to see if R. & B. had returned the pictures from the Vase show all right and then went to the bank to transfer \$300 from my Savings to my checking acct. and to the tea drop across the street for lunch. Then started for Squam, stopping a minute at the Registry to make an appointment for a permanent on Tues. at 2. Quite a lot of traffic going out of Boston but got to Squam at 3.45, left <sup>B.</sup> at 2.15, and drew up at Cove House. E. & W. were in the work drop and it all looked as nice. I have arrived to Nannie's for a while before unloading and the boxes finally all got stowed the same down very well though. We were pretty much all in Squam Thursday night when they got down. Helen was the greatest help with the move. Went to Cove House again for a little while and E. got some orange juice from the market, then up to Sleepy Hollow and got engaged, dressed and went down to Nannie's for supper. E. & W. came afterwards for the evening and we talked in front of the fire. I am so glad to be back but feel pretty tired from the long drive. The morning papers have big head lines about the suicide of a waitress at the Merriam's, Violet Sharpe, who killed herself by taking cyanide of potassium, while the police were waiting to question her further about her actions on the night of the Leitchfield Kidnapping. Ray felt sure we at least knew about it and had been trying to undermine her resistance and we had finally identified a photo. they showed her as the man we was with that night, as soon as her suicide became known the man, named Ernest B. Miskitt a taxi-cab driver, was arrested and he does look as if they might be on the way to find out whether or not the two of you had been quite innocent herself, as Mrs. Morrow is said to believe.

Sunday, June 12.

Still lovely weather but we need rain now. Went round the place with E. & W. inspecting the garden which never looked as lovely, stopped in to see Diana on the way down to Cove House and E. & W. and I got into our bathing suits and joggled over to the sand dunes and went in bathing. We just took a dip as the water was getting cool. We took Vase with us and she loved it. Staying around on the beach and doesn't mind the water at all. Back at Cove House I did a little straightening up of things over generally, put up laundry etc. and then we went back to Sleepywood and dressed to go to the Pices for lunch. Just a family party, Mr. & Mrs. Rice and the Miss Rices and their children. Pleasant but not particularly interesting. I ate next to Mr. Rice and somehow find him hard to talk to. After lunch we went down to the little artificial lake and watched the kids fool around in boats, then E. & Mrs. Rice & I walked around the place, watched the Miss Rices play tennis for a while and went home about 5 o'clock. I got in my car and went to call on Katherine French who is down here. This summer in 1922 because of Graham's house in West Square, then watched my garden at Cove House a little, my roses are going to be singly wonderful and went up to Sleepywood to dress for dinner. Mamma & C. G. came up for dinner. She is looking as well. The papers this morning say that the man who was suspected and arrested because of the Morris witness having designated him as the man who was with the right of the kidnapping has been absolved, proved an alibi. It seems funny that this poor girl should have killed herself though if she didn't at least know anything about it and why should she have had crystals of potassium crystals which could be bought at a drug store, and must have been furnished to her as that she could kill herself if things got bad.

Monday, June 13.

We all went over to G. Lucette this morning, Mamma & I in my car and E. & W. in theirs. I wanted to get some requests in the first spring fixed but it took so long that E. & W. picked Mamma up at the garage where we were and took her to Brownie's so that she would be here and I got her there later, did a few more errands and got her home by 12.30. Rather late for her middle of the morning cup of naps but Helen got it ready for her at once and I guess she was over the worse for it as she had a good nap after lunch. In the afternoon I got things straightened out at Cove House, burning unpacking pictures and stowing the boxes under the piazza, did some gardening and about 5 drove over to G. to see Miss Graham and go over the article she has written for the Beech about Capt. Bob and my tea. Mamma came along too and we sat C. G. at the train afterwards. We went to bed at 5 o'clock.



Tuesday, June 14.

I got off early, about 9.15, to drive up to town. C.D. came along too. It rained most of the way up and there were two detours so we didn't make very good time but got up to town about 11. I left C.D. at his office and went to the apartment and got a few things Emma wanted, then to the studio where I did up two bundles of things to take to Squem and put things away out of the dust etc. for the summer. A special delivery letter came for me from David Hove Elliott. Of the Newport art ass'n saying we was to be in Boston to-morrow and would like to come to the studio to select pictures for the exhibition. I wrote her I couldn't be here, that all the pictures were in Squem anyway and told her what I was planning to send. There was also a letter from her for Mr. Thompson. Feel quite forced to leave her with my things like that. When I left the studio I got something to eat at Stewart's, took Mrs. Bailey's photo, and the type over to Davis to have enlargements made for the portraits are wanted and went down to the City for my permanent. It took until 5 o'clock and isn't awfully satisfactory, too fuzzy. They did it by the Bayne method. I would have insisted on the Frigidian that I had before and liked. Afterwards I went up to the apartment & as if Tommy had arrived (there was a chance that she might drive down with me) she hadn't and the note I had left for her from Emma was still there so I went on down and got there a little before 7. Right after dinner I went over to the meeting at the North Shore Art Ass'n. Hubbard presided as Mr. Bees is sick. Briefly a discussion of means of raising money this summer as we probably can not count on much from sales.

Wednesday, June 15.

This morning was the meeting of the jury of selection at the North Shore Art Ass'n gallery. I got there a little after 10 and we got to work about 10.30. The jury consisted of Gertrude Friso, Elliott O'Hara, George L. Hayes, W.D. Heyerwitzer (Chairman), Carl Peters and Maurice Wiggins and me. We sat in a row and got Esseling and Guggi brought the pictures before us and we voted by raising of hands. We had them all selected by one voice and adjourned for lunch at the Bloomsbury tea shop next door. After lunch we planned the hanging and got a lot done. It all went very amicably and Mr. Hubbard said we accomplished more than any jury they had had. G. Friso & E. O'Hara and Heyerwitzer were inclined towards modernism but there wasn't any very extreme modernism. They all but refused to be saying all the time in the exhibition that the picture was of a thing, all the important pictures did not. I think this was a very

was that they wanted the upper and best gallery to have only those pictures that the jury had passed on so that they wouldn't be held responsible for some of the bad ones that were sent in. I was against it because I was afraid it would make the lower gallery a "morgue", which has made trouble in the past and is an idea which we have been trying to overcome. I felt that it would be better for the show as a whole to distribute the poor pictures so that they wouldn't be so noticeable and that it was important to <sup>make a</sup> good impression in the downstairs, entrance gallery. I believed in placing all the material that we had to hang wherever it made the show as a whole look best and not dividing it in departments that way. However the others all voted the other way so had to give in. G. T. and C. O. have planned out the lower gallery and I think it is going to be a sight as they had had material to work with all the pictures being about the same size, about 25x30, and no outstanding entries. I have to go over to-morrow to actually hang the pictures and plan out the water colors and black and whites. The four or five local members of the jury will have to do that and all the work of finishing up for the next few days. I don't think it's a very good show but perhaps will look better when hung. I guess the lack of prizes is resulted in not especially good things being sent. Stopped at the Ford garage on the way home and had a little fixed in my car (brake and loose) and the oil changed. Home and put Emma and went to the station to meet L. S. after dinner. L. & I came down to Halfway House for the evening. My portrait of Alfonso is reproduced in the book edition of the B. Y. I used Tribune as one of the illustrations of an article about a new book on California by S. Everett. The other illustrations are Langley's portraits of the Queen and Ponce de Leon. C. O. is the artist for Paris and the show with what is the B. Y. magazine to-night at midnight. Will send out an off and on and will be back in August and I hope will stay for long portrait then. I saw the new Ford the V8, 8 cylinders, at the Garage to-day and am crazy about it. They want me to come in and drive it and perhaps I will have time though I wouldn't change the number. Busy now to-morrow.

Thursday, June 16

Went over to the gallery right after breakfast and worked all the morning, chiefly planning out the hanging of the water colors. The hanging squad (Mr. Cooke, Joe Emeling and one or two boys very kind) put saws up in the backs of the pictures but didn't get any distance up by lunch time and so we wouldn't decide on the second row until they had the first up. The committee decided not to come back till to-morrow morning, so that the

afternoon off. I met E. & T. at the train at one o'clock. He is looking well, very brown and sun-burned from his ride from Plymouth to Wallin but too thin. After lunch E. & I suggested at mamma's and went on down to Love House to get out wine glasses where T. very kindly as did E. drove her and me over to West of Gloucester where we waited to talk to a man who has riding stable there - the Gage Ass. Riding Club. E. & I waited in the car about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hr. while T. very talked to him. Then drove home and I set out a lovely white begonia I had got at the florist on the way in one of my office pots. Then drove T. very and mamma over to the station to meet C. W. and E. & I went down to mamma's for supper. The Republicans are holding this National Convention at Chicago and Hoover has been nominated on the first ballot. They have adopted a resolution on the prohibition question to leave it to their platforms, but they stand for an amendment to the Constitution which will give the states more local option and yet keep Federal control.

Friday, June 17.

Went over to the gallery right after breakfast and worked there all the morning. Found that Mr. Meyers and the others had made some changes in the hanging and I didn't agree with but especially there are working from a different point of view and I was in the minority so I can't help it though I think they made a mistake. To my mind they don't take into consideration enough the composition and design of the gallery as a whole in placing the pictures. There is not enough balance of center and secondary accents. They seem to think center is necessary is to have works that are generally harmonious in color and have the pictures as that they don't kill each other whereas I think you should consider all that and still have a more vivid scheme of design. Found there was more done if I just stood over the men who were actually putting up the pictures and kept them busy than if I helped the other members of the jury with the pleasing. It is getting into shape gradually but I think would have been much better hung. Home for lunch, E. had visited Mamma & C. W. & T. very up. After lunch when mamma went back to rest and T. very to work on her novel account I parked my car and later took T. very over to the train and then went to tea with E. at Margaret Ware's. Mr. & Mrs. Sturges and the Mrs. Goodwin there. We talked mostly gardens. The place looks awfully quiet. Home for dinner, finished packing my car before dinner, and E. & I went down to mamma's apartment. He always tried to - if not, I think



because she didn't get a rest until this afternoon but lay on the sofa in Bonnie's room while he did her account. E. & I drove up to town to-morrow to meet W. at Dr. Thorstons' and will come right back when E. & W., and George S., have had treatment.

Saturday, June 18.

E. and I got started a little after 9 and I got her up to Thorstons just in time for her treatment and left her while I went to park the car. We met our downstairs at the door of the building and we talked for a while and then went up to Dr. Thorstons' office and I had a treatment when he got through with E. He said I had put out a tendon in my shoulder, probably from lifting pictures, and it was sore and stiff but he limbered it up. Afterwards we got some candy at Piers for some tobacco for C.W. and E. got some cake at the Union and we started for Squam. We now were going to get there late for dinner though as we went by the shore road and stopped at the Haverhams in Salem for lunch and in passing through Danvers we stopped at the Thayer's and I left the corrected proof of the card for my tea and the proof left. Bob gave me of himself and discussed in the cabin of the steamer which I thought he might regard as our own quarters. Then home. I stopped for a minute at Halfway House to leave the candy and tobacco and then up to Sleepy Hollow. Dr. F. arrived a few minutes after we did. Elizabeth the cook and sent for him for Annie the waitress who was in great pain. He put her on the appendicitis, was afraid the appendix had already burst and made arrangements for her to be taken immediately to the Thayer's Hospital for an operation. The car came for us. W. & E. and the upstairs girl, helped her downstairs and E. went along in the middle seat with E. and Annie also packed up with gear and very comfortable in front with the driver. When they left I went over to the railroad and stood for some time. I noticed some work for a while when I got back so there was some thing to be said to me about the last year because I had built and the boys were having the walls down. It all looked pretty well though I hardly think these the walls I placed over the parts that give it some coherence and balance, and that it would have been better being. However, I did the best I could and as a whole it looks pretty well. Came back, talked to Annie for a while, then up to Sleepy Hollow as before to W. in the run on the terrace till E. came back. They had made the examination and were to operate as soon as the priest had come to give her extreme unction. E. & W. went to the Golfey Cabot for a dinner party. I sat down with Manning & C.W. and a nice, quiet evening in front of the fire. When I got

up to Sheegworks the girls had called up the hospital and found that this had passed. The nurse was coming out of the street, that the accident had been. Mrs. Fessenden had said that evening it had been quite sure they would have her with proper care. Of course they will be disappointed but now that E. & W. insist that I must stay on. I got my check from the Norwich Savings Society to-day for \$1000.

Sunday, June 19.

Had a nice peaceful morning gardening at Cove House. It was cloudy and foggy at first, but the sun came out and E. & W. & I went on a picnic in Woodlark up in the novices. When we came back we left the dingy at the float and went out in the day to Danversville and beyond until it got so wet off the end of the log that we came home. Daisy Flagg brought some purple in to Cove House to see my pictures and mamma and C. B. came down. Then Miss Gustin telegraphed that she read the article about Capt. Bob nearly and she brought it over to Sheegworks and we had orange juice and cakes, around her and her escort, a Mr. Lawrence, the gardener. The article is O.K. and I mailed it to Mr. Lodge to-night. Capt. Bob & Marie Peary and the rest of the memorial expedition sailed a few days ago for York Point, Greenland, where they will have the monument put up by the exquisites of the region. So my showing the portrait is timely. We went down to mamma's in the evening. Annie is doing better than Mrs. Fessenden expected. Her temp. has gone down and though she will be in pain and discomfort for several days she is getting on.

Monday, June 20.

I went over to the North Shore to hang the things and worked there with Mrs. Cook & Joe Emerson until after 12. Home and went on another picnic with E. & W. in the wooded pastures on the road to Cowans Pt. When we came home I went to mamma's and regretted some of her plants, got the newspapers for her, and went to the train to meet C. B. We read the book on Alaska V. by Wyndham Lewis in the evening. W. went to N.Y. to-night to be gone until Sat. He hopes to make the final arrangements with the Swedish people this week. Hope and Willie arrive on Sat. Hope for a few days only as she is going to camp this summer.

Tuesday, June 21.

I called up Mr. Meyerowitz, the chairman of the Longing committee of the North Shore Cent right to tell him about one or two things Mr. Stoddard and I had thought best to make and he said he would come over this morning to finish the things and asked me to come too. I couldn't go the first thing as Nurse now was coming to unpack my picture

from Louisville and to go to the house I am coming to tonight. So I went down to Love House after breakfast to oversee that for a while and get over to the store I have about 11 and worked there until one. I found that Mr. Meyerowitz had had them take down all one wall of black and whites I had hung yesterday and part of another. I hadn't realized there were no more up and over the last 15 44 hung and the ones of the best use were among those (I wasn't there when they judged the other night) and he had taken the drawing out and hung them in the hall which was a better idea, then leaving room for the up and over things. So Esseling & Love made something of a row I believe about having to do the work over again but they claimed it on Meyerowitz for not doing this yesterday and if he was to have the reg. as being chairman of course he is, he really should have been though. I'm sorry I gave them all that extra work. However it was all settled very amicably and when I left at 4 it was almost finished, so much so that I don't think I have to go back. Still lucky as the Gloucester Society work begins to-morrow. After lunch E. went down to the Beverly Hospital to see Annie who is doing finely and I did a lot of gardening at Love House, set out a border of lobelias etc. Then went up to Annie's for a while and re-gotten some of her plants and drove over to the station to meet C. W. To-day was Mr. & Mrs. Walcott's 50th Wedding anniversary and K. & Elvira came on. K. telegraphed from Providence this morning. The children have been exposed to messes as they had to have them behind and she & E. go back to night. We rec'd a telegram to Mr. & Mrs. W. this morning congratulating them. A wire from Wire says his glass with the three people are going ahead finely. E. & I went down to Halfway House for a while after dinner. Boies has repudiated the Republican platform especially the prohibition plank, which he says really amounts to refusal and was not a frank statement of the Republican party's attitude and refuses to support Hoover for President. I went over to the Gloucester Society of ~~last~~ artist's meeting to elect a laying committee for the first ones and consented to serve. It will be some job as I have my regular exhibitions committee's work too, going over the pictures before hand and getting the lists ready for the printers, but won't be as hard as the other ones as there are fewer pictures and a bare gallery to start with.

Wednesday, June 22.

Got up early as E. had an appointment at the Gloucester High School to make the presentation of the Rosewell Prize at 10 o'clock. I was glad as I wanted to get to the gallery at 7.30. Worked hard until 12.30 and got the show ready to lay. All my committee there, except Mrs.



Hardwick will probably not serve after this as he has not joined this year. Went out for lunch to the Blacksmiths, back to the gallery and worked until after 5 and got the album almost all done. The ladies, Miss Mcintosh, Miss Judson, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Grange and Mrs. White all worked together very amicably and it is going to look O.K. Stopped for C.W. at the station. When I got up to Sleepyheads E. was out. She came home very quite thrilled about meeting the English officers from a battleship that is in the harbor the Heliotrope, sat a tea in E. Gloucester and he invited them over here to tea Sun. or Mon. We took the note over in Woodcock after dinner - a lovely evening - then stopped at Mamma's for a while.

Thursday, June 23.

E. got up rather late and we didn't have breakfast till almost 9.30 as I didn't get over to the gallery until after 10.30 but I got some envelopes addressed for my tea before breakfast and wrote to Wice. Worked at the gallery till 1 and we finished it all up and it looks very well. Mr. Warrican drove from town and took photos. of some of the pictures. After lunch I took K. French over to the Garden Club meeting at Mrs. Doos in E. Gloucester. A Mr. Steffen Hamblin talked on gardens, quite interesting though a good deal of it obvious. Delicious food for tea afterwards. Here in time to get Mamma to go to the station and to take her up to Sleepyheads for a while before bed where E. had arrived into K. French to show her the garden. A high wind had come up however so we couldn't go around there. Wice have her up again. After dinner E. & I went down to Halfway House and I marked off names in the No. 1 Stone Book for my tea. Wice C.W. and dad, a magazine writer's book on Abyssinia and other parts of Africa. The British Officers have accepted for tea at Love House on Tuesday.

Friday, June 24.

Telephoned Mr. Anderson right after breakfast and found that he had the gallery proof of the catalogue and thought we had better put the numbers on the pictures this morning, so I went over and we finished everything by 12.30. Glad to get it done today as as to leave to-morrow morning when Wice and the children come free. C.W. did some addressing for me in the morning and after lunch with him & Mamma (E. went up to town today to Dr. Barstow's) I took some envelopes and list down to Love House and did some more there and came in the evening at Sleepyheads and practically finished them. K. French stopped in for a minute at Love House and Dixie Johnson brought some people in. We went down to Mamma's for a while in the evening.

Saturday, June 25.

E. & I drove over to meet Wice and the kids

Before breakfast in the two cars, I planning to take Pearl and the bags back in my car, but Jack came too so he and Wile drove back with me, Wile in the rumble. I insisted on moving down to Cove House because with Jack having turned up too I thought it made too many car arrangements with Annie in the hospital, so after breakfast I packed all my things and moved down but will go back when Jack + Wile go which is Sunday night. Hope and Wile look just about the same. Wile has grown a little and looks a little older but I don't see any growth about  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. which is hardly as old as he is now, a big, broad, long, straight, dark, just. His hair beautifully waved with a permanent set and curling up at the back of his neck in the most fashionable manner, which however will be hard to keep in order at camp, are right easily be 16 or 17. Wile came down with me when I took my things down to Cove House and asked incessant questions while I unpacked and later sprayed my nose. The others came about 12.30 and E. + Wile, Hope, Jack + I went in a gig, eating our lunch in a rocky, wooded pasture in W. Gloucester to relieve the strain on the household. When we got back which we did right after lunch as it began to rain I did some more addressing, and then went over to Gloucester for the Private View of the Gloucester Society exhibition, stopping to buy some cakes in Gloucester on the way as my contribution to the food which the others are paying for this year. I found at the tea until 6 o'clock. Wile + E. + Hope, Jack and Wile all came over. The show looked very well and everyone seemed to like it. I have Peter Piper there and two of the papers. The Post and the Christian Science Monitor took photos of it. Had dinner with mamma + the Shegwoods as they came down afterwards, Jack as usual entertaining us with his wild stories of his adventures.

Sunday. June 26.

C. to. Wile + I worked hard at Cove House all the morning hanging pictures and getting it ready generally for the tea party this afternoon, while Hope + E. went out in Woodlark and Jack took Wile over to the rail dunes and mamma watched us hang pictures. Went over to E. Gloucester for lunch with E. + Wile + Hope + Jack, in Woodlark. Back to Cove House and had a busy hour and a half making sandwiches and getting everything ready for the tea. E. + Hope went over and got the officers at Woodlark, Julie Stuyvesant and Mary Ann Smith and her daughter Margaret came and Miriam Cabot and a friend of hers - Miss Ravine. It was a very nice party and went off very well. The Englishmen were very nice and English, the most interesting and high-class being



Commodore Wadham. The other two were Lieut. - Commodore Hudson, and the Surgeon; Barlow. They invited us over to a reception on board tomorrow afternoon and Hope and E. + I will go. Wire will be in New York in the light to night. He took the officers back to the Heliotrope while E. + C.O. + I washed the dishes after the tea. Ross Jack left for Baltimore about 6 and E. + Wire + Hope + I went over to the Blacksmith for nuggies. Norma stood the tea party finally. She even poured for a while and stayed all through and didn't seem any the worse for it.

Monday, June 27.

I stayed down at Cove House again last night as it was too much of a job to pack my bag and move up to Sheep - rocks last night after the party. I love being here, particularly because I can get up early and really enjoy my breakfasts here and getting started in the day early. At Sheeprocks I wake about an hour before 8, dress and have to wait around no way for breakfast which isn't until about 9 or later. Also the men come to leave all my clothes and things in one place and I love Cove House any way and the mornings in the Cove are beautiful. I love it when I have to walk down to the Fish Market to get oranges or something. But E. wants me up there until E. Butler get back in August as I suppose I have to go. After breakfast this morning I went up to Pat. Pigeon to get more ink and had quite a chat with him, then to Norma's to leave the papers and back to Cove House to address some more envelopes for my tea. Later took them over to the Breeze in Mansueti and stopped at Regolia on the way home to look at wash dresses. Norma came with me and I got a dress, two hats, a raincoat and some stockings at B. & C. Everything is pretty and very cheap. Hope + E. went to play golf. I had lunch with them at Sheeprocks and afterwards went down to Cove House as E. was going to lie down and Hope had Party Dues there. They were coming down at 4.30 to go over to the reception on the Heliotrope but a terrific thunder storm came up and we wouldn't go. I got my accounts balanced and some bills paid and wrote a letter to Wire and played the piano a little while it poured outside. The car was out in front and I left it there thinking it would wash it off well and I would polish it off with daimon afterwards. We had to give up going to the reception and about 5.30 when I started to go over to the station to get C.O. the car started all right but began to stall and finally



stopped down on the bridge. I saved the Stacey's who came along to bring C.V. over and Earl Rice who drove by stopped and tried to help me. The water had gotten in to the engine of course and the coils and magneto were wet and the carburetor was half full of water. He dried it out and tried jerking me along to start the evening but it was no use. So I left it by the road and walked back to Cove House to telephone to the Ford Garage. They couldn't send anyone as it was too late, so I was going back there if it hadn't dried out enough to start but E. came along and took me out and it started the first time. Luckily the water hadn't got into the cylinders and the engine was warm from the last time I had run so it dried out quite quickly. I will know better than to leave it in the pouring rain again. When we got back to Cove House I packed my bag while E. wiped off my car, it had stopped raining by then, and we went up to Shegrock and in the evening came down to Mass. for a while.

Tuesday, June 28.

A lovely warm day after the rain. I cultivated my garden and picked some peas for Cove House. My Van Vliet's are wonderful this year -- all over the roof of the piazza. About 11.30 E. & Wise came and Hope & Cherry were already there and we went in for a swim off the float. The water was cold 59°. After lunch I polished my car a little in front of mamma's door, then took her over to Gloucester where we did some errands and she put a broken toilet fixed at Dr. Pomeroy's and I got a change of underwear at Brown's and the car got greased at the garage. We met C.V. at the station and E. & Hope & I went down to Mass. for a while after supper. I have had the radio working and heard some of the broadcasting of the National Democratic Convention which is being held now at Chicago. Sen. Walter of Montana was elected chairman of the Convention. Day and night hallelaloo. The chief possibilities for Pres. candidates are <sup>Franklin</sup> Roosevelt, Al Smith, Alfalfa Bill Murray Ritchie, Gov. of Maryland (who of course is Hope's uncle), Gov. Byrd of Virginia & Garner of Texas, Speakers of the House of Representatives.

Wednesday, June 29.

Right after breakfast E. & Wise and I went down to Shortfencer's ship yard in Woodlark and towed the swimming boat back. Then they went on swimming but I didn't have time as I was going over to meet Miss Linton at the station and thought the train got in at 12. Found it had been delayed and didn't get in till one so I came back and polished my car a little in front of mamma's. Mr. Dean of the Breeze came before I left to

get news items for the social columns. E. & Hoge went to Mrs. Rees' for lunch and were there all the afternoon, playing tennis etc. I met Miss Hamilton all right at one and one & I had lunch at the Blackstones and then went in to the No. 10. Show Gallery for her to see the show. Mr. Stoddard was there and I talked to him while she looked at the pictures and took notes. I also jotted these from my little sketch. Afterward we went to the Gloucester Society for her to get more material on. When we had telephoned about, then I took her to the station and went back to 8. I listened to the Democratic Convention on the radio for a while, then up to 11 o'clock and we went over to C. Gloucester a little early for C. V.'s train so that I could get some machine for new cash curtains in the my room at home house. Went to 11 o'clock for dinner, Marion & Dick Cabot there. Very nice evening with them and Marion & C. V. Hoge goes to camp early, to morning, has to take a 7.14 train from Gloucester. E. will get up early and drive her over.

Thursday, June 30.

E. got up early and drove Hoge over to a 7.14 train from Gloucester. She was to meet a crowd of girls and a regatta in the train station and go with them up to the camp in Maine, Beane Camp at Union, Me. where she is going for the summer. Mrs. Broadhead and Lee were on the train. Lee going to her camp, so she led company on the train and as she was to meet the others in the next station she was all right to go alone. She has been very absent and is so tall and given up looking. Four inches taller than I am, 5'7" she is, and in some ways we will miss her but it is a great relief to have her when we know she is having a good, healthy time and when she will be rejuvenated instead of ~~needing~~ <sup>needing</sup> it. She is so full of energy that it is really wearying to have her around, especially for her granddaughters who tries hard to keep up with her when she doesn't really feel like it. We had an 8 o'clock breakfast when E. got down from the station, then I went down to home house and did the rest of my addressing & polished my car, picked some roses etc. and late when E. came down we went in for a drink. After lunch E. went down to B. every day to see Annie who is getting on finely and I listened to the Democratic Convention on the Radio. Marion came down and we left some roses at Marion Cabot's when we went to the train to meet C. V. E. & I came down to 11 o'clock for a while in the evening but left early as E. was tired.

Friday, July 1.

E. & I got started in the B. attorney for town a little after 8.30.



I drove up through Beverly and the Middlesex Fields. Went straight to Dr. B.'s where I left her and went to 259 to get some things for drama. Found two letters of proof of my book sales from Dr. London and the other letter boy said that the postman had tried to deliver a parcel post package from Pittman and so today and that he had told him to forward it. The other came 4<sup>th</sup> class so couldn't be forwarded. I would have received a notification though. I am thrilled to have it but couldn't take the time to open it and look at it till we stopped for lunch in Salem on the way down. After getting the thing at the apt. the drama wanted I went up to the studio to get my white sandals I had forgotten, then to the bank and to mortgage for some tracing paper, then sent E. & Wire to Dr. B.'s and after stopping at the Union for cakes we headed for Squam and got there about 2 o'clock. Wire looks well but a little drawn. Has been under an awful strain this week as there is no business and he owes one of the Banks \$300,000 which came due July 5. Another bank refused to finance him but the 1st. refused, the 2nd. he owes, gave him an extension of three months. The middle deal was about settled has been suspended temporarily because they tried to get some clauses in at the last that took away control of Wire's company eventually. Wire also had to address a meeting of the Union at Plainfield to persuade his men to take a still further reduction in pay. Not an easy job with ~~so~~ a large part of the audience made up of discontented unemployed. A pretty strenuous week altogether, but he stood it wonderfully. When we got down to Squam we went down to Cove House and drama's for a while, I took drama over to meet C. D. at the train and we went down to drama's after supper.

Saturday, July 2.

Franklin Roosevelt has been nominated for President with Garner as vice-pres. by the Democratic National Committee. Garner withdrew from the presidential nomination after the 3d. ballot, swinging his vote to Roosevelt, mentioning with the understanding that he be vice-president. I don't feel that Roosevelt, though a fine man in a good many ways is a strong enough character to make the leader we need at this time. However, of course will have to meet the widespread discontent everywhere and all the large unemployed vote and people in debt and hard up will vote for a new deal. So it will be very close. Heavy showers the first part of morning. Sweet drive to Cove House and filled and changed the last envelopes for my tea. Late went in for a swim off the pool with E. & Wire & little Wire. In the afternoon went over to the North Shore Art Association for the Private View. It was a



very successful occasion. A lot of people there and everyone seemed to like the show. Mamma + E. W. + E. + W. went and W. stayed later than the others and drove back with me. Everyone seems to think the show is very well hung. My pictures are not so noticeable as in other years, for though Miss G. looks all right it isn't as interesting as other things I have had there. We didn't go down to exams after dinner as E. was tired. Read about funerals of Europe. Very interesting and it gives me a better idea of Luther and the Reformation than I have had before though the writer Wyndham Lewis is a rather biased Catholic. It all seems an awful jumble over unrealities to me but I suppose it was a necessary manifestation of a psychological development.

Sunday, July 3.

Jack telephoned noon after breakfast that he was coming in from New York for the 4<sup>th</sup>. We got the Sunday papers, Miss Lantor's page in the Post was good with my Peter Piper reproduced in the centre of the lay-out, and went down to Love House. Too windy to go in swimming, just stayed around all the morning doing gardening and odd jobs. In the afternoon drove up to the Hights' farm with E. + W. Went to Mamma's for nuggies and E. + W. + Jack came down in the evening.

Monday, July 4<sup>th</sup>

I went down to the P.O. before breakfast to see if my <sup>2nd class</sup> proof is rather the dummy of the book and illustrations that Mr. London had written he was sending and that the devisor boy at 259 said on Thursday the P.O. had tried to deliver at 259 and he had told them to go away. It hadn't nor was there any notification. I have written the P.O. in Birm about it. After breakfast W. + Jack and W. and I went over to Gloucester to get some fire-crackers and torpedoes for W. to set off. We found a place open finally and got some and came back to Love House where he set them off with his grandfather while Jack took to Red Cross and I addressed a few more cards for my tea and went over to talk to Nancy Flagg about cakes and sandwiches. It was misty with occasional heavy showers. After lunch I went down to Love House again and got my trunk unpacked and wrote to Mr. London, then to Mamma for a tea. She had Mrs. Thom and Ella Aspinwall, Mrs. Aspinwall, Minnie + Dick Cabot, Katherine French, E. + W. + Jack. Very nice party. In the evening we had the fireworks at Red Cross for all the children of the neighbourhood. A great success. They had sparklers and bonfire fireworks to set off and ice-cream was and cookies and they loved it. W. +

first experience of a real 4<sup>th</sup> of July celebration and he was there.  
July 5<sup>th</sup>, Tuesday.

E. & Wise and I went down to Marblehead in Woodlark. The first time this summer. Saw Vasilie and Westmore under sail and Celtic, Cleopatra's Barge and a big power cruiser Sealine lying at anchor. Not nearly as many boats as usual in the harbor. After lunch I went over to Mrs. Stoddard for a meeting of the Social Committee of the North Shore. We made plans for a bridge party on Thursday July 14<sup>th</sup> and the teas that are to be held every other Sat. at the Gallery. Came home, did a little work in my garden and took Emma over to meet C. W. Wise & Jack went to Dr. Y. G. - right. Jack is beginning to tease of having me paint his portrait.

Wednesday, July 6<sup>th</sup>

E. & Wise & I drove down to Sagamore right after breakfast to get him a raincoat and bathing dress & a Bath. When we got back the mail was in and the delivery of my book had come. I am awfully thrilled with it. I cut out the colored print of Carl Taylor's portrait and pasted it in place on the jacket and it looks fine. The whole thing is beautifully gotten up, black covers with cream-colored smaller motifs within for the leaf-titles and binding paper throughout. The cover is a nice shade of blue, though a little lighter than I would choose. It will have 108 pages, but with the 13 illustrations will make a fairly thick book. E. & Emma & C. W. all think it is fine and I showed it to Thine when he stopped in at the studio in the afternoon and he said he thought it would do me a lot of good. He has gotten out a series of colored post cards of some of his paintings and I had over them at home in Gloucester and had gotten one and sent it to Miss Parson, as she told me she was going to write an article on artists' post cards and I knew she would want to know about his. He gave me a note in gratitude. E. & I went in for a swim before lunch but didn't stay in as the water was pretty cold. Wise went to an early lunch at the Dredgers. After lunch E. went to get a magazine and I stopped in at Emma's for a while and then had a nice, quiet afternoon at Cove House, working in my garden and arranging flowers. Mrs. Bachman stopped in to ask if she could bring a friend to my tea on Saturday. K. French called me up and asked me to tea tomorrow to meet a girl who is coming to visit her. Thine stopped in, and Mrs. Adams stopped near my way down from Emma's to tell me that



Mr. Birdseye in Gloucester, the Pres. of the Frozen Food Products was going to have one paint his wife's portrait. She said I would hear about it now and advised me to send them cards for my tea. It probably came through W. Tressler who came to the studio a while ago with his baby and wife and friends, brought by Mary Flagg. He is head of the Frozen Food Products Laboratory. I hope it does come off. It would make a fine one to show at the last exhibition of the Gloucester Society of artists and after that to other Gloucester portraits. E. & I went down to Stannis in the evening and C. W. read about Roosevelt's acceptance of the League. He made a very good impression. Too obviously an effort to the discontented debt burden classes with what suggestions there are for improvement of the economic situation, ridiculous in their intractability or merely vague generalities. He would have done better to consider his guest more carefully (though of course whatever he said would have been criticized) and to have written for the formal notification, rather than to have flown by airplane to Chicago and addressed the convention in person before it adjourned, as he did.

Thursday, July 7.

E. went up to town this morning for an appointment with W. B. and I took W. B. down to Cove House. He played around in the studio, dressing up into some scraps of mine and painting on the floor while I wrote a letter to Mr. Loder about my dummy. Mamma stopped in for a minute and Mrs. Adams to ask if we could bring some one to the tea and to say that she thought there was a chance of my getting an order to paint the ~~Kressler~~ Kressler baby when I finished my letter. W. B. & I went in looking at the Cambridge Ave. beach. We drove over in my car and played on the beach with Hopley Fox and some other children. I had lunch with Mamma, went back to Cove House, <sup>and polished my car</sup> E. came down from town. Eleanor Mallon stopped in to see us. She is looking for a studio in Squam. Went to a tea at L. Francis's. Mrs. Bradley, Mrs. Knox, Miss Butler, Mrs. Hollis French and Miss Sweet who is staying with K. French were there. Afterward E. & I drove round to the yacht to see the yachts of the Eastern Yacht Club Cruise which were anchored in Rockport Harbor for the night. Only a small fleet in the cruise this year. Home for dinner and Mamma & C. W. came up for dinner.

Friday, July 8.

E. went to a garden club meeting and in order that Pearl



might be put to help with the housework now that Annie is still in the hospital I took Wicie down to Cove House and he and Buddy Hayden popped corn and made soap bubbles and finally played an exciting game of robbers stealing things out of the studios while I was policeman and also was trying to better some cards for the bridge and tea at the Dover Shore Arts next Thurs. to go up in the hotels. I merely had to grovel occasionally and wave my rules at them when they came into the studios on tip-toe to go to look up my card of the game sufficiently offensively and the grand dinner was when I opened the door of my room suddenly and caught them red-handed with yells and screams in their part. Then they went down and made houses of cards and scalp on the piazza and I could work in peace for awhile. After lunch I finished my cards and took them to the Bryans and By Waters and put them up. Then drove over to Lassville to see Alma about fixing a fire to help her with the tea to - sorrow. Took someone along and on the way back we explored some of the little roads leading down to the water that I haven't been over, did some errands in Gloucester at C.O. at the train, E. & I went down to Dennis for the evening.

Saturday, July 9.

The day of my tea. A lovely day though rather windy in the morning. E. & Wicie & I went over to meet Wice and I took the dummy of my book along to show him and he is crazy about it. They left me at Cove House where Alma was clearing in preparation for the tea and I worked there with her all the morning, arranging flowers, getting the table set etc. and went to the market to order all the things for the punch and up to S. S. S. to get the Kettle to mix it in etc. Wicie stayed with me and played around with Buddy and the other children over at the Clark's. E. & Wice came down later and helped get things ready. The house looked very pretty and I was all ready and dressed by three o'clock. The first people to come were a Mr. Brad and Mr. Carey from Pigeon Cove and soon after people began to come thick & fast and I never had more a crowd. At one time they were standing outside on the piazza waiting for a chance to get in. We estimated by a count that also a kept as they went in by the kitchen door that there were over 300. Katherine Fries & I poured from 4 o'clock until about 7.45. When Eleanor & Helen came in. Katherine Lane and she poured until Julie Sturges arrived from the Bradley wedding when she took a little while Margaret Dater took charge the rest of the time. The cakes gave out and all the food just vanished and the punch bowl had to be filled over and over again. I got quite hoarse from talking to people and the place was crowded downstairs and up in the studio. The artists all came and were awfully

nice and cordial. & one other of the other people there were Caroline M. Fadden who was down at the Cabots for the week and, Mr. & Mrs. John Greenough, Mrs. Looze, Mrs. Foster, her sister and daughter and a lot of people I can't think of now. It was really a great success - the biggest I've ever had. I sometimes see people on the piazza walk & even get into the house. I went up to Sleepy Hollow for dinner afterwards and we were down to dinner afterwards to talk it over with her & C. B. Alma and the little girl who came to help her cleared everything up and when they left about 7 you would hardly know I had had a tea.

Sunday, July 10.

I walked down to Love House after breakfast, stopping at Peter Piegis to get a Post to see his lantern collection. He has my annuities got cards on sale at least. Went in morning over at the card dinner with W. & E. & little W. We paddled over in the canoe. Nice hot day and got a good sunbath. afterwards E. & W. & I took our lunch and went off in the car to find a place for a picnic. We tried the rocks beyond Folly Cove first (too many people). Then an abandoned quarry (some men is running with some battery unit) and finally ate it in a little wood park up above Broughton, not a particularly attractive place but at least we were away from people. afterwards we drove back to Love House where it was nice and cool and I read about from tracks of George. while it was time for me to go over to Peter Anderson's Temple for a meeting about the terms to visit interesting house we are going to have in August for the No. Shore art ass'n. She & Mrs. Atkins & S. are the committee but Mrs. A. couldn't come so she and I started our plans. I will try to get Mrs. Looze to give us a tea on one of the afternoons and have a list of four places promised for the annuities afternoon which will probably be Aug 29. On the way home I stopped in 9 Locusts to see the decorations for the street in the Italian quarter where they are having a three days fiesta for St. Peter, the patron saint of the fishermen, quite interesting and foreign thought of course tardy. Back to Love House and fixed my laundry and E. & W. and I went over to the Carter's Pl. Yacht Club for supper. We were going in the boat but it looked showery so we drove over, a walk to dinner for a while afterwards, then home and read about some more.

Monday, July 11.

I waited around for the postman hoping that my proof might come from Mr. London but finally gave it up and went down to Love House and wrote letters and tried to get my accounts balanced. at quarter of twelve H. French came for me to go on a picnic. We met



the rest of the party, Miss Ely and Mrs. Burrill from Manchester in Gloucester. We had planned to go to Coffee's house but they thought it would be too near a shelter from the wind (it was not over a strong S.W. breeze) and wanted to go to Lamb's End, Rockport, as we drove over there through Gloucester with some misgiving as Katherine's part as she is not a very confident or facile driver and says the main street Gloucester is her nightmare. There was considerable backing and turning in narrow roads when we got to Lamb's End and the usual picnic discussion about a good place for lunch. We finally settled on the top of a rocky promontory and were distributing the lunch. K. putting lettuce leaves on paper plates which fitted neatly in her traps when everything began to blow away, lettuce, lobster salad, jam and paper plates. Poor Katherine had planned to have everything so neat and attractive with traps for us all to hold, it was funny. We finally moved to try and find another place out of the wind to finish it, but the little boat house we went over to lugging all our things was the only shelter was offered and a big corrugated iron barrel for rubbish was one of which was scattered around on the grass so it did not make that a very attractive spot, so we got back in the automobiles and finished our lunch there. Katherine insisting on staying outside and before leaving everything. Her hair blowing in the wind and her hat off. As noon was finished eating we drove back to her house and played bridge for a while, the four guests, while K. got herself straightened out up stairs. When we left Mrs. Burrill & Miss Ely drove home and stopped in at Love Home to see my pictures. Miss Ely had been to the tea at Mrs. B. had seen my Boston Show. She is in Boston's Savings Circle and may come over again sometime for a visit. When they left I called up Shegrows and found that Mrs. Rice who was coming over for lunch was still there, went up to see her and she stopped at Love Home on her way home and was very enthusiastic about everything. Her first visit to E. Home though she has known her about 50 years. Then I took mamma over to the exhibition at the Gloucester Society of Artists and met C.W. at the train and in the evening drove over to the G.S.O.A. gallery again for a meeting of the Executive Committee. We talked over plans for the Ball which will be Aug. 5 and arranged to have a lecture with pictures by Leonard Blake on Thurs. July 21. Mr. Anderson seemed tired and puzzled.

Tuesday, July 12.

I went down to Love Home right after breakfast to show a little sketch of some pictures that I promised to give a prize



for the North Shore Art Ass'n card party on Thurs. We came down and watered me and little wine and Hygie Foster played around, dressing up in scarves and in his boat. E. came later and we all went in morning over at the road dinner, turning Wize & Hygie in his little post-behind Woodlark. Had a nice sun bath and read the paper of flowers on the steps of the nursery at Cove House. Ogden Mills has made a fine speech during the campaign for Hoover. After lunch I went down to Cove House again and wrote a letter to Miss Lawton of the Post giving her some of my ideas on the advantages and benefits of postal cards gotten out by artists, reproducing his work in artistic presentation of the work; for an article she is writing for next Sunday's Post. She is receiving my post cards and Thiers and none other and asked me to do it. Then went over to call on Mrs. Loomis to ask her to give a tea but she for the North Shore Art Ass'n. Then but she wasn't at home. Stopped in G. Louder's on the way home at the Ford garage and got my car fixed and the oil changed. Back to Cove House and washed my brushes. Up to Sheepscot for dinner and over to a meeting of the No. Shore in the evening. We are going to have a lecture with color photography by L.S. Geo. H. Tozier a friend of Col. Beas is Sat. July 23. The rest of the meeting was just reports of committees. Col. Beas presided. We went to Dr. Y. to night.

Wednesday, July 13.

Went to Mrs. Norton's right after breakfast to hang the photographs in the Flowers Show of the Garden Club. E. went to G. first and joined me there later. The flowers show is to be in Mrs. Norton's barn and several of the committee were there getting up tables and evergreen trees for background. I had to rig up some large pieces of mecthose as background for the photos, against the walls, a little fuzzy or electric light meters etc. stood out in place so that I had to put braces of wood behind to back the mecthose to. Had it almost all up when E. came and we placed out the ground and got dress up by lunch time. After lunch I went down to Cove House and finished my sketch for the card party prize. Then went over to the North Shore for a meeting of the Board. They are trying to connect yet the co-operation of the Glenside Society in regard to the lectures on color photography both using so near to get in the Thurs. and the other Sat and wanted me to talk to Dr. Anderson. He is willing though we will have to have repast posters etc. I haven't may be able to arrange a surprise interview with Leland Wells about both as he knows and admires

Mr. Tozier and both lecturers will probably go to each other's lectures. It is a good chance for the two societies to get together and bring the matter out. I hope Mr. Anderson will write the way through as he says the dates I have would never have made the advances if the dates of the two lectures had been reversed and there is not one first.

Thursday July 16.

A busy day. I went down to live house the first thing and lettered cards giving the class divisions, etc. to go over the exhibit of photos. at the Garden Club show. Went there and put them up and fixed a few things about megaphones that came in late, then got mamma and Winnie and took my notes and rose case over to the Dr. Shore for the Bridge party to night and mamma & Winnie did errands and got alone out in Gloucester. Then dressed and went up to the luncheon at Shegworks for the committee etc. of the Flowers Show. E. let it out in the back piazza and it was very nice. About 20 people there. Mrs. Sam B. now drove down from So. Hargrave etc. to be one of the judges bringing with her a friend Mrs. J. H. Macginnis and as they stayed a Shegworks over night I moved down to live house in the morning to leave the spare room for Mrs. B. She is E.'s cousin, from N. Y. and was pres. of the N. Y. State Fed. of Garden Clubs. After lunch we all went to the flower show which was very nice. E. got several prizes, mostly with her photos. I saw Miss Elwell of the Gloucester Times there and told her about the two lectures. When I was at the gallery Mrs. B. after told me that Mr. Stoddard had seen Mr. Anderson but that he was not moving therefore they hoped for, would not have the tickets for both lectures on sale at both galleries etc. I went ~~into~~ to the Gloucester Times just the same and saw the editor and gave him the material about the two lectures and also told Miss Elwell at the Flowers Show, as I hope it will be written up without any mention of rival societies which is what we want to avoid. Also saw Mrs. Loose at the flower show and asked her to give her home and also for the two for the Dr. Shore. She would think it over. Went back to live house and tried to fix things up a little, moving away faded flowers as I knew E. would bring Charlotte Brown and Mrs. Macginnis down later. Then took mamma to the Flowers Show and the train to meet C. V. and E. stopped for me about 7 and we went over to the Cedar Pt. yard ~~and~~ for dinner and drove back across the Cape. a beautiful sunset, pink and gold. They stopped in at live



for a while and seemed to like it and my pictures very much. When  
 they went up to Sleepy Hollow I watered my garden by moonlight  
 and got my dress book balanced before I went to bed. I do love  
 sleeping at Cove House and it is no more easier being with all my  
 clothes and things and I love the morning as I can get up early and  
 get my breakfast when I like and get a lot of little things done and  
 the morning on the Cove are beautiful.

Friday  
~~Monday~~, July 15.

E. & Les guests with their wine along stopped for me  
 about 10 and we went over to Jack Hamner's museum to show  
 it to them. Willie was much impressed by the "Castle" and the  
 other much interested. It is interesting but a bit theatrical I  
 think - especially my first impression strong over the woods in the courtyard  
 & pool. When we left they drove us in their car up to Hargraves and  
 we went back to Cove House and got a swim off the Cove before  
 a lunch. In the afternoon I got letters for the Leonard Christie lecture  
 at West Squam, and then E. and I drove over to Rodport and took  
 photos. of a garden there at Land's End, belonging to a Mrs. Hines  
 & pygals' granules roses with statuary, pools etc. There is one  
 pool with a figure that I would like to go over and paint. The garden  
 was a queer mixture of beautiful flowers and bad taste in statuary.  
 On the way home we stopped in Rodport and took some more  
 photos. of the harbor, color plates. We got back just before dinner and  
 it was too late for me to pack my bag and move up to Sleepy Hollow  
 to night as planned. E. & I were going to see theatricals in the  
 Village Hall in the evening so I stayed down at Cove House  
 for another night. E. didn't go to the plays with us and we only  
 stayed through 2 of the 3 one act plays given. They were rather  
 dull, acted by youngsters we didn't know and who articulated so  
 poorly you could hardly understand them. The next play late on  
 that Jimmy Morrow, Mrs. Bacon and some other old timers are  
 going to be in will be much more amusing. A funny one by Rogers  
 though. The kids were selling candy, 10 cts. a bag, during the inter-  
 mission and I wanted to get some but had to bring my water  
 me and asked the little girl, one of the Waterbury's to let me have it  
 and I would give her the money. She shook her head and  
 asked my name and refused to let me have it till I got one of  
 the girls who knew me to tell her it was all right. The surrounding  
 medical was much amused and so was I at my credit not being



able to stand 10 cents in Square and Mrs. B. was behind us and  
"and you as well known too!"

Saturday, July 16.

E. & Wize stopped for me and we went over to G.  
to meet Wize. He had had an anxious time and looked tired  
but much better after being here only a few hours. They left me  
at Love House and Wize with me and I made arrangements to  
take over to the Dr. Shore for the tea this afternoon and drove  
over and left them. Wize going along in the rumble seat.  
When I got home E. & Wize were there. The wind was too cold to  
go in swimming so I cultivated my garden and then E. & Wize and  
I went in Woodlark for a picnic in the road down up the  
'Essex River. It was lovely. I took off my shoes and stockings and  
got my legs nice and sun-burned. When we got back I got  
ready for the tea over at the Dr. Shore and went over.  
Stopped and got some charcoal paper on the way as I wanted to  
make a drawing of Martha Layton and enjoyed her to come over  
to - nervous of nursing when I saw her at the gallery. Sunday  
is her only free day but isn't a good morning here as there are  
often a lot of many people around Love House. The tea was a  
success - a good crowd there and Mrs. Butler told me that  
my little picture sketch that I gave to the Bridge party for a  
prize was the first painting chosen by the winners of the  
prizes. When I got home I packed my bag and went up to sleep.  
Wrote for dinner. We stayed at home in the evening and I read  
Charles of Europe aloud and finished it and started a book on  
Philip II. A good write-up about the two color photo. lectures on the  
first page of the Gloucester Times to night.

Sunday, July 17.

Went down to Love House right after breakfast  
to make the drawing of Martha. It was no good. I couldn't get  
her posed the way I wanted as the curtain stuck and I couldn't  
manage the light. I didn't like the charcoal paper (Dr. Lums  
only had the Station and I like the France and didn't have time to  
go to the other store where I had seen of that) Wize & E. &  
Mammy & C. W. & little Wize were all downstairs tele-  
ing. I had suggested their coming but meant about 11  
after to get through as I thought we would be going in swimming

but they came while I was working and so now I finished  
they left, then I had no more details on my mind that I had to  
attend to about the tour of the Detroit House and the houses for  
the lecture. I forgot to say that yesterday afternoon I left the tea  
I drove out to see Ruth Anderson (Temple) he came Mrs. Butler  
had told me she wanted me to come over Sunday for a meeting and  
I didn't want to take Sunday afternoon for that. So I went to see  
her late Sat. and agreed to see about some more places and  
again Sunday either stopping in there or for her to call me up if  
she had to leave by 6 o'clock (she has no telephone). So after  
morning left I took more tickets up to the Ry. Water Srs. to the  
Mrs. Clark to sell them, went over and got a lobster for dinner  
and then I had my dinner and ordered yesterday's wine to the old Harnden  
house, here in Square, recently restored and got permission from its  
owner, Mrs. Woodbury to have it open for the tour. Then up  
to Sleepyheads for lunch and noon afterward started out in my car.  
I drove first to an old house near the willows, the old home of  
Cape Ann - Riggs house - too much altered though when they  
restored it as they plan to do it will be very interesting. Then to  
the old Ellery house, too messy and the woman too craggled  
with elegancians to ask her to have it open. Then across the  
street to the Babson house. I saw Mrs. Alling and her daughter  
there and they are willing to have it open. Then drove over to  
Eastern Pt. and saw Mrs. Taylor who has the Bairden  
house a lovely place, station is Spanish built beside a deep  
quarry pool, there is flower pots. She will have it open and  
was very pleasant. Then to see Ruth Anderson to report.  
Not at home, saw her husband Sam Temple. Left with him  
a list I had made of the houses available for any woman  
day, Aug. 19. and told him to tell her that Mrs. Good would  
not have the tea. On the way home stopped to see a girl E.  
and thought might be nice to paint (I found out from Drake  
who she was and where she lived) and finally found her at  
a coffee shop where she is a waitress. Was not crazy about



her books but may do nothing from the thought she isn't  
free at very good times for me. Her name is Genevieve Dunlop.  
and her hair is too red to my mind. When I got home E. & W. and  
I drove over to the Eastern Pt. Yacht Club for newspapers, got  
back to Sleepyheads in time to read aloud for a while before  
W. took the train to N.Y.

Monday, July 18.

Wixie Johnson called me up at breakfast  
time and wanted a photo. of Peter Pigeon's portrait to illus-  
trate an article he's written for the Herald. It seems that  
Peter is giving a party of some kind, all Squares invited, to  
celebrate his 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary in Squam and Wixie  
thought it was a good time to have the write-up about him  
and he planned when I was painting him. So I drove him  
over to the G.S.O.A. gallery to get a photo. stopping in  
to arrange about his meeting room now, who were going to  
drive him up to Boston. We had to wait while at the  
gallery for Mr. Whitmore to come and assist as we were a  
little early and he a little late (he opens at 10) and stopped  
in G. for Wixie to get some col-jars to take up to Mrs. S.  
pages over in Boston, so when we got back to the hotel in G.  
the man had gone to the Gloucester broadcasting station in W.  
Gloucester, so I drove him over there and didn't get back to  
Squam till about 11.20. E. & little W. were in swim-  
ming off the float at Cove House but I didn't go in. Too  
cold. 54°. Turned up the hem of a dress, went up to  
Sleepyheads for lunch and in the P.M. drove over to South  
End, Rockport, and made a statue of a forestier figure in  
a pool in Mrs. Quinby's garden. Think it is fairly good.  
Stopped at the station to get C.B. and E. & S. went down to  
Mammoth in the evening and C.B. read aloud.

Tuesday, July 19.

E. went up to town today. I just did odd jobs  
around Cove House, writing letters, cultivating the garden etc. and  
telephoning about various things connected with the Town for the No. Shore.  
Took a dress up to Mammoth for a try to see down the hem and



after lunch polished my car tires. Then went over to Land's End  
Rockgrove and finished my sketch of the fountain figure in Mrs.  
Auntie's garden, stopping in G. to do errand. When I got back to  
Cove House K. French & Polly Field who is staying over here came  
along and stopped in for a minute. In the evening I went over to  
the meeting of the G. S. of A. We elected a large committee for  
the next show and made plans for the ball. We will call it the  
"Prosperity Ball" <sup>my suggestion</sup> in view of the present depression. Which means  
more in some ways. I have never known so quiet a summer here.  
So few people out but the art societies are trying desperately to  
keep going by raising money with entertainments not easy to get so  
small a public to draw on, but necessary because there will be  
little if any art commissions from sales. I feel I have to help  
which is why I have volunteered to be on so many committees but  
I hope I can also do some painting.

Wednesday, July 20

Had breakfast early and got Anthony to come down to  
Cove House with me to help me load Tony's portrait on  
the rack in the back of my car and took it over to the G. S. of A. for  
their record exhibition. Worked hard there all the morning and  
I had a good committee (have added Miss MacDermott in Mrs. Hunt-  
wick's place as she won't be a member this year) and got everything  
done by 1.30. Went to Cove Villa for lunch with Miss MacDermott  
and afterwards to see her studio which she has had fixed up in the  
left of an old barn. There were two Peter Piper's portraits in the  
back of the car. Picked up Rod Clark at the station where he was  
waiting for a bus. Found E. at Cove House and we went in for a swim  
and then over to Gloucester Harbor in the boat, tried to get Merriam  
Cabot to go with us and did when we got back for a short run. so  
I jumped from the boat to her float the boat in the float broke  
and my leg went through and I got quite a scrape and with some  
fine black and blue marks. Went to Mamma's after supper and  
on the way up to Shegrovos saw the fireworks for P.T.'s celebration.  
all Squam turned out and his shop seemed to be doing quite a business



in soft drink & ice-cream uses. I stopped in to congratulate him on the 25 anniversary and heard him, I'm afraid, by telling him they would be waiting him to come out and make a speech. Anyway afterwards when it was over and Mr. Shigreen was looking for him with that idea he had cherished. The post cards of my painting of Squamers are selling well particularly there is a demand for his portrait. He has some relatives staying with him this summer and taking charge in the shop and I hope they make something out of it. Wire telegraph that he had seen Mr. Bentley, had given him his terms and Mr. Bentley is to bring it over and see him again to-morrow and he will come home to-morrow night. E. Wistler back in N. Y. on Sat. and we + Jack will come down on Sunday.

Thursday, July 21.

Went down to the garage after breakfast with Willie and had distilled water put in my battery and my tires set up and drove around testing of pipes in Square for Dr. Tozier's lecture at the No. Shore Sat. night. K. French + Polly Field came by wire down at the garage and they took 3 tickets for Leonard Clarke to night and I arranged to go over with them. We got back to Cove House about 11 and E. came down and we went in for a swim. Water much warmer, about 64° after lunch. I went to Cove House, wrote a few letters, went to call on Joice and then drove home over to Haysola where I got some robes and the news the market over there about opening on account, met C. W. at the train on the way home and in the evening I went over to the Clarke lecture with K. French, Polly Field and Roger Trull. I sold all 12 tickets Mr. Anderson sent me in Square and a lot of people besides went from Square and paid at the door. There was a good crowd, all the gallery would hold and they seemed very enthusiastic. The pictures are lovely. I hope the Tozier lecture Sat. night is as great a success. They have done wonders in getting the show practically hung and people went in and saw the little picture in the transmission. Mine are all well. Will come back to-morrow morning.



